PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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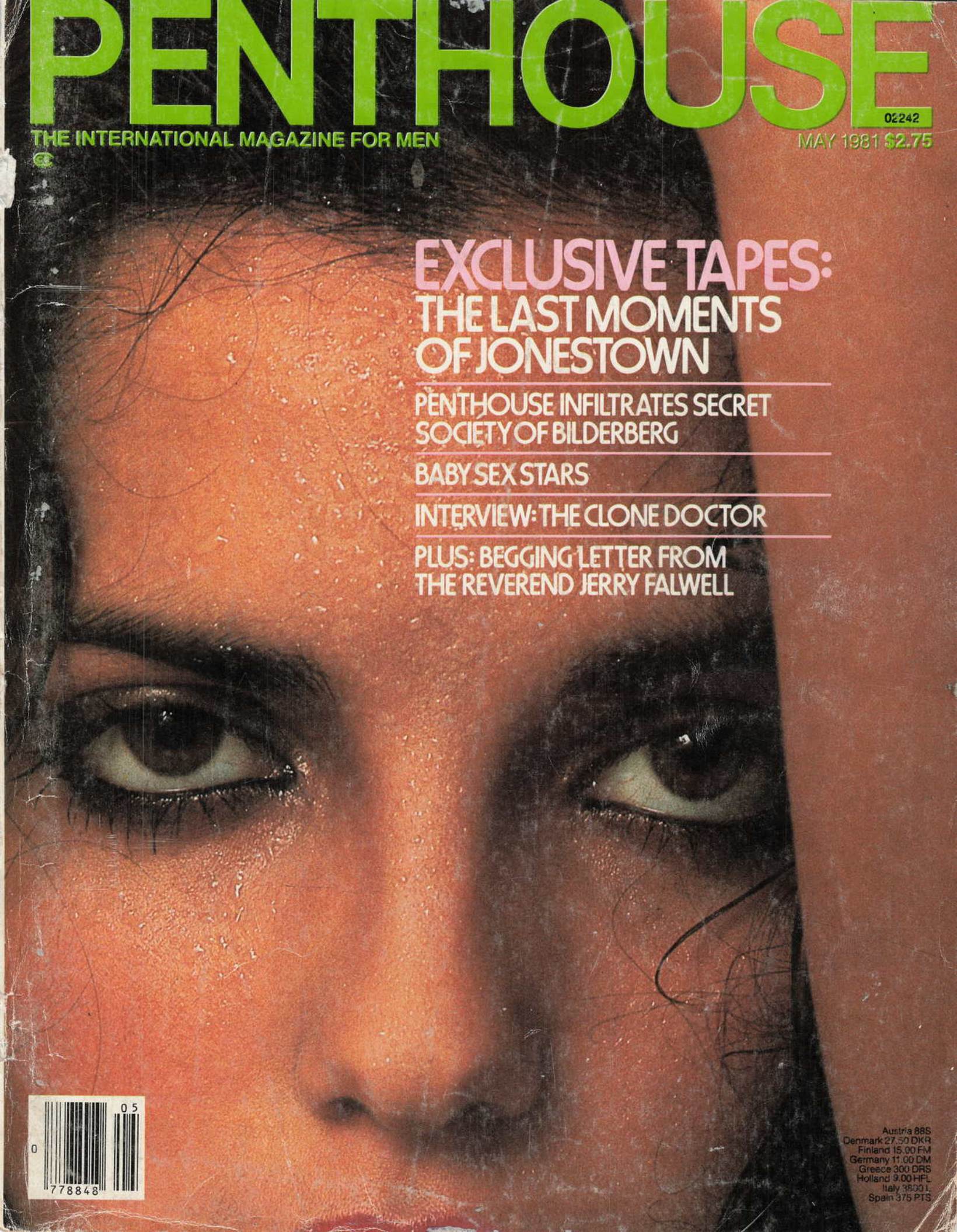

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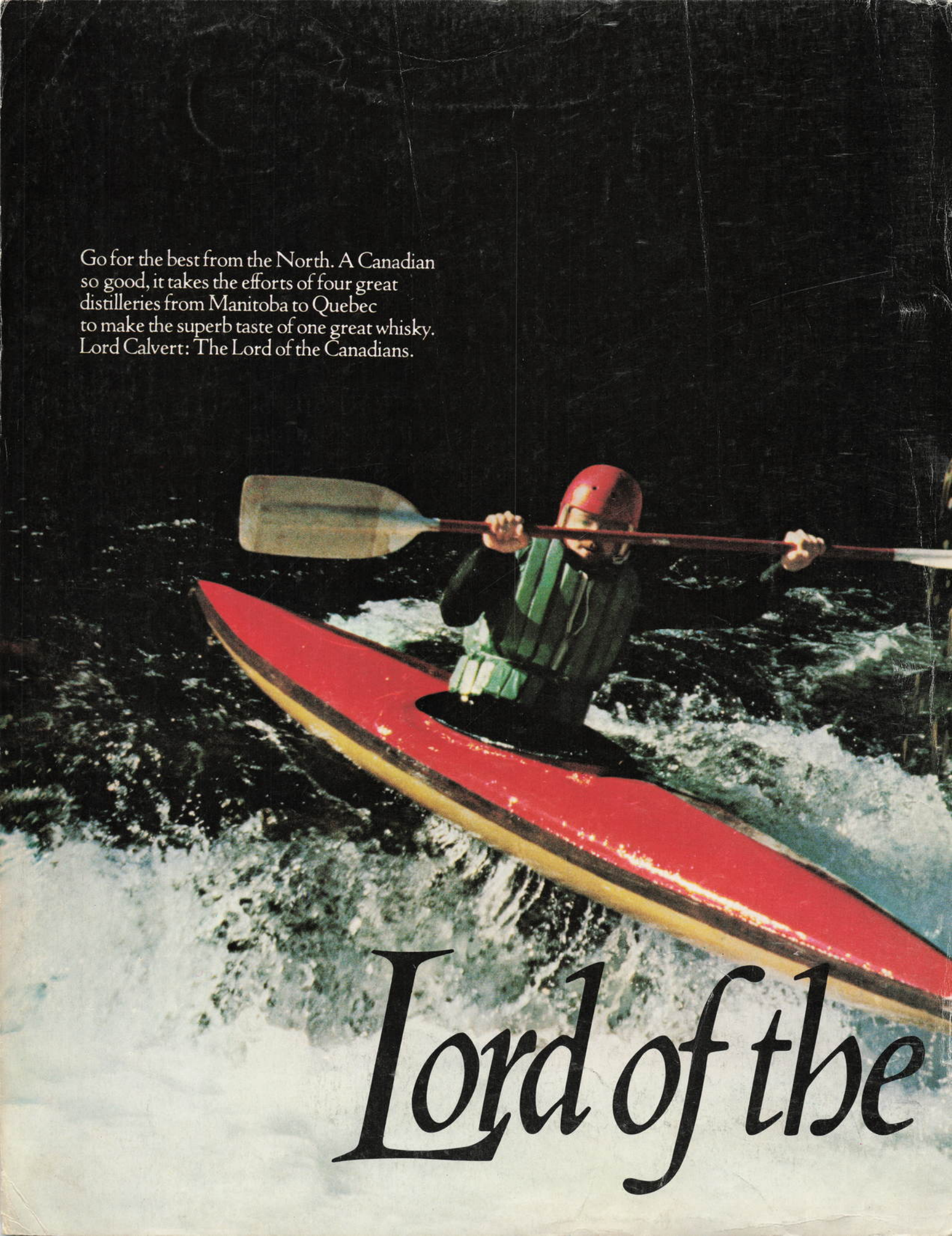

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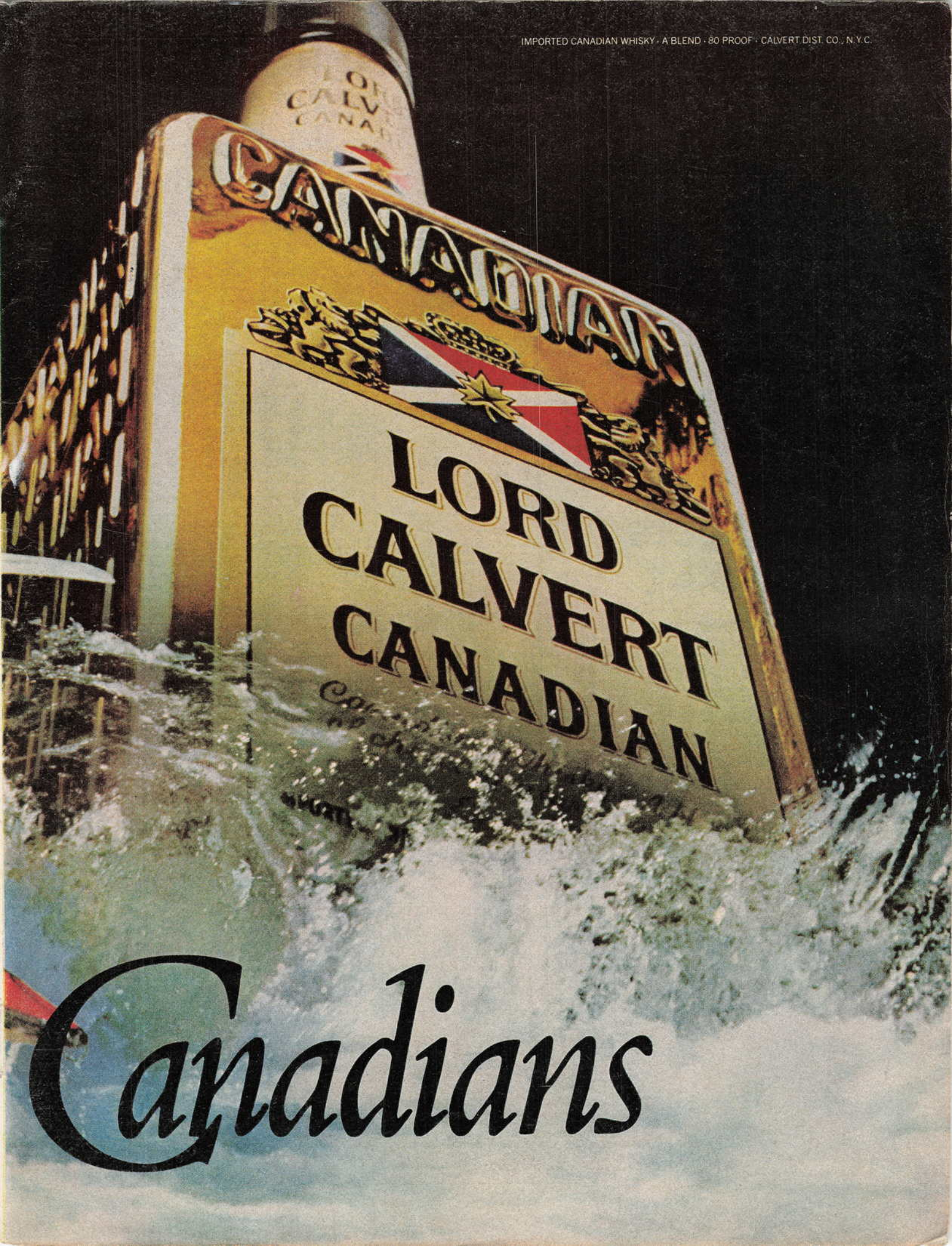

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BOB SPITZ

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JAMES RESTON, JR.

Ulrich Simons

CRAIG S. KARPEL (BACKGROUND) WITH LORD HOME OF THE HIRSEL, K.T., AND OTTO WOLFF VON AMERONGEN

HOUSECALL

It has been almost two and a half years since the terrifying news of the murder of California Congressman Leo Ryan, followed by the incredible mass murder-suicide of nearly a thousand followers of the fanatic preacher Jim Jones, was reported from the jungles of Guyana. Probably no news story since the assassination of John Kennedy has had the worldwide impact of what became known as the Jonestown Massacre. But until now the entire ghoulish history of the life and death of Jim Jones has remained stifled beneath tons of screaming headlines. The truth, as uncovered by **James Reston, Jr.**, in his new book, *Our Father Who Art in Hell* (to be published by Times Books), is far more sensational than even the most dreadful yellow journalism could paint. To write his book, Reston interviewed the survivors and relatives of the victims, and, most important, he gained exclusive access to hundreds of Jones's tape recordings, including those of the final terrible hours. "It became a personal odyssey of mine," Reston writes, "obsessive to be sure, to discover *how* this event could have happened."

In our exclusive excerpt from his book (page 56), Reston takes us into Guyana with the ill-fated Ryan mission and then inside the poisoned mind of the false but charismatic messiah. "Be kind to children and be kind to seniors and take the potion like they used to take it in ancient Greece," Jones exhorted his followers over a loudspeaker while soft synthesizer music played in the background. "We are not committing suicide. It's a revolutionary act." And, horribly, unbelievably, Reston writes, they did it. The final terror was not quick: "The agony of it persisted, the...Valium in the mix doing little to dampen the pain....It would take three hours to finish the job. By 'serving' the little children first, Jones's managerial talent surfaced again: having murdered their children, how could the parents maintain a strong will to live?" Indeed, Jones's madness had found a willing audience. When the troops arrived, writes Reston, "they found only a few signs of resistance. The overwhelming preponderance of the evidence pointed to acquiescence, to complicity." Reston, whose tapes will be heard soon on a 90-minute National Public Radio documentary, has written several books, the most recent being *The Innocence of Joan Little*.

Our fiction this month is an excerpt from another book that has already made publishing history: *Heavy Sand* (page 112) by **Anatoli Rybakov**, which will be published by Viking. *Heavy Sand* was published in 1978 in the Soviet Union. It marked the first time that the Russians had permitted the truth about the Nazi occupation to be acknowledged—that the primary victims had been Jewish. But the book did not become an instant best-seller just because it had political significance. Rybakov, a popular adventure writer, has written a totally engrossing story of unbelievable sadism and courage. "Despite the large printing" (150,000 according to *Time* magazine), "readers could not get enough....Copies now fetch one hundred fifty dollars on the black market." Once you start reading our exclusive excerpt, as an eight-year-old boy is publicly executed by the Nazis, you'll see why *Heavy Sand* is bound to be a best-seller in the United States as well.

Every April, right about the time you're reading this, approximately 100 of the Western world's most powerful people gather in a little town, somewhere in Europe or the United States, for a supersecret two-and-a-half-day meeting. Called "Bilderberg" after the small town where the meetings started 27 years ago, these redoubtable gatherings have been the object of intense and widespread speculation. *No reporter has ever attended a Bilderberg meeting and written about it.* But last year, on special assignment for *Penthouse*, **Craig S. Karpel** traveled under cover to Aachen, West Germany, to infiltrate and then write about "The Gnomes of Bilderberg" (page 144). The truth, Karpel learned about Bilderberg, "is much worse than anyone ever feared!"

The federal bureaucracy is also much worse than anyone ever feared—a fact that helped elect Ronald Reagan. Perhaps the most bloated and unconscionably counterproductive agency in government today is the sprawling Department of Energy. A spectacular and ruthlessly self-perpetuating evil created by Jimmy Carter in 1977, the DOE has managed to spend almost 200 billion tax dollars *without producing a single barrel of oil!* "In fact," writes contributing editor **Ernest Volkman** in "The Colossus of Waste" (page 84), "the DOE has made a practice of consistently overlooking innovative solutions to our energy problems in favor of reactionary indecision, massive paperwork, and a fatal attraction to nuclear energy. Although Reagan promised that he would abolish the DOE, he now finds that it's easier said than done. And," writes Volkman, in this first article in a series on the federal regulatory agencies, "he and his energy secretary have a curious inability to understand the realities of the energy market!"

"The realities of selling movies are pretty well understood by any Hollywood producer whose definition of 'blockbuster,'" writes **Bob Spitz** in "Baby Sex Stars" (page 80), "is anything starring Brooke Shields in a loincloth." Spitz goes behind the scenes in this indelicate exposé of the ingenious fusion of entertainment and teenage sex. As one talent publicist told him: "It's getting more titillating, more revealing every day—and definitely younger."

"More revealing and definitely younger" could also define **Ron Embleton** and **Bob Guccione**'s new heroine "Sweet Chastity," who makes her long-anticipated debut on page 188. If you liked the willful and wonderful "Wicked Wanda," you'll be sure to savor "Sweet Chastity." Nor will you want to miss **David Rorvik**'s interview with cloning wizard **Dr. Landrum Brewer Shettles** (page 132) or novelist **Jaime Mardis**'s "Scoring" (page 159), the story of an unusual all-girl basketball team, or the latest in action sportswear featuring the Miller Lite Beer All-Stars (page 138) or—of course—the most bountiful bouquet of spring beauties to be found anywhere, a splendid harvest of golden May flowers.

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MAY

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

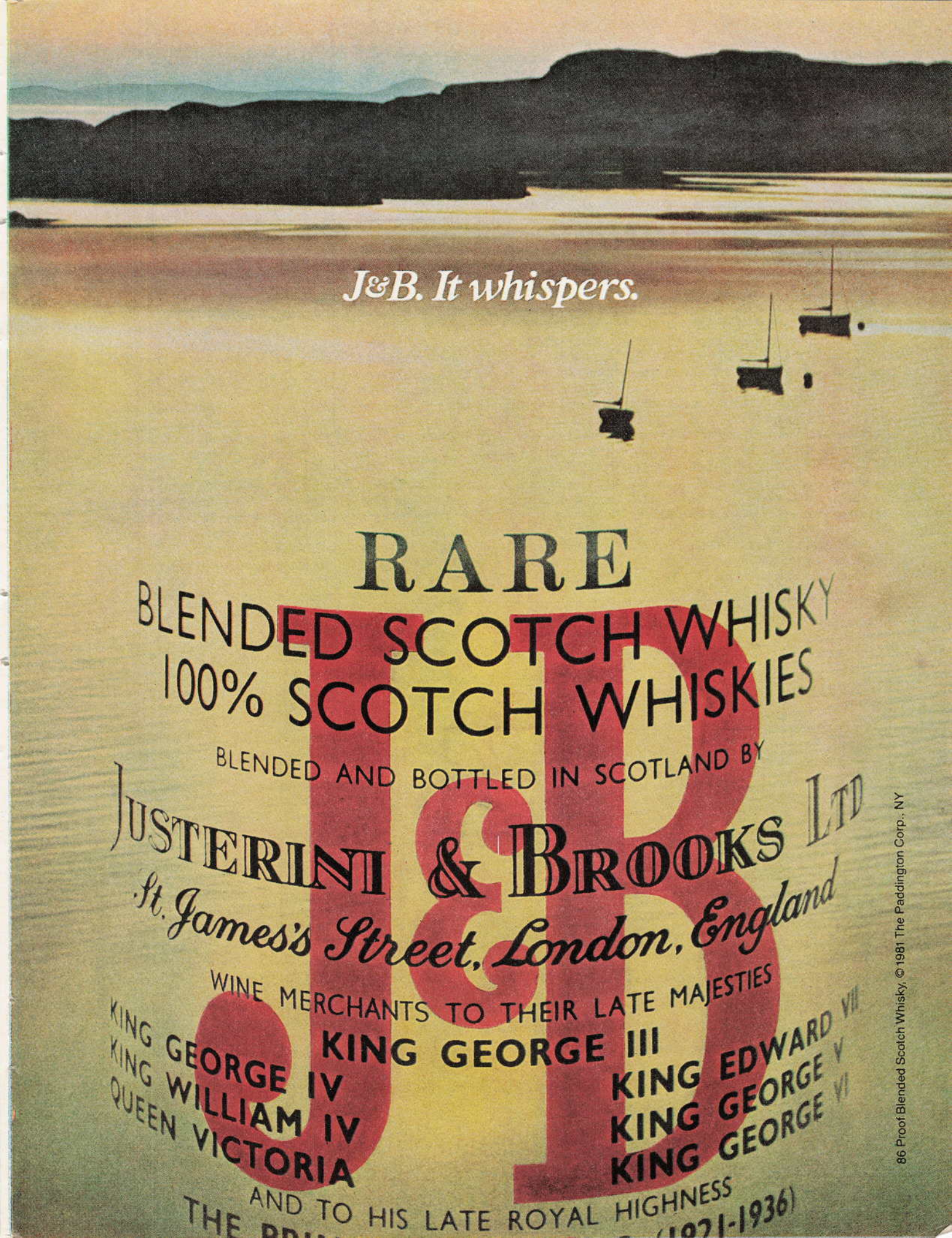
Artistic style

I am a fine-arts major at a large university in the Southwest. One of my art classes is taught late in the afternoon. I was working on a project while sitting next to, and conversing with, a very attractive girl in the class. We are allowed to work as late as we wish, and soon all the other students had left, leaving the two of us and the professor. Before long, the teacher said he was going home and asked us to be sure to lock the door and turn out the lights. We worked for a while longer but found ourselves more interested in each other than in our work. We decided to go for a pizza. She began gathering up her things, and I proceeded to close up shop. It was getting dark, and as I turned out the lights, I looked over to see her gorgeous body silhouetted in the fading light from the window. My penis immediately began to grow. I flipped the last light switch and locked the door as our professor had asked, except we were on the inside instead of the outside.

By this time she knew I was up to something. I walked over to her and took her artist materials from her and set them on the table. I put my arms around her and pulled her close and stuck my tongue deep in her soft, warm mouth. There was no objection. She responded by sucking on my tongue and pressing her pelvis hard against my now firm rod. My hands worked quickly. Soon I had her sweater off, revealing the most luscious pair of creamy white breasts anyone has ever seen. I rolled her pink nipples between my thumb and forefinger till they stood fully erect. I leaned down and sucked them until she let out a soft moan. That was it. I reached down and peeled her cords down to her knees. I slipped my middle finger between her soft bush to find an already steaming crotch. It wasn't long before she had undone my pants and pulled out my long, thick tool. She massaged it like a pro. She ran her fingers in a circular motion just below the tip, using my dew to lubricate it. At the same time I fingered her large, stiff clitoris, running my finger down between her protruding lips into her vagina and back out to titillate the clit. The whole time our mouths were locked together in a deep French kiss. By then she had her whole hand around my shaft and was masturbating me furiously. She brought down her other hand to massage my testicles. She was shaking and moaning violently. Minutes later I exploded, spewing white-hot semen all over her belly. She couldn't stand it. She came in a wave of orgasm that left her limp in my arms.

Suddenly she realized where we were, and so she became very self-conscious. I thought that was it, so I lay back across one of the work tables, with my pants at my ankles. She pulled up her pants and came over to massage my chest. She couldn't stay away. Soon her hands were around my cock, working it back to life. Slowly she dipped her head down and wrapped her lips around the circumcised helmet. She stuck her tongue out and licked and sucked from the tip to my balls. She ran her tongue up and down the slit, driving me to ecstasy. I began madly pumping her face. She sucked and pulled harder, the harder I pumped. My cock head swelled as it ran back and forth across her lips. She must have known when I was coming, because she deep-throated me, driving my dick right back to her tonsils. I let go multiple hot blasts of jism, spattering the back of her mouth. She took what she could, and the rest ran down the crack of my ass. She looked up, gasping for air as if I'd spot-welded her tonsils completely shut. But then she proceeded to lick up the excess sperm, tonguing my anus, driving me wild. There's nothing I like more than a good rim job. She penetrated my bung hole with the tip of her tongue, fishing it back and forth, preventing me from losing my hard-on. That was it. With one adept sweep, I jumped up, pulling her cords clean off her beautiful long legs. No bitch was going to eat me like that without getting the same treatment! She needed no prompting. Her legs parted, and so did her lips. What a pussy!

A single drip of glistening love juice ran down her crack. She reached down and pulled her lips apart, exposing that huge, blood-gorged, pulsating clit. "Lick me," she moaned. "Lick me!" I dove in. The first thing I did was knife through those buttery lips, stroking my tongue as deep as I could in her cunt. She tasted like nectar. Next I ran down to her anus and gave her a taste of her own medicine. As I worked my way back up, there it was. That lovely gigantic clitoris staring me right in the eye . . . sparkling, throbbing. I teased it, flicking my tongue across it a mile a minute. Then I sucked her lips right out of her fingers. Pulling those deep into my mouth, I ran my tongue right between them and back across that awesome clit. The scream she let out as she came must have been heard by the janitors. Well, I climbed up and planted my mouth on hers to quiet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her down. As she tasted her own juice, wouldn't you know it, my peter, the nosy little guy, found its way right into her box. It slid past those dripping lips, rubbing that famous clit as it penetrated all the way to the hilt. Another squeal of passion. We were going to get caught. I withdrew so that the head of my cock was just teasing the opening of her slit. Back and forth, back and forth, teasing that clit. "Damn it, fuck me!" she seethed as she reached down and thrust it into her with a single stroke, as if she were working a dildo.

There was no stopping that steaming rocket of mine now. It was pumping like the pistons on my Kawasaki, in high gear. She arched her body and ran her soft calves across my back and jutted her heels straight in the air, holding up her legs with her hands like stirrups. Her fantastic face was now contorted as she let go one last orgasm. I soon followed, ramming my cock in her cunt as deep as it would go. "Unggg!" I was the noisemaker this time. We lay there in a heap for what seemed like hours. Simultaneously we looked at each other, threw on our clothes, grabbed our shit, and ran from the building, laughing hysterically. We went for pizza in the student union. The new schedules were out for next semester. We ate, drank beer, laughed, and planned a course together next semester, which would be taught late in the afternoon.—*Name and address withheld*

Sweet ladies

I'm a 20-year-old male who had an experience with three ladies I'll never forget. One Saturday I was lying on the couch, watching the college football game, when there was a knock at the door. I opened it, and there stood my lady with two very fine babes. Anne, my lady, is 19, a half-white and half-Oriental (Okinawa) babe with brown hair and eyes, with a small but firm chest and the sweetest ass you'll ever see. Her friends, Jill and Sara, were sweet ladies in their own way. After we were introduced, we sat down to watch the game. Anne broke out some cocaine, and we proceeded to get a good buzz.

Asking if anyone wanted a beer, I went into the kitchen to get some Heinies. Anne followed me into the kitchen to give me a hand. I noticed she had that "let's fuck" look in her eye, so I told her we couldn't be rude to company. She said that they'd find something to do, and we started to kiss and feel up each other. I pulled her top off to reveal her lemon-sized tits and went to work kissing and licking her mangoes. I sucked a nipple in my mouth and rolled my teeth on it while I licked the bud with my tongue. This gets her very horny and usually makes her come. While sucking her tits, I started slipping her tight jeans off and got drenched with cunt juices—she never wears panties. I stuck my finger in her box, and she started moaning and saying, "Eat my cunt, or I'll bust your nuts." I then pushed her up against the counter and started teasing her by licking the inside of her thighs while running a finger over her crack. I idly moved up to her crotch, where I slowly passed my tongue over her cunt lips. She was begging me to eat her, but I kept up with the teasing.

I hadn't noticed that Jill and Sara were watching, because all of a sudden I was grabbed from behind and thrown against the stove. They grabbed me and carried me into the bedroom and threw me on the bed. Jill and Sara started taking my clothes off while Anne found some rope. With the other two holding me down, Anne tied my feet to the bedposts, leaving a little slack for some movement. Sara started saying that she wasn't going to see Anne being teased to death. Anne lit up a joint, and they started talking about what they were going to do to me—or, the way Sara put it, "to teach you a lesson." They looked my body over with evil smiles. My cock was getting the hint about the fun that lay ahead. I couldn't have been more wrong. Seeing that my cock was up, the three sweethearts started teasing me by tickling my dick, giving it little licks and sticking the head in their mouths and gently biting on it. Anne cranked on the local rock station, and one by one Sara and Jill slowly shed their clothes, doing some very sexy moves. When they were all nude, they teased me by feeling each other's body and saying how much they wanted my cock stuffed up their cunts and down their throats. Sara then knelt over my hot rod, stuck a finger in her hole, and whacked her cunt about two inches over my dick. She was so wet her juices started dripping onto my cock and nuts, which made it dance. They all laughed when that happened.

By now my cock was aching for attention. I knew that if I didn't come soon, I'd be repainting the wall. Jill jumped up and sat on my chest and spread her lips to give me a great shot of her steaming tunnel. Then she bent back on her elbows, making sure first that she wasn't touching my cock, and told me to eat her hot hole or I'd catch hell. I cranked my head forward and could barely get my tongue in her pussy. Just as I started licking her cunt, she crammed her cunt hard into my face, gyrated a little, rolled back, got off me, and started laughing.

Anne, who was in the kitchen, walked in with a bottle of wine and a water pipe. I had no idea what she was up to when, after taking the bowl off and plugging the holes, she grabbed my cock and pulled it back to a 90-degree angle. I started moaning in pain, because of the depressing angle and pleasure, for my cock was finally getting some attention. Anne stuck the glass pipe over my dick and pushed it down hard on my balls. She then took the bottle of wine, which was very cold, and poured some in the tube to about three-fourths full. My cock, which was burning for touch, cooled off a great deal. Jill grabbed the tube and blew bubbles

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into the wine. She kept it up for about 30 seconds and then, sensing I was going to come, stopped. My balls almost blew up right then. I felt like if I did come, it would be more pain than pleasure. Jill then stuck a rubber hose into the tube and sucked all the wine out. Anne and Sara each took turns till the bottle was empty.

I, by now, was delirious. The pain in my balls felt like I had been kicked there ten times. I told them that they had made their point and I had learned my lesson. They all looked at me with guilty faces but then laughed. They left the room for about an hour, and I started to nod off. When I was just about out, the door opened and in walked the girls. My cock was soft but swollen from their actions. Jill and Anne then untied my legs. I was too worn out to put up any kind of resistance, but who the hell would have? Very quickly they tied my legs to where my hands were. Then they undid my hands and turned me around so that I was lying on my stomach, facing them. Anne jumped up on the bed with her cunt about a foot away from my face and rammed three fingers in her drenched hole. Sara, facing me, stood over Anne's mouth and lowered her cunt to Anne's lips. They both moved very wildly, wanting to come. Anne started bucking like a wild horse and screaming out "Harder!" while slurping on Jill's pussy. My cock was bursting again, but I was afraid that if I came I might never fuck again. Anne and Jill both came, screaming their heads off.

Sara lay down on the bed as Anne French-kissed her and fondled her two breasts. Jill dove at her cunt like a bat out of hell and began devouring Sara's swollen lips like she was possessed. Sara gave out a yell and flooded Jill's face with wave after wave of female honey. Mesmerized by the hot action less than two feet from me, I didn't notice that Anne was untying my hands and legs. She rolled me over on my back and, saying how sorry she was, stuck her tongue in my mouth as far as it would go. Tasting the cunt juice on her lips, I knew I'd have to get a lot more where it came from. Anne slowly tongued her way down to my come-starved cock and gently kissed it to reassure me that everything was fine. Sara joined Anne, and they both gave my cock and balls a tongue bath. I motioned for Jill to sit on my face, and she jumped up and started grinding her cunt on my tongue. My tongue slid between her lips and found her clit, and I licked like a madman. She just came and came but kept on riding. Anne straddled my rod and slowly eased it into her cunt, screaming how good it felt and riding it up and down while grasping it with her cunt muscles. She then turned around to face me and with a big smile just banged away. My cock hardly had any feeling in it, just stood there like a stone pole. Anne was bouncing on it for about 30 minutes when she fell over, curled up like a baby, and fell asleep wearing a smile.

Getting some energy back, I pushed Jill down, turned her on her stomach, and told her to get on her hands and knees, because I wanted to fuck her like a dog. She gladly obliged. I knelt behind her, grabbed her tits for support, and rammed my cock deep into her cunt. She let out a loud sigh as she came instantly. I began pumping away while she screamed at me to "fuck me deeper, harder, faster . . . oh, yesss, ooohhh . . ." I pulled out of her after a while, and she fell asleep next to Anne. I motioned for Sara to follow me. We went into the kitchen, where she told me to stick it to her now. I said, "I got plans for you" as I walked back to the bedroom to get some rope. I snatched a towel and quickly put it over her eyes. I then tied one leg to the closet door and the other to the kitchen door. Her legs were spread wide apart, and her cunt was oozing for a stiff dick rammed up it. I tied her wrists together over her head and looped the rope over a support beam, then tied it back around her arms. She stood there, unable to move, waiting for me to make my move.

I began by kissing her face and mouth while mauling her tits, and I licked and sucked her breasts and nipples while fingering her cunt. I moved down to her cunt and tongued her love button and sucked it between my lips like a joint. She kept coming and coming while I kept up the assault. I stood up and, grabbing her ass, rammed my cock deep into her burning tunnel and fucked her like a savage. I fucked her hard, I fucked her slow, I fucked her in circles. I fucked her like a deranged person. I pulled out my iron rod and ran the head of my cock over her cunt lips. All the while she was experiencing one orgasm after another. I moved behind her and rimmed her ass hole, while sliding a couple of fingers in and out of her honey pot. Her head went limp as she let out a loud sigh. I pulled my fingers out of her cunt and slid one up her butt. Her ass muscles sucked on my finger as I slid it in and out. I stuck my aching cock back in her cunt to get more juice on it. Grabbing her cheeks, I spread them apart and slowly eased my rod up her ass. She let out a wild scream as she started to pound her butt against my cock. I pumped away like there was no tomorrow. I reached around with one hand and shoved three fingers in her crack, and with the other hand I pulled on her tits.

She must have come a dozen times as I pounded away at her ass. Slowly my balls started tingling with that old familiar feeling. I withdrew my cock from her ass, ripped the blindfold off her, and grabbed a butcher knife to cut her arms and legs free. Now, with her hands loose, she instantly grabbed my cock and pulled me down with her onto the floor. She stuffed my cock into her mouth and did everything but bite the fucker off. Just as I was about to come, I pulled out, grabbed my rod, and

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whacked off, and cannon-fired round after round of come on her hair, face, and mouth. I let out a big sigh of relief as she, smiling, licked her lips, then nodded off. Finally relieved, I picked her up, carried her back into the bedroom, and put her on the bed, where all three were now sleeping like babies.

Needing something to drink, I grabbed a couple of beers, lit up a smoke, went into the living room, and crashed on the couch, exhausted. I woke up the next morning to find three hot tongues licking my hard cock and balls. Three on a cock is a lot better than one in the hole. There's nothing better for a man than having three nymphs to play with.—*Name and address withheld*

Wedding party

After five years of reading your magazine I have finally experienced a sexual caper worthy of your pages. I go to a mid-size Milwaukee university, and I was home in Chicago for a routine weekend when my fantasy-come-true began.

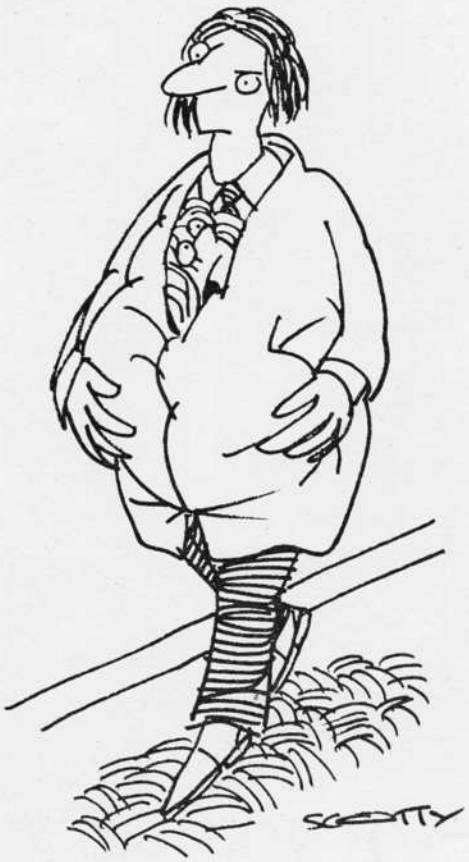
During my vacation I was able to hit on the wedding reception of the sister of one of my friends. I was especially enthused about going to this reception because all of his sisters are real foxes. There are three unbelievable chicks in that family that always give me a huge hard-on every time I see one of them. The bride, whom I'll call Cindy, is a knockout at five feet seven inches, with long blonde hair and a dynamite 23-year-old body that would bring water to the mouth of any red-blooded American male. Lisa and Linda, who are 20-year-old twin brunettes, both have small, rounded asses and the nicest 36-inch tits you ever laid eyes on.

My episode begins about two hours into the reception, when I finally got my dance with Cindy. Unfortunately, I got my opportunity during a fast dance, so I didn't get a chance to hold her magnificent body, or so I thought. After our dance the band took a break, so we got to talking. I mentioned that her husband was really a lucky guy to have snatched up such a fantastic babe. With this comment, she leaned back and gave me a smile that would have melted an iceberg. After a few silent moments, I asked her for a congratulatory kiss. As she leaned forward, I expected just a quick peck. But to my surprise, I felt her tongue press against my lips, so I obliged by making it into a long, wet, open-mouth kiss. I thought that was it, but that was just the beginning. She said that she was moving right after the honeymoon and that she wanted to give me something to remember her by, but that I'd have to come out to the camper to get it. I readily agreed.

As soon as we got into the camper, she led me to the bed, turned around, and gave me a repeat performance of her last kiss. Realizing that this would be my last chance, I seized the opportunity. The next thing I knew, her wedding dress was on the floor, and all that was left was her bra and panties. Although still not believing what was happening, I managed to get the rest of her clothes off, mine along with it. We proceeded to caress each other's body as we fell onto the bed. I massaged her tits until she was moaning for more. I licked her tits until she started pushing my head lower. I teasingly licked the inside of her thighs, but she kept trying to force my mouth onto her clit. When I had her on the edge of ecstasy, I dove in and sucked her clit and tongued her pussy until she was practically screaming. While licking and tasting her love juices, I could feel her hands searching for my already erect prick. She moved down and began to suck every inch of my stone pecker. She was an expert in the art of cocksucking, because I blew my wad in less than a minute. I was surprised how fast her tongue was able to put new life into my flaccid penis. By this point we were both begging for a good, wet fuck. I wasted no time in positioning my prick between her tanned thighs. I started with a slow, rhythmic motion and gradually picked up until it felt like the whole fucking Winnebago was rocking. I couldn't believe that no one could hear us, but I didn't really give a damn at this point. I was fucking the finest babe I'd ever laid eyes on, and she was married, too. We both came together in one earth-shattering orgasm that the gods couldn't top.

We were both holding each other close, telling the other how great it was, when somebody opened the camper door. It was too dark to see who our visitor was while Cindy and I tried feebly to cover our nakedness. Then Lisa asked Cindy if she was going to get back to her own wedding reception. Cindy seemed to have forgotten her wedding during our heated lovemaking and quickly dressed and scurried back to the hall. I could have killed Lisa for reminding Cindy until she started mentioning something about her having something for me, too. She began to peel off her blue, low-cut dress until she stood before me like a soldier during inspection. Lisa said something about comparing her body to Cindy's, but I just muttered something. Her body was even better than I'd imagined. She immediately knelt before me and administered the best skull session I'd ever imagined. Her talented tongue and deep-throating action proved that Lisa practiced more than her older sister. I just had to fuck this girl. I positioned myself over her while she begged me to stick my prick deep inside of her. I had no intention of keeping this goddess waiting any longer, so I gave her all nine inches.

We fucked wildly for what felt like eternity. I suddenly felt a pair of warm hands pushing me into Lisa. "She" maneuvered her way around and planted a long, wet kiss on my wet mouth. It was Linda! She must have been there for a while, because she was already naked. She was the mir-



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Each entry must include either one empty pack of any style of KOOL cigarettes or the name of your favorite KOOL cigarette style hand-printed on a separate 3" x 5" piece of paper. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY.

2. Enter often, but each entry must be mailed separately. Entries must be postmarked by June 15, 1981 and received by June 30, 1981. No postcards, metered mail, or mechanically reproduced entries will be accepted.

3. Winners will be determined by a random drawing by an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. The odds of winning will be determined by total number of entries received.

4. Winners will be notified by mail. To obtain a list of winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: KOOL Winners List, P.O. Box CC, Chicago, IL 60677, between August 1, 1981 and August 31,1981.

5. All prizes will be awarded, subject to the following restrictions: All winners and all guests of *first* prizewinners must sign a release/indemnity agreement to win a prize. No cash or other substitution for grand prize. The date, time and location of balloon rides for *first* prizewinners must be approved by B&W based on balloon availability and will be subject to change due to safety and logistical factors and to weather and any other factors beyond B&W's control. B&W has until August 31, 1982 to award *first* prizes. If for any reason any *first* prizewinner has not taken the balloon flight by August 31, 1982, Brown & Williamson shall have the option of awarding the sum of $100 to said prizewinner in lieu of the balloon flight.

6. Winners must give notice to Brown & Williamson of their acceptance of their prize by August 15, 1981. Only one prize per family. Prizes are not transferable prior to award. Liability for taxes is the sole responsibility of the winners.

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ror image of the angel I was fucking. Linda positioned her cunt above Lisa's long, wet tongue and lowered herself while Frenching me at the same time. After blowing my load into Lisa, I gladly let Linda lick the jism from both our genitals. I then lay back and let the two sister nymphs go at it. It was the most mind-blowing thing to see two identical figures exploring each other's body. They were in a tight, slippery 69 for about 15 minutes, moaning in pleasure the whole time. It was too much for me to stand.

Linda told me that she didn't want to be the only girl in the family that I didn't fuck. I had already rested, so I needed no additional prodding. I was beginning to think that this was my mission on earth. Linda had the wettest and tightest pussy of all three sisters, and she was the only aggressive one. She laid me down and gradually lowered herself down onto my steel shaft. She began wailing like a bitch in heat, and she fucked me with all her might. Lisa sat back and finger-fucked herself while watching her twin bouncing on my cock. I came in Linda, and my cock could take more, so I dove onto Lisa's pussy and tongue-fucked her while she once again ate out her beautiful sister. We continued this for about 15 minutes and then got dressed and returned to the wedding more than satisfied.

That night I didn't see very much of the reception. My friend said that it was wild, and all I could do was smile and agree. I've since been with Lisa and Linda separately. After all, who's next—their mother?—*Name and address withheld*

Love in the making

I have been an avid reader of your column for about six months now.

My name is Deirdra, I have light brown hair, and I'm told that I'm good-looking. I love my breasts. I have very large nipples and good-sized breasts to match. My nipples are probably so big from my pinching and sucking on them. I do this when I masturbate. I've been doing this ever since I could reach them to my mouth. I have very sensitive breasts, and I love to wet the nipples and blow on them in between my sucking ritual. I have always had a very open mind about masturbation and have practiced it for as long as I can remember. Even at a very young age I don't know how I managed to keep quiet enough so that my parents wouldn't hear me fingering myself to death in my room at night.

Next I would like to describe my best girl friend, Linda. She is about my height, which is about five feet four inches tall. She has a very well endowed body, to say the least. She has nice, firm breasts, not too large, not too small. Her nipples are lighter in color than mine and look very soft. She has long blonde hair and a blonde bush to match. Her face is very pretty, like a model's face. She has high cheekbones and slight dimples when she smiles. Men always drool over her, but she's always hated the kissy-ass kind of guys. She has a polite way of telling a guy to fuck off right to his face.

Also, I would like to tell you about Cathy, or "Cat." She is dark, with very dark, almond eyes and jet black hair. She is about my height and very slim. She is very sexy and very beautiful in face and figure. She is smart and always in control.

Last but not least, I would like to tell you about Karl, whom all three of us love and respect very much. He is one of the nicest men I've ever met. He is very different from other guys. His personality is different from anyone I've ever met because he can make a person feel at home in a minute. He's probably about five feet eight inches and has blond hair and a beard.

Linda and Karl started dating about seven months ago. She was the secretary where he works. All she told me about him was what a hunk of man he was and how she loved his ass. This was totally unlike her to say this about a man. When I first met him, I liked him a lot. I tried to imagine myself in bed with him. I liked the idea. At least it was a good masturbation fantasy. Later on Linda told me that he said I was nice-looking, and this made me feel good. I guess he had made some crack to her about getting us both in bed with him. At the time we laughed it off. I'm not a lesbian, but I had often wondered what it would be like to make it with another woman. I wasn't sure if I'd like to or not, but somehow the thought excited me. That also made a good masturbation fantasy.

One night, about a week after the discussion, Linda slept over at my house. We had been out for a couple of drinks and had just come home to watch some television. We were drinking a beer and relaxing on my bed in our nightgowns when suddenly Linda said, "I wonder if he was kidding." I said, "Yeah, me, too." Then she said, "Do you find him attractive?" I said, "Don't get mad, but yes, I do." Then she said, "Well, why don't you make love to him?" I was about to laugh, but I could tell she was dead serious. Then she grabbed me and hugged me and said, "You're my best friend, and I love you, and nothing you could say could ever make me mad at you."

As she hugged me, I had this almost unholy urge to touch her breast, but I managed to fight it off. What a strange sensation I'd just felt! And now to top it off, I was getting very horny! As we began to talk, she started to recount some very horny moments she had shared with him. I could tell she was horny by the way she was talking. I was getting hot, too, and wanted to touch myself, but I wasn't alone. She had a sheet over her waist, and as the conversation went on, I noticed that she was unconsciously rubbing herself under the blanket. I'd never seen anyone do that before, and I was getting so horny. I thought she saw that I noticed, so I said, "I better pull up my side of the sheet so

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that I can do that, too. I'm horny."

She looked down at her own hand and realized what I meant and turned beet-red. She was so embarrassed that I felt bad. I said, "Don't stop on my account." She just laughed. I then said, "No, really, I mean it. I was enjoying watching you and wishing I was doing the same thing." She asked me if I masturbated, and I said, "All the time." She giggled and said, "Me, too!" I asked her to continue her story and her rubbing, but she was a little embarrassed still. She said, "It does feel good, and I love to do it, but I feel funny. However, if you were doing it, too, I wouldn't feel as nervous." I quickly said okay.

As we talked, we both got more and more horny, and before long we both had our panties off and were moaning and masturbating together! This was such a turn-on to see her doing it, especially to see her coming! Later we hugged for a while and said what good friends we were. Then she kissed me on the cheek, and we fell asleep. The next day neither of us mentioned it, but we were closer friends for sure. The next couple of days were quiet, but that Friday, Karl came to the airport to pick up his sister and brother-in-law after their honeymoon. He knew I worked there, so he came over to my counter and talked to me for about ten minutes. I was excited to see him, and he knew it. He said he would be over at Linda's house later at about eight o'clock or so and hoped I would drop by. I said I felt I'd be intruding, but he insisted in a nice way, so I said okay.

I was proud of the way I had dressed for him and knew I looked good. From just the way that bastard was smiling at me I knew that he knew it was for him. We went out for some drinks and got a bit loaded. He doesn't like to dance, but when they played a song, he was quick to ask, and I was quick to accept. I couldn't believe what he was doing to me out there. He was inconspicuously rubbing himself right into my cunt. I was dripping wet. He was kissing my ear very softly, and his hot breath made me so horny that I thought my legs would give out. I was almost feeling guilty about my friend sitting at the table when I looked at her, and then she was winking and giving me the thumbs-up sign! After she danced with him, we left.

All the way home this drunk was kissing me and feeling me up while my friend drove and smiled! Her date was attacking me, and I was helping him! As soon as we got home, he said, "Let's go in the bedroom and watch TV." Then he burst out laughing and made some crack about getting the whipped cream out. In the bedroom he started kissing Linda and then me. The next thing I knew he was kissing us both. All three of us were kissing at the same time. All of a sudden he was half-naked and wearing a shit-eating grin. He had us taking turns sucking him off. At one point we were both sucking and licking him at the same time, and he came all over our faces. Then he made us lick it off each other and said his loads were more valuable than gasoline and shouldn't be wasted. I thought he would smile himself to death, because we were obeying him and he loved it.

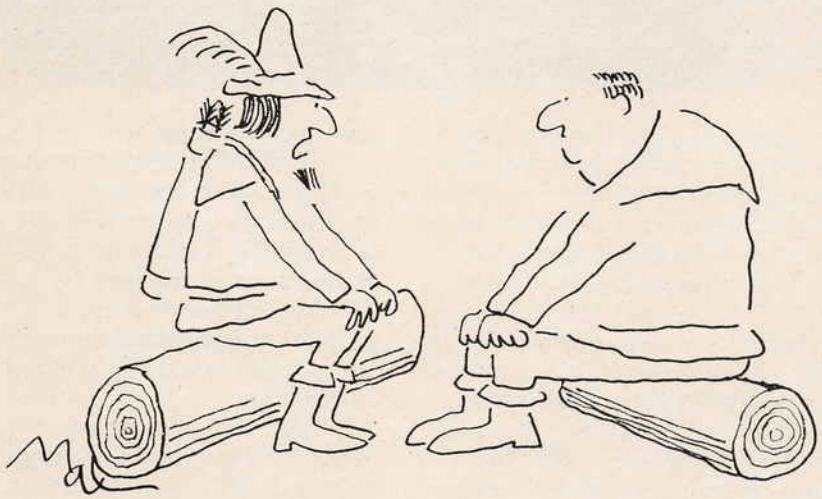
That night he fucked and ate us in every position possible. I tongued his ass while Linda sucked him off, and vice versa. Linda and I didn't actually get it on with each other. She seemed a little inhibited, and I didn't dare to push it. The only thing we did do was to kiss during the heat of the session. And while we were both kissing and licking his cock, we were rubbing our pussies against each other's legs. The next day we all called in sick. We were still at Linda's house. We repeated our scene with Karl, during which time Linda seemed to relax a lot more. We kissed and hugged and rubbed our breasts together, felt each other's nipples, and I even fingered her clit into an orgasm, which made me quite proud of myself. I wanted so bad to eat her! I wanted us to orgasm in a 69 position together. Most of what we did do was under his advice. She seemed to need him there for confidence.

Well, then came the bad part. I was sucking on his nipple and she was sucking his cock when suddenly the door opened. It was her father, and he nearly died. He started crying, saying his daughter was a lesbian and that she ruined his life and that he was going to kill himself. She felt terrible, and he just kept trying to lay the guilt trip on her. He went so far as to call up my father and tell him. As I said earlier, my father is cool, and when I told him the truth, he took it a little lighter. It was terrible the way her family exiled her. I couldn't understand why that selfish asshole had to make it a public affair! I hate his guts, and I told him so right to his face. She finally packed up her stuff and went to California. I knew she hated to leave me, but she really misses Karl. She really loves him still. After she left, I continued to see him. I still wanted to make it with a woman, but only if he was there, too.

This is where I must introduce my friend Cat. As soon as she met him, she liked him. She thought he was a nice guy. She figured I was just bragging about his lovemaking because I loved him.

One Monday evening she was over at my house, and we were drinking and playing cards. I said to her, "If he was here, would you test my claim?" She said, "I can't just fuck every guy I meet." In a wise-ass fashion I said, "Why not?" Then she giggled and said, "Might as well, for the sake of a bet." She said she was kidding but would like to get to know him better. I called him up and asked him to have a couple of drinks. As soon as he walked in the door, I got the feeling he was looking at her and that she was looking back. I started to get very jealous but tried hard not to show it.

So we got drunk as hell, and I tried in



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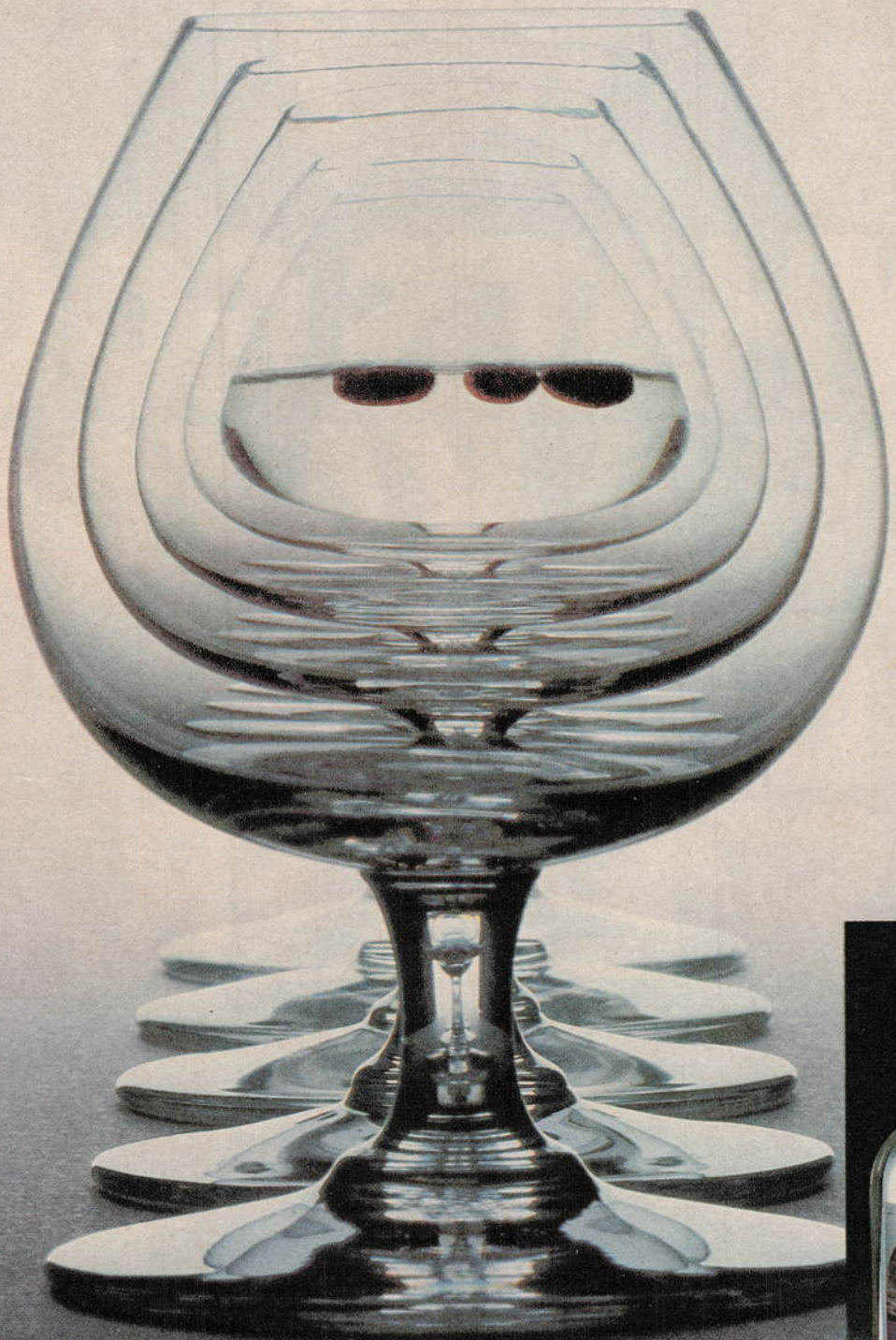

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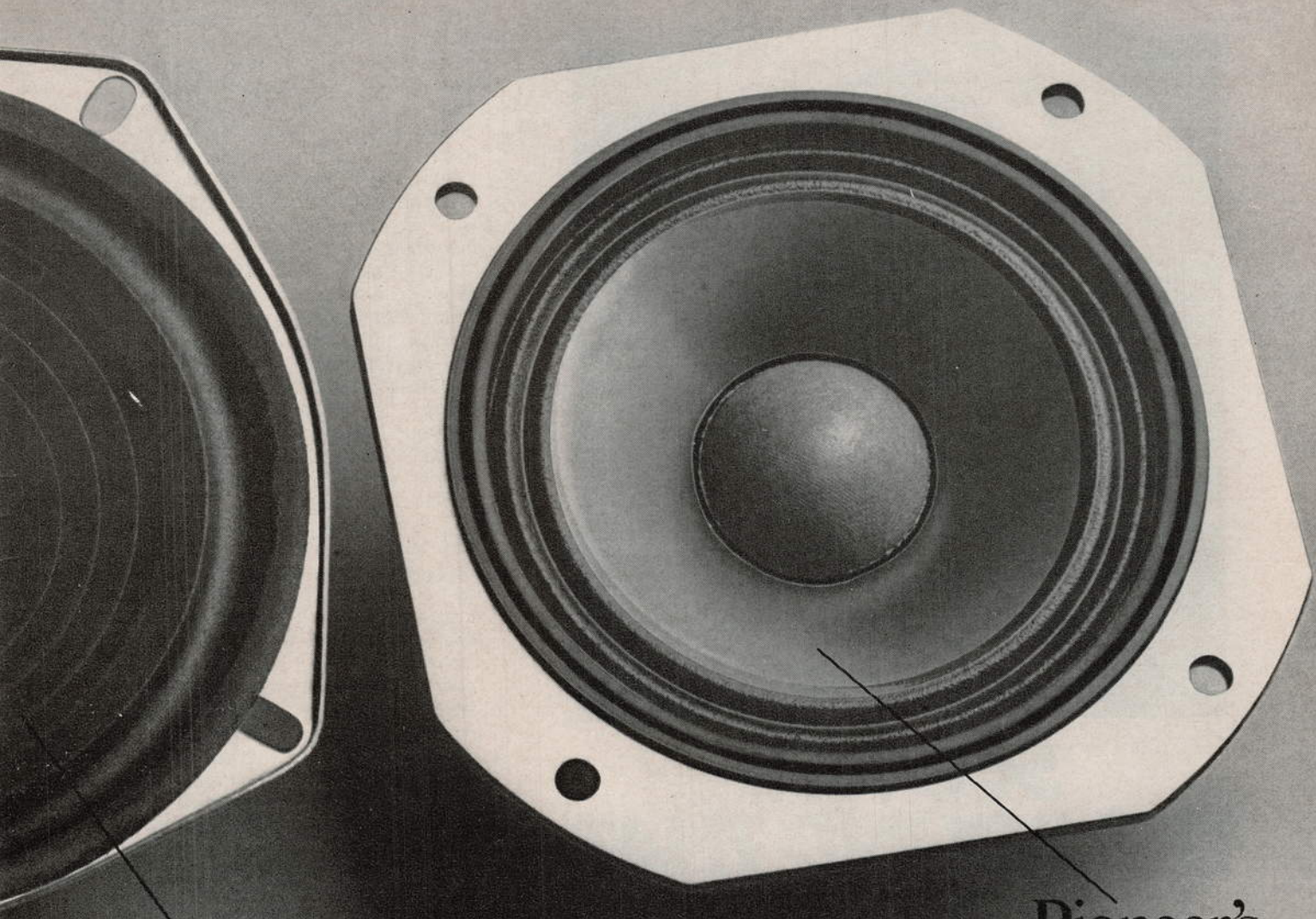

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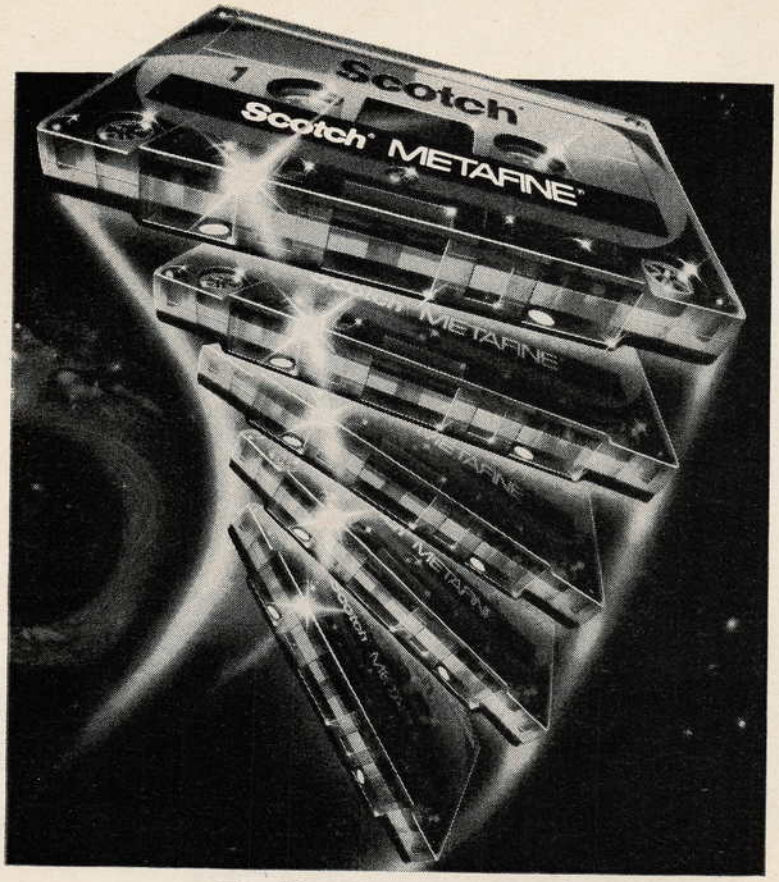

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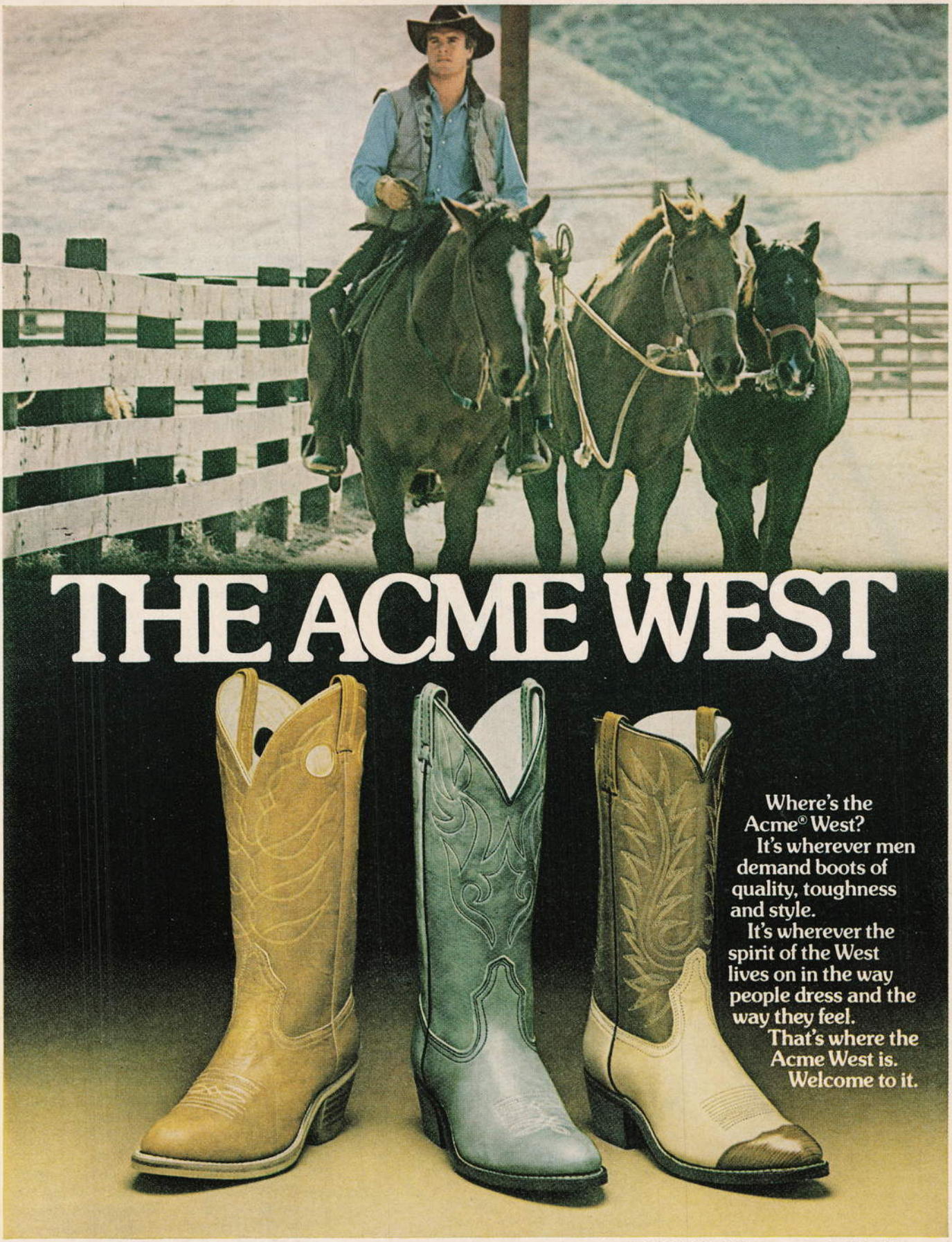
my own feeble way to get something going. I was shit-faced, and suddenly I heard myself say, "Let's play spin the bottle!" I felt so childish after I'd said it. Especially after he said, "Let's play spin the dildo." Then Cat said, "Oh, my girl friend from college had one of those." His eyes lit up, and he said, "Oh, yeah? Squirmy Rooter, I bet. I invented that little fellow. I call it 'self-portrait.' " Then she began to tell us what her roommate used to do with it in the middle of the night when she thought Cat was asleep. Cat admitted getting horny when she would listen to her roommate in the middle of the night. He seemed to draw her feelings without asking her any direct questions. The next thing she said really surprised me. She said, "Listening to her at night made me wish I had one, too." Then he said, "Why didn't you get one?" And she said, "I did. I borrowed hers!" I think my mouth fell open when she said that.

I was so horny and curious. Now she was drunk, but she was trying to tease him, and I could tell, because it was working on me! She went on to say how she finally told her girl friend that she knew what was going on and wouldn't tell a soul and that she should stop holding in her moans. Next she explained how she got her girl friend to show her how she did it, and what a turn-on it was watching her do it to herself. Then she said she thought it was all right for two women to get it on because most men can't satisfy them. All this time I was very sneakily rubbing myself under the table. Karl knew it, but Cat didn't. I almost came right there when she said, "I've never told anyone this before, but my girl friend showed me first on herself and then on me." I was squirming around in my seat, and so was Cat.

We ran out of beer at about that time, so my "dear friend" suggested that I go out and get more. She was my good friend, but I couldn't help thinking she was trying to steal him. All the way to the store I rubbed my cunt through my pants. When I got back, I sat outside for a minute and rubbed faster and harder, and then I came! I had to, or I'd have gone crazy! I had to sit there for a minute to regain my composure. The chain of events so far had been unbelievable! I wondered if I were dreaming. When I got through the door, they were sitting on the couch, watching television, and I knew they had been kissing. I got very bold and said, "I'm surprised that you two weren't watching in the bedroom." At this he grabbed her by the hand and walked in there. As he passed, he said, "Okay, time to mess up your sheets." What a wise-ass he can be sometimes! All three of us sat there with our backs propped up by pillows.

After the first beer I left to get another round. When I returned, Cat and Karl were kissing. I felt a little left out, but I quieted the urge to say something. He probably would have gotten up and left if I had. He can be such a temperamental little baby when he is pissed at something. Then he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pulled me on the bed and began to kiss me, too. He said, "Time to join the party." I got very excited very quickly because I wanted his cock in me. At the same time I wanted to eat Cat so bad! All three of us were kissing at the same time, and it felt so nice. He smelled like a brewery, but it was a masculine smell. Her perfume was so feminine, it was driving me crazy. I was rubbing on his legs as we kissed more passionately. I pretended not to be aware as I shifted to her leg. I started to rub my cunt on her thigh. She responded by pulling me closer with her hands on my ass and returning the humping action. This was too much for me, and I came within about 30 seconds!

He began by fucking Cat, and I played with my clit as I watched. I came so many times that I lost count, and from her moans of pleasure I know Cat came at least four or five times. I got so horny watching his ass bob up and down and her breasts jiggling!

Then he told me to lie on top of her and face her. As soon as I did, she started squeezing my buttocks and rubbing her tits against mine. We began to French kiss, and faces got all wet, and we were moaning pretty loud. I was out of control and didn't care one damn bit! He lay on top of me and told us to open our legs. He went into her first and then into me. He would do it fast, then slow, then in circles, and then would do the same to her. I was so happy, and my dream had come true so far. I missed Linda so much at that point that I almost cried. I felt too good to cry, so I did it later on. I would have loved to have had all four of us there together, and I'm sure the feeling was mutual.

After a while Cat and I got into a 69 position, and I tasted my first pussy. It was so good that I licked and sucked it for all I was worth. Her lips and tongue felt so good on my clit. We stayed in that position for what seemed like hours. We licked each other's pussies, asses, and thighs, until our tongues were numb. Her warm thighs felt so soft on my face. It's a feeling that I'll never ever forget. During this time I watched his cock slide in and out of her while I licked them both frantically. He also fucked us both up the ass with the aid of Vaseline. This was new for me and felt really good—almost like scratching, a burning itch. I did come from it, too, and without any direct contact to my pussy!

Well, since that night we've all gotten it on one more time. It was even better than the first time. Cat and I have gotten it on about four times since that time. Each time seems to be more earth-shattering and always lasts quite late into the night. We both agree that it's not as good without him. When she told me how sore she was the next day after our first time, I kiddingly said, "Well, guess I won the bet."

I probably will never tell him that I wrote this letter unless he sees it in your magazine. Maybe not even then, because he will get an even bigger head than he's already got and I couldn't take the abuse.

I've told my girl friend Linda in a long letter about the things that have happened. We run up very expensive phone calls, recounting all the details. Now, every couple of nights, we talk for about an hour. As I tell her the stories, we both masturbate frantically over the phone. We love to hear each other come and have decided to get it on with each other as soon as we can be together. Sometimes we play a little game where she promises to do exactly what I say without doing anything else. I make her put in one finger, then two, then three, and tell her to do it as fast as she can. Then I make her stop.

This drives her crazy, but I obey her, and she obeys me, and it's delightfully frustrating. Then I say, "Rub slow, harder, a little harder . . . now rub a little faster but softer at the same time . . . now put in one finger . . . now two . . . now three . . . now four." She goes completely crazy on the other end and nearly puts her whole hand up there. When she comes, it sounds so fantastic and I'd love to be able to see her. In two weeks I'm going to California to spend a month with her. I can't wait to show her what I've learned. I wish I could get him out there with me, but his new job wouldn't allow for it anyway. This is a long letter, but I hope some of your female readers will realize that group sex is a definite turn-on. Also, sex with an intimate girl friend can be so sensual. As for men, I'd prefer a man to anyone else. However, I'll probably always experiment with other women. I used to read "Forum" and play with myself. I hope your women readers (and men) will read my letter and play with themselves as many times as I did while writing it!—*Name and address withheld*

The Midnight Rodder

I have been in a relationship with my boyfriend for the past four years. He is a well-built, well-hung, dark complexioned, and blue-eyed devil. I myself am a perfect 36-24-34 (at heart, at least) with a face like an all-American model. Rod (not his real name, of course) and I have always had a wild sex life. I never thought it could get any better, that is, until the mysterious Midnight Rodder entered our lives.

On the day the Midnight Rodder first appeared, I had agreed to meet Rod after work at his downtown office. Entering his office, I saw him sitting behind his desk in his conservative yet well-cut business suit. The wetness spread between my thighs. I was prepared to act out one of my most exciting fantasies. I always wanted to sexually molest Rod in an elevator. Many a night I have climaxed while thinking about licking and sucking his luscious eight-inch rod while the lobby filled with businessmen impatiently waiting for the elevator.

When Rod started his new job, the opportunity finally arose for me to play out my role as the skilled elevator operator. As we left his office, I kissed him wetly on the lips and neck. I quickly led him toward the elevator, which would carry us to the underground parking garage. Although Rod

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had no idea of what was to come (him, of course), I was quivering with excitement.

As the elevator doors opened, Rod gently led me inside. As the doors shut, I reached behind my back and pulled out the emergency stop button. Luckily no alarm sounded except for the one between my legs. Rod was busy reading the *Wall Street Journal*, but I had other things to occupy my mind. I slowly began to undo the buttons on my soft, red cashmere sweater-dress. My black-lace bra barely covered my hardened nipples. I began to touch my erect clit through my crotchless black panties. My breathing increased as I pulsated on the verge of orgasm.

Needless to say, Rod dropped his paper and quickly turned to face me. My mind raced at the thought of my wet lips engorging his blood-filled, gyrating cock. I kneeled down in front of Rod and slowly unzipped his pants. Lifting up his shirt, I flicked my tongue around the top of his bulging briefs. My fingers softly outlined his hardened prick. Rod moaned for me to suck him off. I eased down his briefs, exposing the reddened tip of his penis. I licked the top of it and moved my tongue around and around the sensitive tip. A drop of clear liquid oozed out, and I hungrily devoured it.

With this Rod braced himself against the elevator wall and moved his hips toward me. He begged me to take him all the way inside my hot mouth. As I pulled down his pants to his thighs, his cock sprang toward me. Rod grabbed my head and began thrusting. Knowing that he was about to explode, I took him in and began sucking as my other hand gently played with his balls. Rod's breathing increased, and he yelled for me to suck him faster.

Before I could comply, Rod lifted me up and moved me so that I was facing the wall. While raising the back of my dress, he bent me over and spread my legs. He placed his throbbing penis between my legs and used the tip of it to massage my aching clit. After a few minutes of this, neither of us could wait a second longer. Rod entered me through my crotchless panties and began to finger my clitoris. As I braced myself against the wall, I had an exciting view of my breasts swinging to the rhythm of his pounding cock. Our moans filled the elevator shaft. As Rod rammed in his final strokes, we both exploded with orgasms. I loved the feeling of my cunt contracting around his spurting rod.

After a moment of rest, we readied ourselves to leave our come-filled cubicle. Rod pulled out the emergency stop button, and the elevator doors opened. As we stepped into the lobby, we were greeted by the thunderous applause and whistles of four businessmen and a guard, who were gathered in front of a security television monitor. In our lust we had failed to notice the security camera in the elevator.

"We're from the Right-To-Life Association, and you're under arrest, pal!"

My embarrassment soon turned to pleasure as I spotted their bulging cocks. Rod and I bowed to our attentive audience and quickly headed for the parking garage.

When we arrived home that evening, we ate a quick dinner and decided to retire early, since both of us were feeling quite relaxed from our elevator orgy. We instantly fell asleep in each other's arms. As we slept, both of us were no doubt thinking about our wet and wicked evening. It was then that the Midnight Rodder made his premiere appearance.

Deep in my slumber I was suddenly aroused by gentle, passionate kisses on my face and neck. At first I thought I was dreaming, but when I opened my eyes, Rod was straddling my body. Rod has always been a sensitive lover, but tonight he was giving me the most passionate experience of my life. His tongue moved down my neck to my firm nipples. As he sucked them, he rubbed his erect prong against my legs. He then licked his way down to my favorite spot. With the mastery of a connoisseur, he slowly licked around the tip of my clitoris. His penis gently brushed back and forth across the bottoms of my feet. As he sucked on my clitoris, I had four of the most intense orgasms of my life.

Rod then pulled my legs up so that my knees were against my breasts. I came again as he slid his magnificent member inside me. He proceeded to softly make love to me for what must have been a half an hour. Each time one of us began to come, the Midnight Rodder pulled out at the last minute, leaving us both shaking with anticipation.

When I could take no more torture, I shoved Rod down on his back and sat on his hot cock. Moving my hips in circular motions, I gave both of us the fast, hard fuck we deserved. Rod soon spurted gallons of wet, sweet come deep inside my body. I collapsed on top of him, and we immediately fell asleep.

I awakened in the morning with a devilish smile on my face. As I saw Rod sitting at the breakfast table, I was overcome by lustful thoughts. Before I could compliment him on his late-night performance, Rod started describing the "wild sex dreams" that he had experienced in his sleep. He continued to vividly detail the Midnight Rodder's escapades. It suddenly dawned on me that Rod had no idea that his dream actually happened. Since then the Midnight Rodder has reappeared as my secret lover at least twice a week.

At times I feel like telling Rod that his dreams are true, but I'm no fool. I now have two fantastic lovers—Rod and the sensual Midnight Rodder. Sweet dreams!—*Name and address withheld*

Of problems and opportunities

I guess my problem started during Christmas vacation when I was 18. My parents were on a two-week second honeymoon in France, and my Aunt Jill had agreed to take care of our rather large house and of

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me. Jill, who was 28 at the time, was still recovering from the shock of losing her husband in an automobile accident, so I was skeptical about my chances of having a merry Christmas in the midst of so much gloom. To my great surprise, though, Jill's spirits were high, and the two days before Christmas Eve were truly enjoyable.

Before I get too far along, I should point out that Jill was, and still is, a most attractive woman. Her best features are her slender, well-shaped legs and her 37-inch bust line. Dad has often commented that, other than Betty Grable, he'd never seen a woman with such "gorgeous gams" (his words, not mine).

On Christmas Eve, Jill and I decorated the tree, put out all the presents, and then went to evening church services. Jill had dressed in what she called her "Christmas uniform," a delicate white lace-trimmed blouse, a red pleated skirt, and red spaghetti-strapped high heels. Uniform or not, she was stunning. After church, Jill mixed up a hot rum punch (with less rum) while I was starting a fire in the fireplace. When she brought in the large mugs of punch, I couldn't help sighing over how idyllic the scene seemed! The warm glow of a crackling fire, the sparkling tree, the pleasant scent of pine mixed with the smell of rum and Jill's exquisite perfume, and especially the sight of beautiful Aunt Jill and her long, nyloned legs shimmering in the firelight. I thought to myself, "Now this is what I call a truly merry Christmas."

Jill and I sat on the plush couch in front of the fireplace and began to reminisce about past Christmases and past family joys. Not surprisingly, we both shied away from any mention of my Uncle Jack's death. We talked for what seemed like hours, and I drank what seemed like a gallon of that warm, spicy punch. The drink combined with the mellow Christmas music on the stereo made me drowsy, and I uttered an inadvertent yawn now and then. On hearing one too many yawns, Jill asked if I'd like to rest my head in her lap.

I thought that was a marvelous idea, so I stretched out on the couch and rested my head on her red-skirt-clad lap, my face toward the fire. We continued to talk, but the sight of her exquisite legs encased in silky sheer nylons and sexy high heels was starting to get to me. As she talked, I slowly let one of my hands drift to her right lower leg. Since this aroused no strong protest, I boldly began sliding my hand up and down that taut-nyloned leg and began fondling the straps of her high heels. My hand shifted back and forth from one leg to the other, gently caressing her calves and feet.

I had, by this time, an enormous erection, but I was lying stomach down, so Aunt Jill couldn't detect my excitement. Soon my hand reached and massaged her knees (and I wondered whether I dare go further). I soon received my answer when Jill said, "Oh, that massage feels so good. Would you mind massaging this spot here?" She had me raise my head, and then she pulled her pleated skirt up a short way onto her thigh. She pointed to a spot on her lower thigh, and like a pro I massaged and caressed it, allowing my fingers to slide deftly beyond the point she'd pointed to.

By this time such was the burning desire in my rock-hard cock that I was all but humping the couch. I was now gliding my hand over most of Jill's lovely limbs, and she responded by spreading her legs as I tried to reach further and further up her thigh. Suddenly, Jill told me to raise my head, and she pulled her skirt up over her waist. What a magnificent sight greeted me! She wore gartered stockings that were pulled incredibly tight by a delicate red-lace garter belt. She also had on a very skimpy pair of red-lace bikini panties.

I immediately dove in, kissing and licking her shimmering nyloned legs and nibbling on those exquisite garters. Jill then spread her legs even further, and my hand rubbed and caressed the insides of those legs all the way from her toes to her lace-covered crotch. My tongue now found its way to those lace panties, and I licked up the warm juices that were soaking them.

Jill was incredibly excited and soon had undone all the buttons on her blouse, exposing her two gorgeous tits encased in a very scanty white bra. She began massaging her massive mounds through the bra as I continued my assault on her love box.

I then decided I'd better take full advantage of her stockinged wonders, so I got off the couch and knelt before her. She didn't know what I was going to do until I unzipped my pants and pulled out my pulsing prod. She reached for it, but I told her I wanted to tease her a bit first. No objection on her part. Taking my dick in my hand and starting at her toes, I gently glided it up and down the full length of her stockings. Small droplets of come formed on the head as the wondrous sensations of touching those beautiful stockinged gams worked its way through my body.

While I was doing this, Jill had unsnapped her bra and was busy, with one hand kneading her eraser-tip nipples and the other hand buried beneath her panties as she feverishly fingered herself. Somehow her deep panting almost seemed to keep time with the tune "Jingle Bells," which was coming from the stereo, and I was getting more and more into the Christmas spirit.

With one long, loving lick of her stocking tops, I decided I'd better go to work on that still hidden treasure between Jill's legs. I pulled the crotch of her laced undies to the side to expose the juiciest, warmest love box I'd ever had the pleasure to indulge in. In no time, my tongue was deep inside of her, slurping up the sweet juices which seemed to literally pour from my aunt's vagina.

Jill begged for my cock, so I lifted her

legs onto the couch and then climbed on top so that we were in the 69 position. The sight of her long, elegant stockinged legs in those sexy high heels and her glistening bush sent me into ecstasy. I slowly lowered my prod into her anxiously awaiting mouth, and she began sucking and licking it like an old veteran of many cocksucking sessions. As I continued to satisfy my hunger for pussy, my hands skillfully massaged her inner thighs beneath her stocking tops. Soon I knew I was going to blow my wad, so I raised my head up, peered through my legs, and watched my eight-inch dick slide in and out of Aunt Jill's red lips. With one last thrust, I burst, shooting gusher after gusher of red-hot come into Jill's mouth. She sucked for all she was worth but just couldn't handle my load, and some of the come oozed out of her mouth and down her chin. I immediately went back to work on her love lips, driving my tongue even deeper into her inner recesses, and soon she, too, had a terrific orgasm.

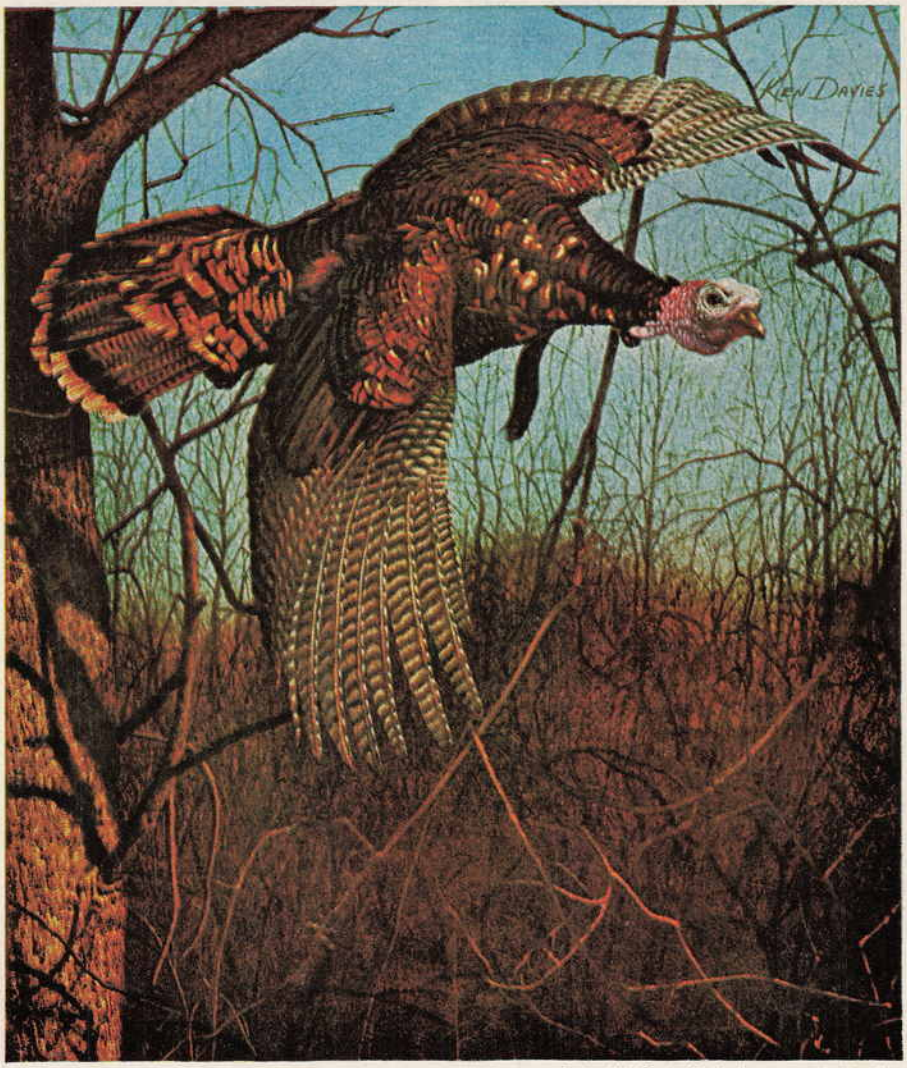
Jill then let me know she wanted to get up to go to the bathroom. I thought it a bit awkward to worry about that, but was I surprised when she got back! She had completely stripped herself except for the red garter belt, sheer stockings, and high heels. She told me to strip and then lie on the plushly carpeted floor facing the couch. She then sat on the couch and, to my great delight, put her high heel between my legs and began "masturbating" me with it. The spaghetti straps on the heels exposed most of her sheer-stockinged feet, so I felt both the leather of her pumps and the exquisite softness of her nylons as her foot slid over my lubricated shaft and under my balls. Of course, I was terribly erect once again and moaning with ecstasy.

Then Jill reached down and unfastened the strap on her heel. She said, "If you thought that felt terrific, how about this?" With that she rested her stockinged foot on my cock and began sliding it up and down the greased shaft while she massaged her large breasts with both hands. I just could not stand the sensation of the nylon on my cock, and in no time flat I once again blew my load, this time drenching Jill's nylons and covering my stomach.

Jill, seeing that the great event had happened once again, decided she was still thirsty, so she very sexily unsnapped her garters and removed the drenched stocking. She then used the stocking almost like a sponge to clean up the rest of the come on my body and to my amazement proceeded to put the stocking to her lips and suck the come from it. When she finished, she slipped the nylon back on and hooked up the garters once again.

We spent the rest of that Christmas Eve in each other's arms in front of that crackling fire and tinsel-covered tree, and Aunt Jill spent almost all of that week in sexy outfits, which always included a garter belt, nylons, and very high, high heels.

My problem is that since that time I have



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this incredible lust for women in high heels and stockings. The recent fashion trends toward skimpy high heels and slit skirts is driving me bananas. I can't even work any more because my secretary wears the highest heels and shortest dresses I've ever seen. If only Aunt Jill could've realized the problems she caused on that beautiful Christmas Eve that seems so long ago.—*Name and address withheld*

Mother's milk and champagne

I am 29 years old and by any standards a very attractive woman. About a year ago I had an incredibly erotic experience with my employer and his beautiful 30-year-old wife, who had given birth to their first child just two months before.

I was invited to their home for dinner, and while I helped Nina in the kitchen, Jim went to buy some champagne for us. We smoked a joint as we worked, and things got progressively sillier. Then Nina told me marijuana made her terribly horny and that she had been wanting to make love with me for a long time.

I laughed, kissed her lightly on the neck, and whispered, "There's no time like the present." The dope we had smoked was having its aphrodisiac effect on me, too, and I could feel my clit throb and the familiar stickiness between my legs. She couldn't wait either, and we knew we had about half an hour before Jim's return, so she embraced me and slid her tongue into my mouth. I gently sucked on her tongue while I rubbed her engorged breasts through her blouse, working my hands to her crotch, where I began searching for her clit through the thin fabric of her skirt.

By now Nina was flushed and panting, moaning impatiently while she unbuttoned her blouse and freed her huge, swollen breasts from the restrictive harness she wore underneath. Then she hiked her long skirt up around her waist and leaped on the butcher-block table behind her. I felt glazed with passion. The most important thing in the world right then was to get her clit in my mouth as soon as I could. She seemed eager to accommodate me. I bent over and raked my lower teeth up the soaking fabric covering her hard little mound. She wriggled out of her panties while I pulled a chair over to the edge of the block she was squirming on. She leaned back on her elbows while I explored her dripping hole.

She had a broad, hairy cunt, and I was amazed at the size of the red clit staring me in the eye. I spread the petals of her cunt wide with my fingers and thrust my tongue into her gaping hole, repeatedly lapping up her flowing juice. I looked up at her while I licked, and she was holding her nipples tightly between her fingers, moaning as she pulled milk from her inch-long nipples. I had never seen a woman milk herself before, and a searing fire shot through my cunt as I gasped at the sight.

"Suck me," she hissed. "Oh, please suck on it." I pulled my panties off from under my dress and with my right hand began to pull my clit up and down like a small cock, while my left hand held Nina's cunt lips open. Gratefully, I gently kissed the tip of her bursting clit and then slid my entire mouth around her generous button.

I kept a steady, firm pressure while I worked the swollen, throbbing thickness of her button between my teeth and tickled the sensitive tip with my tongue. Something made me start, and Nina and I looked up to see Jim drinking from a full bottle of champagne in the doorway, casually observing our sex. I jumped up, not knowing what to do, but Jim only smiled and said, "My Nina is being a bad little girl again," and took off his belt. He walked over to where I had been and began to push the firm leather of his belt up Nina's slippery hole. Withdrawing it, he sat where I had been and gave her clit a few small kisses and then he held the soaking end of his belt against it. Nina's eyes were wild, and she moaned eagerly as he rubbed her thick button with the belt. Then he held the leather about three inches from the end and began to gently and rhythmically slap her clit while he spread her cunt lips. I stood behind him and watched Nina get her "spanking" as she again pulled white arcs of milk from her incredibly long nipples. I pulled off my dress and again began to furiously roll my clit between my fingers. Jim would spank for a while, then suck, and whenever he would sense that Nina was going to orgasm would resume spanking her clit and tell her she had better not come yet.

Nina was screaming in ecstasy. It was too much for me. I fell against the wall, crying out while I came on my diddling fingers. Jim then picked Nina up and lay her on the carpet, murmuring to her, urging her to milk herself. He then undressed, freeing his bouncing cock and lay down beside her. He had a long, skinny prick with a head a little larger than a golf ball, and he raised Nina's leg and put the throbbing purple head up to her hole from behind. As he pushed the huge head into her, I lay with my cunt in Nina's face and sucked on her hard, bursting clit while Jim fucked at her hole. In seconds Nina thrashed and screamed in orgasm, and moments later Jim mingled his spurting come with her juice.

When he had finished, I got on my knees between Nina's legs and sucked her while Jim sucked me. Nina shuddered in orgasm again while I fed Jim a fresh flow of my juices. We continued loving each other that night, and I discovered a cocktail: mother's milk and champagne.—*Name and address withheld*

"A funny thing happened to me as I walked through the valley of the shadow of death. . ."

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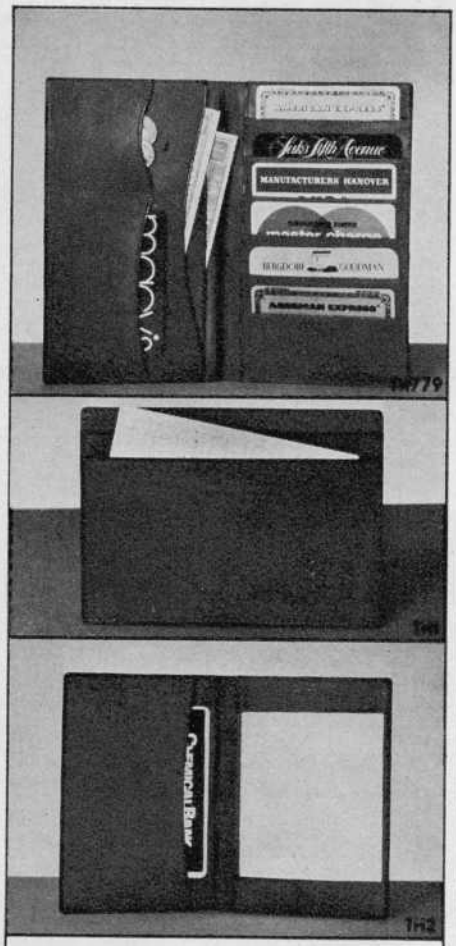

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Sherrill's government

I read Robert Sherrill's article "The Government of the Living Dead" at first with interest and then with mounting disappointment. The final blow came for me in his comment "And just as Congress created our original political sins, it can also bring about their end. If we can win Congress over to our way of thinking, the rest will be easy. Congress has the power to unmake everything it has made or any fraction thereof." Sorry, Bob. As long as you persist in this simplistic attitude, you are a part of the problem rather than a part of the "solution," whatever that solution is.

Many people of goodwill agree with Sherrill that the government has become a vast, unmanageable morass. But many people seem to make the same mistake implicit in the argument of his article: they assume that the government somehow has a life of its own, that the situation is neatly structured into a case of "us against them," that "they" are somehow "doing it to us." That just isn't so.

The real malaise is much more fundamental: we elected that government. We believed its false promises of painless plenty for everybody. We agreed to play the enormous crap game that much of American society has become, carefully shoving into a darkened corner of our minds the nagging suspicion that one day the bills might actually come due. We agreed to tax "everybody" for the benefits that we knew secretly only we would derive. And we agreed not to tax anybody for what we knew the benefits would really cost.

Now we persist in the belief that perhaps somewhere there is a simple and relatively painless solution for the mess we've made. If only "somebody" could be won over to our point of view. Well, folks, "somebody" already has. Congress already thinks the way we want them to. They've done exactly as we've demanded for the last 50 years. It isn't "they" who have to be won over. It's *we*.

The missing ingredient in Sherrill's article is this: real change of the type he implies means taking responsibility for our lives not collectively, but individually. It means doing without the so-called services that much of the government provides. It means bearing *pain*, in some cases literally, as we pay the deferred economic and social bills we've accumulated. It means an end of innocence and a putting away of the silly and self-defeating belief that anybody else can do "for" us what we refuse to do for ourselves.

As for whether or not Congress (or any public institution) can unmake *any* fraction of the mess around us, that remains to be seen. Swat at one arm of the octopus and another strangles you from behind. Intelligent people are increasingly being forced to confront the idea that perhaps (just perhaps) the only "solution" for the problem is a major social collapse. It may be that the only effective cure for overorganization and bureaucratization is anarchy and the reemergence of independent doers and thinkers from the ashes.

Collapse cannot be said to be certain, nor can its outcome be said to be certainly beneficial. But the probability of major social disruption during our lifetimes (probably in the next 5 to 15 years) must honestly be recognized as high. If what grows out of this disruption is to be better than what preceded it, I suspect we would all do well to adopt the motto "Let change begin with *me.*"—*Name and address withheld*

The draft

Some points made in Ernest Volkman's article "Do You Feel a Draft?" (January 1981) reflect a misunderstanding of the current draft registration.

First, the government—via the Bureau of the Census—has an excellent idea of the number of men who should have registered this past summer. The census figures for 1960 and 1961 are fixed; a certain number of the men born in those years die each year, and others are admitted to the United States as immigrants. The census data are updated annually to account for such changes. However, at present there are no valid figures for *local* population by age, because the 1970 census is too far out of date, and data from the 1980 census are not yet available. There are about 3.88 million men who were born in 1960 and 1961 and are not already serving in the Armed Forces and should have registered. To date, 3.7 million men have, in fact, registered, which means 95 percent compliance. (Of course, you may prefer to use the population estimate offered by the executive director of the Coalition Against Registration and the Draft, in testimony before the Congress this past spring: 3.8 million. Using that base, we arrive at a figure of 97 percent compliance.) At our invitation, the General Accounting Office audited our data and procedures and has pronounced them "complete and accurate."

Thus, far from being a fiasco, this summer's registration was a marked suc-

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cess—indeed, the most successful since World War II. When the Selective Service director declined to pronounce the registration "a success" at his September press conference, he was merely being coy; he suggested to the assembled reporters that the results should speak for themselves.

As for the confusion experienced by some Cuban refugees, it was unfortunate but represented a local misunderstanding at one camp. The Presidential Proclamation of July 2, 1980, specifically included the refugees in the requirement to register; the Immigration and Naturalization Service participated in the drafting of that proclamation and in the general planning for registration.

But to reinforce an important—and accurate—point made in Volkman's article, there is no direct link between the resumption of draft registration and the problems, real or imaginary, of the all-volunteer armed forces. The presidential commission that validated the all-volunteer concept in 1970 carefully noted that if the draft were ended, the nation would still have to maintain a standby Selective Service, with an ongoing registration of males who might be subject to the draft in time of emergency as a backup, not a substitute, to the armed forces.

And that is where we are today: in standby and with greatly improved readiness given by an ongoing system of registration.—*Brayton Harris, Assistant Director, Selective Service System, Washington, D.C.*

Mr. Volkman replies:

Even in the never-never land of government bureaucracy, this letter stands as something of a monument.

In the first place, it does not refute the article's central point (or one of them, anyway): that the Selective Service System has no real idea of the number of men who should have registered. First, Mr. Harris says that the government has "an excellent idea" of the number of men who should have registered (note the imprecision of that phrase), but he goes on to say that there are no valid figures for local population, by age, and that it has arrived at its eligible population figure by extrapolating from the 1970 census because the 1980 data are not yet available. Even assuming that the census count is accurate—and there is plenty of evidence to suggest that it is not—the Selective Service figure is hardly a model for precision.

Nevertheless, despite what Mr. Harris says is "an excellent idea" of how many men the Selective Service should have signed up, he says that his boss was "merely being coy" when asked last September whether the registration was a success. It does not seem to occur to Mr. Harris that there is something wrong with the director of Selective Service being "coy" when discussing the registration of millions of young men for a draft for a possible war in which a significant number of them might someday die. Possibly, it is the sort of attitude that Mr. Harris represents that has led President Reagan to condemn the draft registration in the most scathing terms.

"Get down—it's my wife!"

Church and state

I share the concern about the threat of a theocracy being posed by the alliance of the Right and the evangelicals. I hope L. J. Davis's article "Onward, Christian Soldiers" (February 1981) will evoke similar concern in others.

I was bothered, however, by one comment. Mr. Davis casually characterizes the Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State as an "anti-Catholic" group. I think this is unfair and quite ironic. Americans United (their current name) is the only national organization of which I am aware that is devoted solely to the preservation of separation of church and state. For several years they have been warning of the dangers presented by the current developments.

Any appearance of being anti-Catholic is an unfortunate consequence of the fact that, until the emergence of such groups as the "Moral Majority," the Catholic church was the biggest threat to the separation of church and state in this country. The hierarchy seems unable or unwilling to understand the concept and the constraints required in a pluralistic society. —*T. R., Livermore, Calif.*

L. J. Davis's article "Onward, Christian Soldiers" seriously misrepresented the policies and purposes of Americans United for Separation of Church and State.

The organization is neither "anti-Catholic" nor "anti-Kennedy," as the Davis article charged. Americans United has played a leading role in fighting attempts by the Catholic and other sectarian lobbies to get public tax funds for the support of their schools. But the stance is based on principle, not on prejudice. We believe American taxpayers should not be forced to spend their money to support religious institutions in which they don't believe. We just as rigorously oppose tax aid to fundamentalist Christian schools or Jewish schools. Moreover, the U.S. Supreme Court has generally agreed with us, as have most Americans, according to numerous statewide referenda and local and national opinion polls.

Furthermore, Americans United is not "anti-Kennedy." The organization's monthly magazine, *Church & State*, applauded John Kennedy's devotion to the principle of separation of church and state. The activities of Americans United are not limited to the school-aid question. We are concerned with a broad range of First Amendment freedom-of-conscience issues, including the ominous growth of the Moral Majority and other, similar groups, the subject of the Davis article. No

religious group should be allowed to impose its narrow, doctrinaire views on the American people by law.

By the way, the name of our organization was changed from Protestant and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State more than ten years ago to reflect a diverse membership of Protestants, Catholics, Jews, members of other faiths, and those having no religious affiliation.

We believe that both church and state benefit from the unique American system of separation, and our organization will continue its efforts to preserve that First Amendment principle.—*Joseph L. Conn, Americans United for Separation of Church and State, Silver Spring, Md.*

I read your magazine quite often, and for the most part I'm most pleased with your publication. Even though I am somewhat conservative and turned off by some of the more bizarre aspects of sex, I still think you have what could be determined the best of your breed in magazines.

I'm more than just a little angry over something that is happening in our country right now, and I thought there might be interest in at least one man's opinion. It seems to be all right for some few bleeding-heart conservationists to rise up in arms and force the closing of a multi-million-dollar dam project in order to save 37 snail darters (whatever they are). But though I think we all have a responsibility to conserve, where is the common sense in this? It seems not to upset anyone that certain special-interest groups began several years ago to protect us more than we ever wanted to be protected, with seat belts, superbumpers, and God knows what else—all for a price. Eyebrows are but slightly raised when courts determine that we are to take those in our midst who are too lazy to learn *our* language and educate them in the language of *their* choice. We are a country of special-interest groups, and like it or not, that seems to be what makes the world go round.

Except, however, when the "Bible-thumping, fundamentalist Moral Majority" rears its ugly head, and then all hell breaks loose. *Then* we hear from all those freedom-of-speech advocates that the Christian should shut up and stay in his closet. Then we hear from the "viable alternatives" that the fundamentalists should not try to force their opinions on anyone. The separation-of-church-and-state advocates come out in force, armed to the teeth, for the duel to the death. What hypocrisy!

Separation of church and state certainly is a must. Regardless of my personal beliefs, I am not for the church running the country or for a Christian dictatorship. Church and the basic belief in God are not necessarily the same. But our Founding Fathers, I believe, had no intention of leaving God out of the fundamental principles of freedom, government, and society. They had just left a country where the church did rule and reign—they were searching for the separation of church and state, but not for a going away from God and all the love and freedom inherent in the true Christian way. The Moral Majority is *not* the church trying to run the country or force its ideas on anyone, but simply God-fearing special interests having *their* say for a change, and the fangs came out from one end of this country to the other. A return to God and basic Christian principles is what is needed in this country. You might just ask why a Christian is reading *Penthouse* magazine. Well, I like pretty girls like everyone else.—*Name and address withheld*

Altman

Well, shiver me timbers, fellas! I wish to extend my deepest thanks to *Penthouse* and to Mr. Robert Altman for those courageous intimations on our reasonably suspect entertainment industry. Larry Linderman did a fine job interviewing Robert Altman (January 1981). It is immensely reassuring to find that there is still some ethical and artistic stability left in this motivationally fragmented world of ours. And I am quite sure that many a reader can comfortably adjust himself to that fact. It doesn't always take a higher understanding to recognize something good when you see it. Perhaps someday, if we

CONTINUED ON PAGE 167

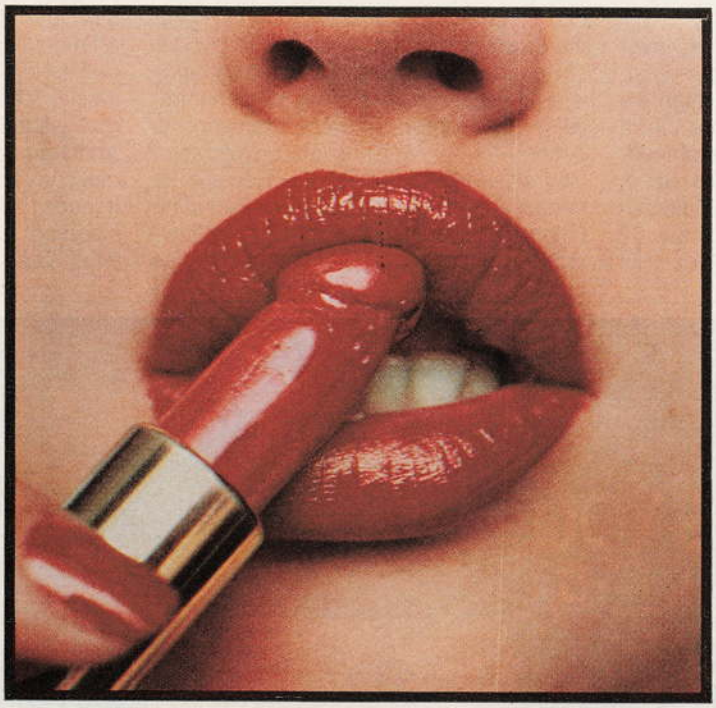
"Maybe six inches
isn't the average anymore. Men
are getting taller, so
why not bigger between the legs?"

XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I am an insurance salesman, and I recently made a call on a 32-year-old lady executive. She had requested some information on a policy that she carried with my company.

I called to make an appointment with her. She said the best time to stop by would be about 5:00 P.M. I arrived just as she was leaving work, and she suggested that we go to her apartment instead, since it was so close by. I agreed. We got there, and she had me take a seat on the couch. She sat right across from me in a chair. I was digging through my briefcase when I noticed her taking off her fashion boots. Now, being a leg-and-foot man, I guess I was staring at her feet. She noticed and seemed to be giving me a little show. She just took off one boot and put that foot up on the coffee table, right next to where I was writing. Her foot was only inches from my hand and face, and I could smell her stockinged foot, which was still warm from the boots. She wriggled her toes and pushed them even closer to my face. She would have had to be blind not to see the bulge in my pants!



She asked me to help her take her other boot off. She walked over, sat down on the end of the couch, and extended her leg out to me. I reached out to pull the zipper down but she stopped me. "Not with your hand—with your teeth!" she ordered. I sat there in shock. "Go ahead," she said. "You've wanted to kiss my foot ever since I took my other boot off." I knew right then why she was an executive! I decided "What the hell," grasped the zipper with my teeth, and began to pull it down. When I got it all the way down, she said, "Now take it off with your tongue." I stuck my tongue inside the boot and, with great difficulty, pulled it off. The erotic foot odor nearly made me pass out. She knew this, and she put her foot right up against my nose and mouth. "Suck my toes, slave!" she cried out, as she ground her foot into my face. I licked her foot all the way up to the heel. She stood over me, and I could see up her dress to the crotch of her panty hose. It was soaked, so I knew she was enjoying this as much as I was.

After about ten minutes of this, she squatted over my face and ordered me to "wash" her crotch. I licked her pussy and ass hole right through her panty hose, which, to my delight, she seemed to have no desire at all to take off. She moaned and said vulgar things, which only turned me on more. All of a sudden, she grabbed a scissor and cut the crotch right out of the pantyhose. "Stick your tongue up where the shit comes from!" I put my tongue up her ass as far as it would go and decided I'd happily suffocate there.

By now she had released my cock from my pants, and she couldn't resist any more. She told me to stick it all in, and she sat on my rod. I don't think I've ever been that hard or long in my life. We fucked until neither of us could move any more.

Before I left, she told me that I had just fulfilled her greatest fantasy—to be able to walk on a man and order him to suck her toes and ass hole. I don't feel any less the man because of it, because we both enjoyed it greatly. The only thing that bothers me is I know I couldn't have enjoyed it if she hadn't left her panty hose on. I'm not into being degraded by a woman; I'm just into the smell of dirty, sweaty feet. Is it wrong to enjoy the odor of a female foot that has been in boots all day?—M.J.

Shake your bootie, baby! I only hope your women don't suffer from athlete's foot, as do some men who don't change their socks. Anyone else with an unusual fetish to share?

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J.R. (AND WE DON'T MEAN EWING)

I haven't missed a copy of Penthouse *since your column originally appeared. I have admired your candor about your experiences and support the decriminalization of prostitution. However, one of your answers in a recent issue has seriously diminished your credibility, to a point that I wonder why I pay good money to read the stuff that you put out.*

I am referring to the statement that you made with respect to the largest cock you have ever encountered, in which you stated that J.R., your current lover, has a cock that is 11 inches long and 4 inches wide. No doubt there are men with cocks that are 11 inches long—but 4 inches wide? Assuming that width refers to diameter, or an approximation thereof, I can state categorically that no human being has a cock that measures four inches in diameter.

Since the human cock is not symmetrical, a width of four inches would make it no smaller than a two-by-four piece of lumber or, more likely, a three-by-four piece of lumber rounded off. Check that for size! With standard items available in my household, I tried to find an item that would approximate the size of your lover's cock. The closest I could come was a 26-ounce box of Morton's salt. The box measured five inches high by three and three-eighths inches in diameter. The next time you are in a grocery, place one box of salt on top of another and take a good look at them. Now, if you can prove that any human male, without any medical condition such as elephantiasis, has a cock with the dimensions of two 26-ounce boxes of Morton salt, placed one on top of another, I will pay you $10,000. I will be awaiting your proof in exchange for my check.

I would like to add that if your cunt can accommodate two boxes of Morton's salt, I can readily understand why you got out of the business and started writing books and magazine columns. —D.L.

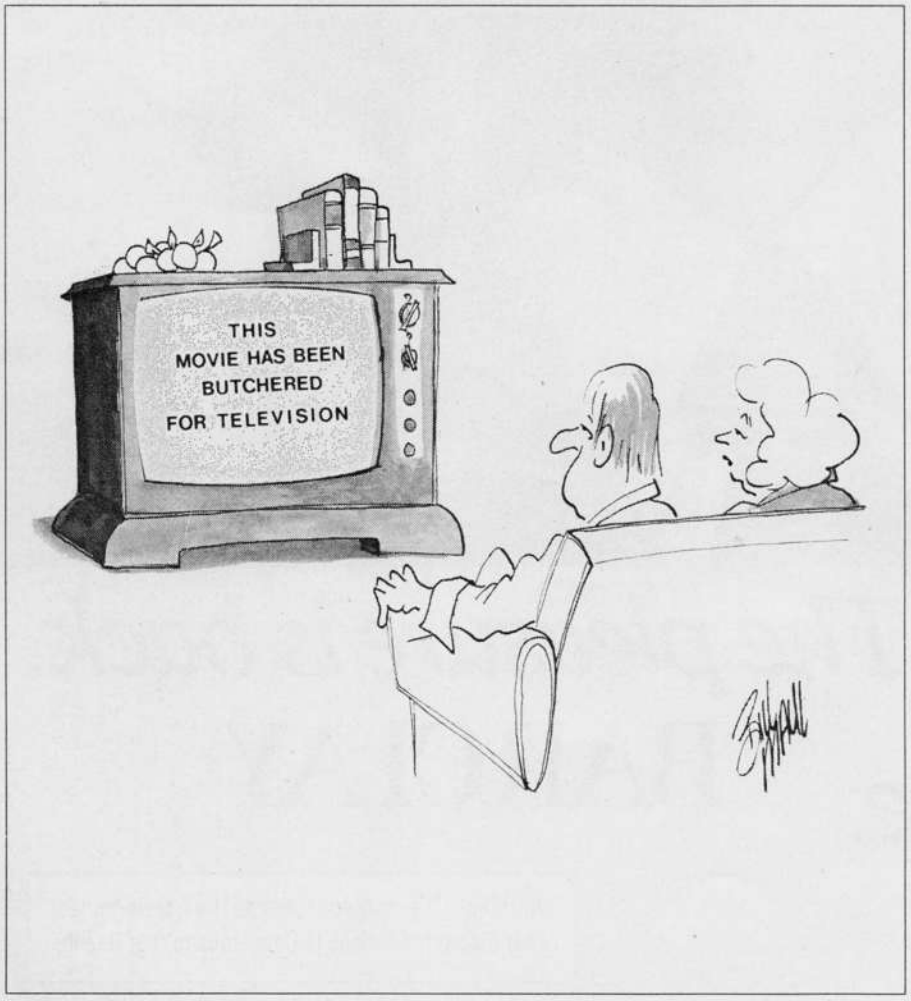
We are the members of an office staff and car pool group and have read and discussed your current lover, J.R. You certainly have a prime subject for "That's Incredible." We are sure "Mr. Eleven-By-Four" would make a prime candidate for this show. During the segment, his cock could be shown lying on a soft pillow of baby blue satin material. Nothing would have to be said. Just sit back and listen to the oohs and ahs as the women faint at the mere sight of it. After its exhibition on that program, the next step should be application to the Guinness Book of World Records *for inclusion in the next edition.*

We feel that if such a big member as this exists, our sympathies go out to J.R. The inside of his thighs must be black and blue from the constant slapping back and forth. He probably does not do too much running around for fear of becoming unbalanced as this monster shifts from side to side. Above all, he probably does not have too much action with this giant. Most women whom we surveyed would rather reach up and grab it than have to lie down and be cloven by it.

Xaviera, just think of the many other disadvantages that must befall him! Broken or cracked commodes from force of emitted stream, ruined clothing, the discomfort when sitting with it between his legs, ruptured fly openings from sudden erections when pretty girls press close to him to get a quick feel. We are sure that a doctor would have to be present at all times during intercourse for fear of the woman's reaction to so large a member, such as hysteria, convulsions, or loss of consciousness during the act.

We estimate that this member would have to weigh at least eight pounds. Our comparisons liken J.R.'s penis to the size of a large bologna, a stud horse, or a big piece of liverwurst. If he is any kind of swimmer, he must need a lifeguard on hand at all times to prevent drowning due to the weight dangling between his legs.

In closing, we feel that your column is written by the staff of Penthouse.—The Office Staff and Car Pool Group



I've been reading the American Penthouse *for years. Unfortunately, since we now have our own German edition of* Penthouse, *it is hard to get the American version over here. I always like to read "Call Me Madam," because it is so funny and so stupid at the same time. It is unbelievable to me that the American readers should be so ignorant.*

In a past issue you answered a woman's letter that asked the size of the longest cock you have ever seen. Well, you told that poor lady that your present lover's cock measures eleven inches in length and four inches in width! Xaviera, how stupid do you take your readers to be?

I've been in the U.S. a couple of times. I have lots of friends there, and I always thought that Americans were very intelligent and normal people, so please tell me: do they really believe this nonsense? American men must be built like stallions, since almost all of the readers measure at least eight inches or more.—M.J.

I am writing to you regarding the dimensions of the equipment of your present companion, J.R., which you set forth as 11 inches in length and 4 inches in width. Xaveria, you describe a stanchion so stupendous as to boggle the most vivid imagination.

Before getting to the point of my letter, let me introduce myself and convey to you the essentials of my amorous history. As you might expect, I am a stunning redhead, with a pert face and a perpetual come-hither look. My lips are constantly moist from running my agile tongue along my perfectly shaped lower lip. My breasts are firm and uplifted, with nipples that are generally in some stage of erection. My

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HERE'S TO GUT FEELINGS AND THOSE WHO STILL FOLLOW THEM.

Ted "Captain Outrageous" Turner

Ted Turner does lots of things people advise him not to do. And he succeeds at them. He turned Atlanta's WTBS-TV into a "Superstation" using a communications satellite and recently founded Cable News Network, the world's first 24-hour TV news network. He bought the Atlanta Braves and moved them out of last place; won the 1977 America's Cup after being fired in the '74 races; and was named "Yachtsman of the Year" four times.

Ted Turner puts his feelings where his mouth is. He also puts a great scotch there: Cutty Sark. And while he's been called Captain Outrageous by some, one thing's sure: Ted Turner's enjoying himself.

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flat stomach tapers to an inviting russet bush, thick enough to barely cover my rosy, moist, pulsing labia. Within lies my ever-anxious love thimble, which can extend almost an inch if called upon to do so. My legs are long and smooth, with trim, eager thighs that rarely see day's morning light without having had something between them.

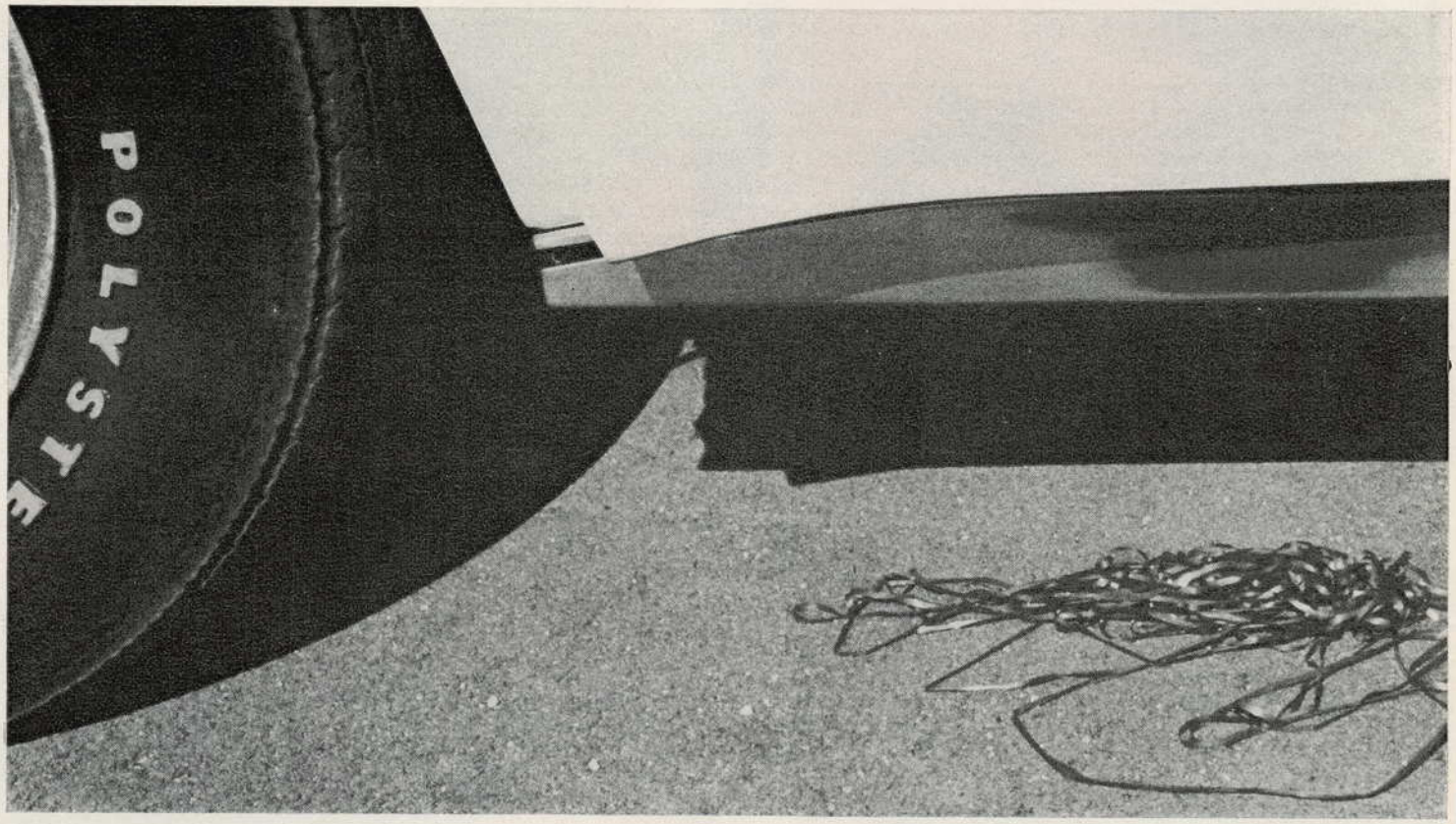
I do not lack for lovers, but like many women I occasionally prefer the quiet company of my silent friend, Dr. W. C. Prelude III. We put on our favorite Beach Boys album (oddly enough, Good Vibrations*), and he presses against the hard place just above my throbbing passion-button. Then he moves down upon the glistening pink protuberance itself. Sometimes it feels so exquisite and intense that I don't think I can stand to go all the way. But I don't stop, and* POW!*—you can take your big dinguses and their accompanying egos and stick 'em where the sun don't shine. On the other hand, I do have to admit that Dr. Prelude isn't too good at taking out the trash.*

But to the point. Over time, Dr. Prelude's company has been nicely complemented by a variety of lovers with rigid, quivering instruments that, as often as not, have managed to find their way into each of my larger and more accessible orifices. Oddly, in light of your experience, Xaveria, my lovers' feverish, expectant love-wands have all contained themselves within the dimensions of six to eight inches in length and one and a half to two inches in width.

You must ask why I am content to have had access only to such modest-sized tallywackers. I can promise you that my satisfaction and contentment do not derive from the intelligence, wealth, or physical appearance of my lovers. I guess I count myself as fortunate because, as it happens, each of the swollen towers of tumescence that it has been my privilege to oblige has managed to squeeze within the confines of the doors of my erotic gratification (although things can get a bit tight at the rear entry!).

On the basis of my own love life, Xaveria, I can only weep at what must be your present predicament, given the monumental eleven-by-four proportions of your current friend's pillar. For me, being unable to accommodate one's lover's probing, purple-peaked poker in any opening whatsoever would be seriously distressing at the least. I must stand in awe at the depth of feeling that surely must sustain your relationship with this man who, alas, cannot wedge his wondrous weenie into your tantalizing treasure tunnel.

Most women, of course, could handle the 11 inches—but the 4-inch width would stop any land-based mammal existing past the Pleistocene epoch. In order to come to grips, as it were, with your problem, I did some comparative sizing. Your



Does your car

TS-167 KP-7500

present boyfriend's disproportionate device exceeds the width of the thick end of a champagne bottle! Shades of Fatty Arbuckle.

If you have the patience and inclination, I suppose you can lick, tug, and fondle such a mountainous member into submission. But to go down on it in the conventionally understood sense of the term would require surgical expansion of your mouth and rearrangement of your nose and chin.

In light of what must be a less than fully satisfying situation for a woman as active and lasciviously inclined as yourself, I am puzzled by the main message in your response to "Cock Crazy"—(to paraphrase) "While you can certainly get your jollies off just about any turgid tool, bigger is certainly better." Let me propose some advice more consistent with your evident present predicament: the best and the biggest *is the one you are with, even if your ear is the only place you can try to stick it without risking serious injury.*—T.T.

These four letters represent only the tip of the mailbag. I've received dozens of queries about my lover's big cock. *Mea culpa.*

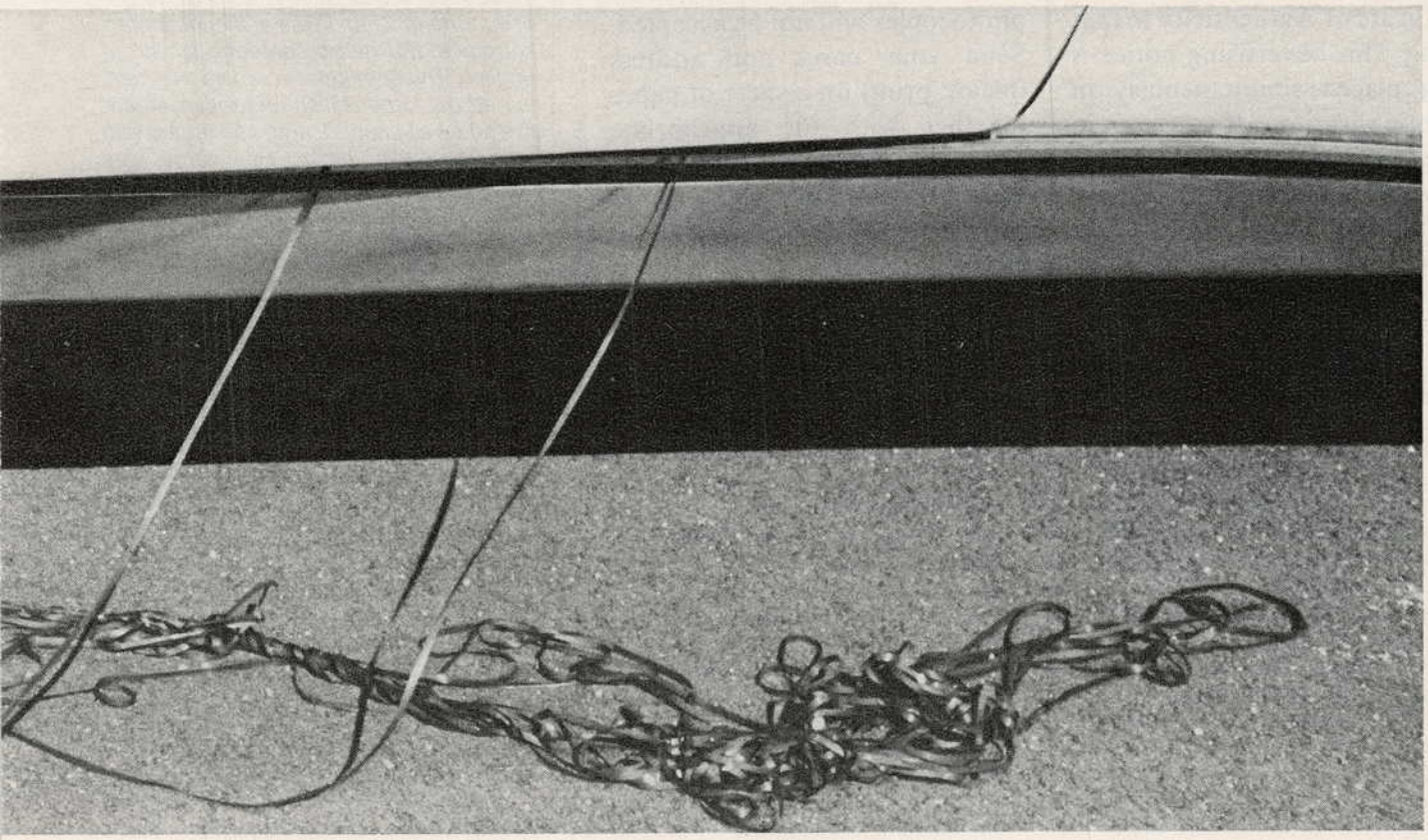
When it comes to measuring a cylinder, i.e., a cock, I should write in terms of length and circumference, not width. Yes, J.R.'s cock is eleven inches long and four inches *around*. I'm glad to see that my readership keeps me on my toes.

Regarding all the big cocks people write about in my column, well, maybe six inches isn't the average anymore. Men are getting taller, so why not bigger between the legs? If you don't buy that explanation, it's probably best to realize that when people write to me, they generally want to relate an exciting sexual experience. The sex may have been great because the woman had big tits, she knew how to give a good blowjob, he had terrific rhythm, they loved each other, or he had an 11-inch cock.

Is my column for real, you'd like to know? The three letter writers who have their correspondence on J.R.'s cock published here now know just how real it is. Keep writing. Maybe someday your letter will be printed, too—if it's hot enough.

RED LIGHT, GREEN LIGHT

I have been married seven and a half months, and my wife is a lovely person, but we have a big problem: she becomes frustrated when we make love because I can't hold back from coming. I come about two minutes after entering her. We have tried everything from having oral sex before intercourse to masturbating an hour before we make love. We have even tried a threesome, but even that didn't work. Now my wife is talking about us going to see a doctor, but I feel that since our first sexual experience was with each



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(X83450)

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other, maybe what we need is another couple to show us what we should be doing.

Lately my wife has been talking about a woman at work named Heather. A couple of nights ago, she told me that she had asked Heather what she thought about having a threesome. Heather's reply was that she had already had one and would prefer a foursome. When I heard about a foursome, my cock sprang up! My wife then said that if it didn't work with a threesome, what made me think it would work with a foursome? She just wanted to forget the whole idea.

When my wife came home last night, she told me that Heather had worn a very, very sheer shirt, with no bra underneath, to the office that day. She said that she had never seen bigger nipples in her entire life. I asked her if Heather had said anything again about having a foursome. All my wife said was "Let's forget the foursome idea and go to sleep."

What do you think I should do? Follow my wife's suggestion and go see a doctor or try to persuade her to have a foursome?—J.B.

Premature ejaculation occurs when the man comes before he has even touched his partner, or when he comes as soon as his cock comes into contact with the vagina. Many men who come after a couple of strokes think that this is a sign of premature ejaculation, but I tend to think of them as quick ejaculators. There is a very thin line here as far as definitions go, of course, especially for the woman concerned!

All kinds of solutions have been tried. Your technique of masturbating ahead of time is not unique. Other remedies have included using condoms, to deaden the sensations, or applying ointments that supposedly add staying power. But the best remedy, I think, is what I term the "green-light–red-light technique," or the Semans Method.

Have your wife stimulate your penis either manually or orally. When you feel that an orgasm is approaching, have her stop immediately. *Concentrate on nothing but what your cock is feeling.* This might seem contradictory, but it works, because it decreases any feelings of anxiety that you might get from thinking about your wife or what she might be thinking about your performance. Before you lose your hard-on altogether, give your wife the green light again. Keep on repeating this until the fourth time that you feel orgasm approaching. This time allow yourself to come. At no point try to control your orgasms except for giving your wife the red light or green light.

After about two sessions, or after you have mastered some control, place a guiding hand over your wife's and experiment with alternating speed and pressure. Next, have your wife spread some Vaseline over her hand. This will stimulate the inside of a vagina and is the true test of your staying power.

So let us hope that this will help solve your problem. Remember: it takes two to tango. I would suggest experimenting with this before you experiment with any more sex partners or seeing a doctor.

MOLLY ALONE

I had been living in Italy, preparing for a season or two of sporting events and, naturally, living a rather "pure" sportsman's life: no late nights, no junk foods, no women, and a hard training itinerary that was aimed at having me in top form for the next season. The small fishing village that I'd rented an apartment in offered little to lead me astray. In the winter it practically closed up, but it boomed, of course, in the springtime with the influx of tourists. I had not spoken English for months and in fact did not have any local English-speaking friends. So it was quite a surprise to me one morning when I was at the local market place and heard someone talking in English. The speaker, in her late twenties, turned out to be British and rather attractive and well-shaped, and, as it turned out, married to an Italian. Her name was Gwendolyn, and by the time we parted I had an open invitation to stop by her place for coffee whenever I was free.

Well, it did not take me long to find free time, and within a few days I visited Gwendolyn. We chatted about Italian living while she made me coffee. I noticed that she was wearing an old house skirt and a nearly sheer blouse, the skirt being a mini that certainly showed plenty. Gwendolyn noticed my gaze and apologized for wearing old housecleaning clothes, but I told her she looked great, and I meant it. As I was only in shorts myself, I found my erection hard to conceal. Evidently Gwen was impressed, for she jokingly said, "My, you must be fit!" She made it plain what she meant by fitness. As she refilled my coffee cup, I had a full view down her blouse, right to the nipple. My cock gave a spasm of joy! Gwen really surprised me by motioning me to come sit beside her, but her words surprised me even more.

"Seeing that you're so fit, and because you are the first circumcised male I have seen in years, I'm going to drain some of that fitness and find out what a circumcised cock does for me." I guess my cock had been clearly visible in my shorts. Gwendolyn quickly slid them down. Before she passed the shorts over my knees she already had my knob in her mouth and was giving it her full attention. I couldn't prevent what happened next—I shot my load straightaway. It couldn't have been more than seconds after I felt Gwen's tongue and mouth when wham! I came with a load that just seemed to squirt forever! Poor Gwen. The initial bursts caught her by surprise, and she nearly choked on the flow, but the remainder she gulped down. I rocked back and forth to send ev-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 186

"Puerto Rican white rum can do anything better than gin or vodka."

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Betsy González, fashion designer, with her brother and partner, Ausbert González.

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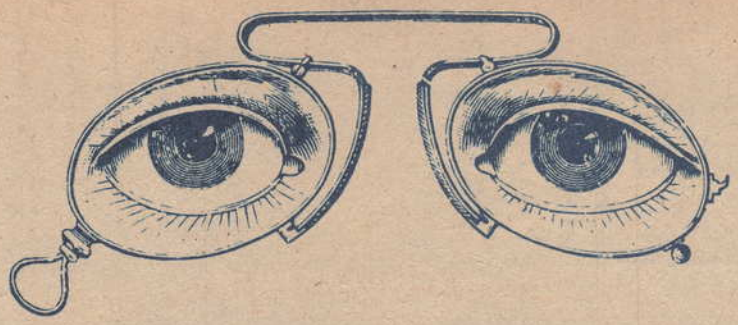


VIEW FROM THE TOP

IN PRAISE OF CHILD SUBSTITUTES

BY EMILY PRAGER

Recently, a spate of nasty articles has appeared in the nation's magazines exhorting people in their thirties to produce children right away or watch their aging sex glands shrivel faster than escapees from Shangri-la. The biological clocks are winding down, we are warned. Preppies, hippies, and the poor are the only ones still giving birth. It's a crisis in our time.

And me with my silly career and my virginal uterus and my spare bedroom. Well, I have only 10 or 15 minutes before the sum of my achievements as an individual becomes a meaningless, surreal void. I am taking up space needed by the incubators; I know that. But before the word *childless* burns itself like magic into the palms of my hands, I hope no one minds if I say a few words in praise of child substitutes.

WHAT IS A CHILD SUBSTITUTE? A child substitute is any living thing not of the genus *Homo* that requires care and feeding, is devoted to you, but cannot talk back or get toxic-shock syndrome. Child substitutes usually occur in urban areas and belong to career-oriented singles or couples who keep them locked in apartments and monopolize their time with heart-to-heart chats and frequent snuggles. They lead charmed and happy lives, and they never have to work for a living.

If it knocks down your knickknacks or chews on your books, then you've probably got one. If it bites your latest lover, then for sure you've got one. I've got three, and I'm proud of it. Three darling kitties: Basil (age 12), Max (age 11), and a four-month-old Siamese kitten named Clea, after Dr. Strange's girl friend in the comic strip.

Time magazine estimates that it costs about $250,000 to bring up a child to its full maturity. I estimate that it costs about $5,000 (cat food, vet bills, catnip mice, cat-sitters, etc.) to bring three cats to old age, *and* I can be sure they won't be raped and murdered in the rest room of the local park. Which seems like a better deal to you?

INFANCY. Perhaps the best thing about having a child substitute is that nobody—no human, that is—has to go through a birth. No ghastly labor, no amniocentesis, no costly hospital bills, no cesarean section if something goes wrong, no stretch marks, no varicose veins, no episiotomy, and—your single friends will appreciate this—no tedious discussions of natural childbirth. How many singles wish Lamaze had never been born? Okay. Of those, how many would rather die than be seen with somebody breast-feeding in public? Okay. Of those, how many would rather wake up to a chirpy kitten or piddling puppy than to a crib death? That's what I thought.

Eric Fowler

CHILDHOOD. Toilet Training Time: Average puppy, 2 months; average kitten, 0-1 week; average human, 3 years.

Must Be Under Parental Supervision: Average puppy, 6-8 weeks; average kitten, 6-8 weeks; average human, 5 years.

Cats, dogs, fish, birds, and plants are not capable of playing with matches. They sleep anywhere they get tired. They never ask embarrassing questions or say the darndest things. They never need spring coats or Easter shoes, or get measles, mumps, chicken pox, or polio. They don't care about television, toy stores, or strangers with candy. They don't want their own rooms, long for a two-parent living situation, or blame you for anything except staying out all night and not feeding them on time. They don't feel fucked up by incest. Bruises don't show through their fur. And they're neither prettier than you nor uglier. If you don't get along with them for some reason, you simply give them away to someone in the country. God, wouldn't life be easier if you could do that with children? Did I mention sexual mutilation on the roof of your high rise at the hands of a local delivery boy? No? Well, it rarely happens to puppies and kittens and virtually never to fish, birds, and plants.

ADOLESCENCE AND ADULTHOOD. A child's puberty and young adulthood are so often trying times for human parents. But with child substitutes who never leave the apartment except on a leash or meet anyone not invited there, it's really a breeze. They don't get acne or need braces. They don't date interracially unless you fix them up, or get pregnant in a backseat at the drive-in until *after* you've kicked them out of the house. They don't keep diaries, turn sullen, or continually demand money. They won't smoke marijuana, cut classes, or develop drinking problems. They don't indulge in suicide attempts or coat-hanger abortions. Can't get arrested for mugging the elderly or statutory rape. Won't be slapped with paternity suits, die in basic training, or work summers for John Wayne Gayce. Don't join communes, become Moonies, or sue you for their college tuition. And they definitely will never shave their fur and put on Hare Krishna outfits. So don't worry.

They almost never get paralyzed in sports accidents or shot in drug busts. They don't get divorced and dump their kids on you. And it's quite improbable that any of them would write a best-selling account of your cruelty as a parent. Cats and dogs will act kind of nutty during heat. Cats love to get stoned on catnip and race around the apartment at 80 mph, and of course dogs will worry

Mary Eleanor Browning/Photo Researchers

Kitty litter or crib death?

a copy of the *Doggie News* to death if you give them the chance. Fish and plants are very studious. And as for birds, well, you can never get them to say what you want them to.

OLD AGE. Undoubtedly the most rewarding period of a child substitute's life with you is old age. How many human parents get to see their own children fall apart from time? Some, but very few. How comforting it is to see your own child's body go slack with age, just as yours has done, to see lines and wrinkles develop on his face, to watch him realize that what's happened to you will soon be happening to him—it's just a matter of years. No arrogance of youth with child substitutes. They get old while you're still young enough to enjoy it. They don't forget to call you on your birthday or prefer to spend Christmas with friends. They don't promise photos they never send or try to sneak looks at your will. They can't put you in a nursing home or stick you in a condo in Florida. And, best of all, you pull the plug on them instead of the other way around.

When you really think about it seriously, there is little or no reason why an intelligent, creative person over 30, in the prime of life, making money, with a nice apartment, would want to go anywhere near a child, much less be responsible for one for life. It's fun to see who it looks like, but that hardly warrants the danger. You can have child substitutes, when you're in your thirties, with no problems at all. There's no danger of mongoloidism or autism, of continual miscarriages or needless multiple births. You won't get a prolapsed uterus or be on your back for nine months straight. There's no worry about Tay-Sachs, sickle-cell anemia, or bleeder's disease. You can consume lots of caffeine and take acid without mishap all through their gestation period and while they're nursing. And you never fret lest there was a mix-up in the nursery and you got the wrong one.

Movie Star News

Bringing up your favorite child substitute: the bruises never show.

SCENES

MAKING WAR, NOT LOVE

The First Annual Soldier of Fortune Convention swept into Columbia, Mo., like a little hit of acid cut with speed, a drugged memory of the sixties, a tinny old Dylan song. There were 800 camouflaged conventioneers, 60 media people from as far away as Paris, and a handful of protesters—bearded young men with earnest, born-again eyes, carrying signs that proclaimed, "Soldiers of Fortune = Mercenaries = Hired Killers." One of the protesters wore a chrome-plated police whistle around his neck and carried marking pens and chemical Mace in his Levi's. "We're against these mercenaries," he said, "because they kill for money and adventure. And they have a right-wing ideology."

The townspeople were not happy about the event, which was sponsored by the magazine *Soldier of Fortune*. A local restaurant posted a sign saying that mercenaries would not be served there. A coed told me, "I feel like we've been invaded by a bunch of grown men playing soldier." An editorial in the Columbia *Missourian* referred to the conventioneers as "the sick and the deluded," a group of "pus-flecked souls." And at a faculty cocktail party a Shakespeare professor declared over his bourbon, "They've got rocks in their heads."

The action was at Ray Chapman's shooting academy, a few miles outside of town, where 100 shooters were participating in the first annual *Soldier of Fortune* three-gun combat match. But most of the conventioneers ignored the match, the occasional pop of handguns and crack of assault rifles in the background. It was the convention exhibit hall that got the crowds. You could buy customized forty-fives, handmade combat knives, $3,000 rifle laser sights, T-shirts that proclaimed "Death to Tyrants" and "Peace—Through Superior Firepower," manuals on everything from illegal entry to *How to Kill* (volumes I-IV), night-vision devices and electronic bugs, Nazi memorabilia, and posters that asked, "PARANOID? Most of your fears are real." Skills, equipment, and black humor that I hadn't been around since I was mustered out of Special Forces ten years ago.

There were loonies and losers and loud talkers playing to the media and posing with guns and knives, but the convention was dominated by Vietnam veterans who had come to look for old friends and to talk about old times. Many of them had fought with elite units—Marine Force-Recon, Special Forces—genuine bad-asses who were responsible for an atmosphere of simple good manners in the crowd. People were quick to say "excuse me" if they accidently jostled someone. Most of the people at the convention seemed to realize that if anyone started trouble, it could get very serious in a hurry. I overheard one man tell a friend, "Walk softly. This isn't the place to kick sand in anybody's face."

The cocktail hour at the Hilton Hotel came, and I found myself talking to a group of soldiers, both active and retired. They were the real thing. They had limps and wound scars, and some of them had done double and triple tours of duty in Vietnam, the kind of men who keep their word when they give it and make hard decisions when they have to. I hadn't seen their kind for a long time, and I discovered that I had missed their honesty and brutal humor. I drank with them and swapped war stories.

And then suddenly it was 2:00

A.M. in the Flaming Pit lounge. The cocktail hour had been going on a long time. The bar was crowded with men, most of them in their early thirties, wearing camouflage fatigues and jungle boots. The guy across the table from me, the one wearing a drill instructor's wide-brim hat, didn't like my act at all. He didn't like the way I had my hair pulled back with a black bandanna; he didn't like the fact that I was wearing a press pass, and he didn't like the way I was cheerfully ignoring his hostility.

At a glance, he seemed relaxed, his eyes hidden beneath the brim of his brown hat, but if you looked closely you could see that he was sitting on the edge of his chair, half his weight tensed on his legs, ready to come across the table at me. I was enjoying it. The combination of liquor and adrenaline had cranked the scene into an amphetaminelike high of sharp focus and glib self-confidence.

"So then," I asked him, smiling, "what did you think about the banquet speech tonight?"

"Not a *damn* thing."

"Well then," I said to the man on my right, "what did *you*—"

"You know *why* I didn't think anything about the speech?" the guy in the hat demanded.

"No, I don't. Why was it?"

"Because when they were giving the speech, I was out on some goddamn dirt road, throwing fists. See that?" he said, looking at me *hard* and pointing to a cut under his eye, "I was out getting that, and I'm proud of it. At least I found somebody who didn't mind trading fists. If you know what I mean."

"Right. I guess you got hit there. Under the eye. Anyway, how far did you come for the convention?"

"Gastonia, North Carolina. A place you've never been."

"See there," I said, with a nasty smile, "you're wrong. I know Gastonia. It's a mean little town about forty miles from where I was born. Kind of a little strip-town off the highway. I always used to lock the doors of my car whenever I had to drive through there—past all the Dari-Treets and Bob's Burgers, right? People in Gastonia didn't like my looks." I asked a conventioneer on my left, "What did you think about the banquet?"

"What do *you* think about *this*, motherfucker?" the guy in the hat asked, and pulled out a revolver. He pointed it across the table at my face. "What do you think?" he said. The men on either side of me sat very still. The live local band plugged along. "What do you think?" he asked.

I shook my head and then said, a little sadly, "I think it's pretty cheap behavior."

The gun stayed there in my face for a moment; then he put it away. He glared at me and said, "I guess I'll get out of here." He rose and started to go, then turned and said, "Unless you want to step outside with me for a minute."

"No," I said, "I don't want to.

Suddenly, I felt bad about the convention, about the guy in the hat, and about myself. The war was over a long time ago. "Hey," I said, "sit down. I was *there*, I . . ."

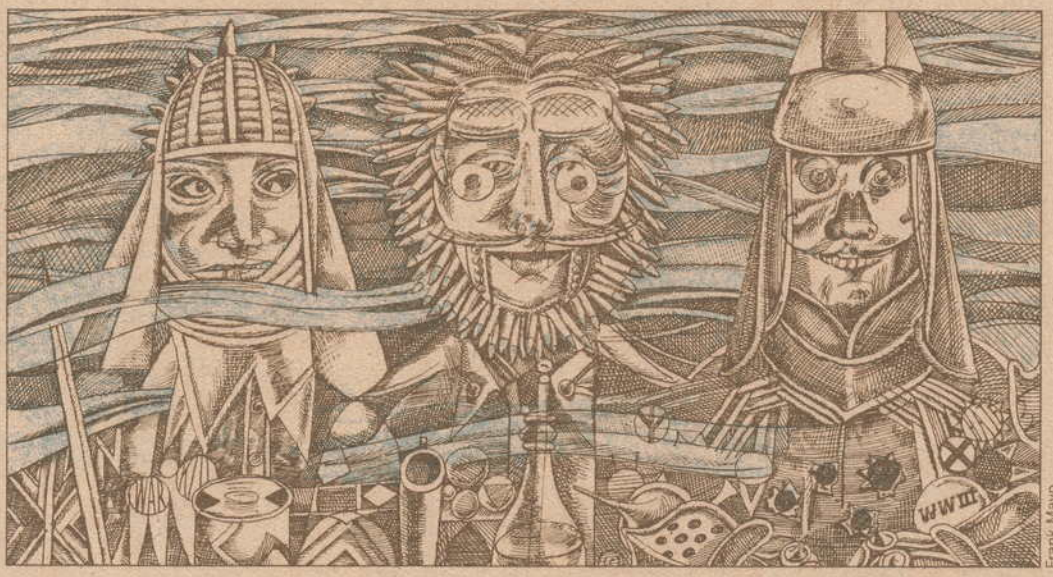
"I don't care where you were, man," he said. He turned and left.

The bar was closing, so I walked out to the parking lot with the man who'd been sitting to my right, a pleasant guy who had only a first name, "Jim," on his nametag. "I liked that," he said, " 'pretty cheap behavior.' I'll have to add that to my list of comebacks to people who pull guns on me. You know, along with the standards—like falling down on the floor and throwing up."

When Jim walked, he pulled his right leg along, locked at the knee. The parking lot was almost empty.

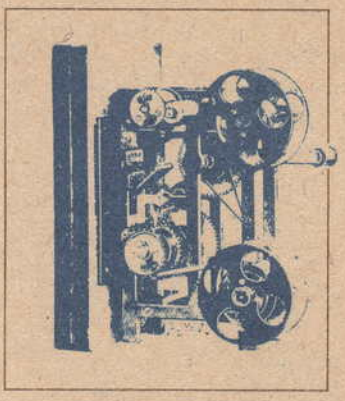
"You got a little limp there. Your leg must have gone to sleep in the bar," I said, trying to joke, I guess, trying to make some contact, trying to salvage something.

"Yeah. My third tour over there I had an accident. They mailed me home." He was silent. Then he said, "You know what pissed me off? You get back home, and they want to buy you a drink. I didn't want a drink. I had money. I could have bought the whole bar a drink."—*Kent Anderson*



Frank Mayo

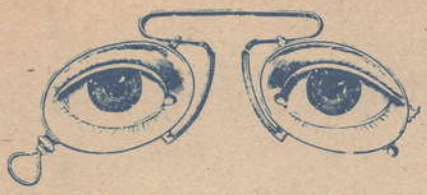
FILMS



LOCAL COLORS

Back in 1957, Universal released a movie about an average young fellow who one afternoon, when out boating, passes through a mysterious cloud of radioactive dust. He takes no notice until, days later, he begins to realize that he is growing smaller. Smaller and smaller, until . . . well, as one critic put it, *The Incredible Shrinking Man* is "a horror film with the courage of its conclusions." It bolsters that courage with a heavy dose of cosmic mysticism, stuff about the infinitely small merging with the infinite, which helped earn the movie a certain solemn cult following, and which is pretty funny once you stop to think about it.

Tomlin: pity and laughter.



Obviously, somebody stopped to think about it. In Universal's new movie, Joel Schumacher's ***The Incredible Shrinking Woman***, average young housewife Pat Kramer (Lily Tomlin) passes through mysterious clouds of hair spray, household cleaner, aerosol-propelled cheese spread, spray deodorants, and a synthetic perfume called "Sexpot." She also takes no notice (who would?), until she realizes that her fingernails seem smaller and that she is shrinking from five feet seven inches to five feet five inches to thirty-six inches, and so on down until they buy her a doll's house to live in and give her a sewing thimble to pour her champagne into. It doesn't stop there. On her way down, her fame rises. She appears on "The Mike Douglas Show" arduously climbing up into her guest chair. But the family mutt begins to see her as a form of doggie biscuit, her daughters place her among their other toys, and her husband (Charles Grodin), an ad-man who sells the products behind his wife's diminishment, can't tell when she's struggled into bed with him.

Worse awaits her. No longer tall enough to climb out of the kitchen sink, she seems destined for the garbage disposal, until . . . until . . . The further adventures of Pat Kramer in the lab of the mad doctors Nortz and Ruth Ruth (Henry Gibson and Elizabeth Wilson), not to mention the aid of the good gorilla Sidney, I'll leave for you to discover. The discovery is worth the making. As with a lot of current film comedy, the jokes tend to grow heavy and a bit predictable toward the middle. But *The Incredible Shrinking Woman* has at least a few things on its mind, along with the resources to present them. And it has the sharp-eyed, soft-voiced resiliency of Lily Tomlin at her best.

The Incredible Shrinking Woman owes a good deal to 1950s science fiction, especially to *Shrinking Man*, which it parodies in several key scenes. But the main thrust of the parody points elsewhere. Pat Kramer's community of Tasty Meadows, Calif., polishes, washes, air-freshens, barbecues—whatever—according to the gospel of television commercials. Mr. Whipple, in the flesh, manages the local supermarket. And everywhere you look, the colors that assault you—in peach walls with lemon trim, pink furniture, violet dresses, robin's-egg-blue suits—are the iridescent pastels that exist only on the tube.

The point isn't exactly a satire of television. On the one hand, who needs it? On the other hand, the film's occupation of TV-land is too complete for the terms of merely rational criticism. It goes so far (which is to say, exactly far enough) as to embrace television's idiocy. Tasty Meadows covers a territory existing somewhere between place and idea, a country of the mind that *The Incredible Shrinking Woman* colonizes. Much of the cast seems uncomfortable in that country. Charles Grodin, usually a resourceful low-keyed comedian, falls flat from having too little to do. But Lily Tomlin treads a line between madness and sweet reason, as she copes with each stage of her diminishment. She gives the film its direction while at the same time suggesting exactly how far afield it can go. Almost all the really funny passages proceed from her. And because she lets us pity her while we laugh at her, the movie can turn its clever ideas into moments of genuine feeling.

Western Texas must also be a country of the mind. At least that's partly how it comes across in David Greene's ***Hard Country***, a movie about getting out of Texas that I half like—though the half I like I like very much indeed. *Hard Country* never seems entirely sure whether it is tough drama or stand-up entertainment. A pity, because its tough, tough drama achieves a level of entertainment never equaled by its genial fist-fighting, beer-guzzling, or almost endless singing of C&W songs.

Kyle (Jan-Michael Vincent) is a rather crude but nice good-looking kid who wants to move up from his rock-bottom job in the wire-fence manufacturing company—except that he doesn't know how. His live-in girl friend, Jodie (Kim Basinger), wants to move out of her job with the phone company and away from her too God-fearing mother—and she does know how. She's been accepted for flight-attendant's school in Los Angeles, which can mean the difference between being her own woman and just living out the myths of female sexuality and personality that infect every man around her.

Vincent: masculine mystique.

The "conflict" of *Hard Country* poses no special difficulties. But it does offer fascinating secondary complications and a few ideas on what really bothers defenders of the masculine mystique. In the long run the story is undercut with a happy ending that is the saddest and dumbest thing in the movie. But before that, it offers a good many unexpected, surprisingly civilized delights.

The surprises recall my admiration for David Greene, who a dozen or so years ago made some very interesting suspense movies—*The Shuttered Room, Sebastian, The Strange Affair*—that were always richer and more intel-

The Incredible Shrinking Woman: *lost in the wasteland of a television commercial.*

Rachel Ticotin in Fort Apache.

ligent than their plot premises and that offered good parts for actresses like Carol Lynley, Susannah York, and Susan George. In *Hard Country*, not at all a suspense movie, he demonstrates many of the same virtues. And under his direction, television actress Kim Basinger looks like the find of the year. Her role could have suggested dumb pathos or battered heroism. It doesn't, however, because she always gives as good or as bad as she gets, and nothing about her promotes self-pity. If Jodie and Kyle both seem naive in their round of spats and reconciliations and Saturday-night drinking, Jodie is a little less naive, more thoughtful, less accepting of a position that, even if they were to get some money, wouldn't change for her in the least. I admire her guts and her dissatisfactions. I also admire the way she slaps some bologna and a blob of ketchup between two slices of white bread, throws the sandwich together with a package of Twinkies into Kyle's lunchbox, and, as she hands it to him, earnestly murmurs, "Think of me with every bite you eat." At that moment, the collapse of American homemaking looks like more fun than Mom's apple pie.

Tasty Meadows, West Texas—these settings of their respective movies are places with a life and coherence of their own. But the New York borough of Daniel Petrie's ***Fort Apache, The Bronx*** is merely a convenience occupied by several dozen animated puppets acting out a police melodrama not half so good as the worst Kojak episode years ago on television. For sheer ineptitude, *Fort Apache* boggles the mind. Whether it's Paul Newman's inauthentic accent as a 14-year veteran of the 41st Precinct, or the unanswered question of why the drug-addicted whore Pam Grier plays should pass her time gunning down cops and slitting her johns' throats, or the matter of how precinct captain Edward Asner means to clean up the neighborhood by jailing everybody in it—each aspect of the film rings false, although it was shot on location, with authentic extras, and a professional cast that ought to know what they are doing. Masquerading as street-wise, the film is always Hollywood-stupid, with almost everyone in it, right down to the local dope pushers, sounding like an actor from a none-too-promising screen test.

Whenever the industry means to grapple with Life the Way we Live It, we get movies like this. In an odd way, *Fort Apache, the Bronx* resembles nothing so much as those bogus campus protest films of the late 1960s, where burning issues translated into bands of hippy teenagers carrying posters on parade. The movie's liveliest moments are tired clichés, and its dullest are a kind of urban-renewal rhetoric that wouldn't get a real New York City borough president into a late spot on the six-o'clock news. A few performances do survive: Ken Wahl, as Paul Newman's young patrol-car partner, and Rachel Ticotin, as his Puerto Rican girl friend. But this is picking through the rubble. And as the movie endlessly reminds us, the South Bronx has too much of that.—*Roger Greenspun*

Paul Newman and Ken Wahl as policemen in the South Bronx: picking through the rubble.

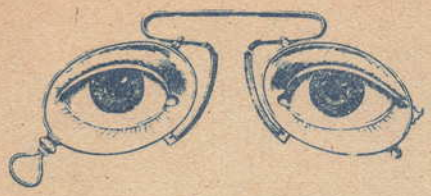
WORDS

UNMADE IN THE U.S.A.

Is America burnt out, washed up, and waiting to be carted off to History's garbage dump? Are the young being taught to fail and the poor being forced to wallow on welfare by a liberal establishment that is determined to take away people's responsibility for their own lives? This is the message of two new books by Joseph Epstein and George Gilder that have been published just in time to provide intellectual and moral justifications for the new conservative government in Washington.

It is certainly tempting to look back to the days of such capitalist giants as Henry Ford and William Randolph Hearst with nostalgia. Where, today, are men who dare to dream as they did? What has happened to our national spirit and our aggressive drive? But in truth the American dream is far from dead. And, as several other new books make clear, that dream was never as simple as nostalgic conservatives would have us think.

Epstein, for example, believes that moral anarchy has destroyed our national soul. "One cannot speak about winners and losers unless there is some rough agreement on fundamentals," he writes in ***Ambition: The Secret Passion*** (Dutton). "But agreement on fundamentals is far from being had at this time . . . no scorecard exists to tell the winners from the losers." One of the big losers, according to Epstein, is the idea of failure—"once a snake to avoid at all costs," which today "has lost



much of its bite." But the real loser is this book, which is badly written and based on a ridiculous premise—that the "tradition of ambition, once so firm and strong" has become "so wobbly and weak." Epstein tries to convince us of the virtues of this "secret passion" by recounting the lives of such successful Americans as Benjamin Franklin, Joseph Kennedy, John D. Rockefeller, and so on. But there is nothing new and certainly nothing inspiring in this gathering of schoolbook-type biographies. Epstein's imitation *Time*-magazine-style prose, however, provides much inadvertent humor: "If ambition is to endure as an ideal, it must command wide respect. Ample is the evidence that this respect has begun to wear away."

Somewhat more impressive is George Gilder's ***Wealth and Poverty*** (Basic Books), which extols capitalism as a savior that will "unleash the forces of creative destruction that can save the world in its perpetual crisis of population and scarcity." Like Epstein, Gilder thinks that failure is a virtue in a dog-eat-dog world: "In order to succeed, the poor need most of all the spur of their poverty." But Gilder conjures up a vision of today's America as a conspiracy by the failed rich to retain their power: "The displaced upper classes mastered the art of communication . . . got elaborately and expensively educated. They therefore had influence on the prevailing imagery out of all proportion to their numbers. The result is the peculiar American sense of defeat, propagated by the media and government and communicated to the poor at a time of unprecedented opportunity and mobility in our society."

Although Gilder provides some biting insights into liberal hypocrisy ("There is a fear lurking in many a confident liberal heart that blacks cannot prevail in a truly free competition. . . . The intellectual disdain for the working class [is] dramatically revealed when professors oppose affirmative action for women in universities but advocate it on building sites"), his case for capitalism is fatally damaged by his almost hysterical insistence that "family and faith" are "indispensable to all wealth and progress." In other words, our "greatest benefactors, the producers of wealth," are mystical religious fanatics who blindly follow the credo of the capitalist crusade: "Search and you will find, give and you will be given unto." And, of course, these true believers are good family men, because they know that "in monogamous marriage, the man disciplines his sexuality and extends it into the future through the womb of a woman." Forget it! If you want to become a born-again capitalist, read Ayn Rand's great novels *The Fountainhead* and *Atlas Shrugged*. Rand's passionate belief in rational free enterprise, combined with her sweeping, epic plots, have made these books irresistible to everyone except snobbish book reviewers.

In reality, alas, being a successful capitalist is no guarantee of morality or even common sense. If you care to learn all about the weirdos who have $50 million or more, Jacqueline Thompson's ***The Very Rich Book: America's Supermillionaires and Their Money*** (Morrow) is the book for you. This Whole Earth Catalog of the Rich is full of lists and charts, but there are no real insights. For instance, even though it is no secret that the Ford Motor Company and the Chase Manhattan Bank are barely making it, Thompson writes: "It takes a unique cluster of personality traits to make a business leader of the stature of Henry Ford II or David Rockefeller, two heirs who managed to fulfill the family destiny." When dealing with the obvious, however, she can be entertainingly bitchy: "If I had to pick one motivation that runs through all munificent gestures on the part of wealthy Americans, I would say it's sheer, unadulterated hatred of the federal government and its tax collectors."

Associated Press

Hearst: newspaper myths.

Wide World Photo

Henry Ford: a mission to protect the simple, homely, virtuous American ways.

Probably the greatest success story of American capitalism is that of Henry Ford, who in 1913 perfected the concept of the production line (thereby turning out a car every 24 seconds) and became one of the richest men of all time, all the while insisting on paying his workers decent wages and simultaneously lowering the price of his product (a Model T cost $950 in 1909 and $490 in 1913). But, according to Carol Gelderman's ***Henry Ford: The Wayward Capitalist*** (Dial), it is doubtful that Ford considered himself much of a success. An authentic populist and idealist, Ford never really understood that his automobiles were "catalysts for a series of forces that were destroying the social order" that he loved. After he failed to end World War I singlehandedly, and after a botched campaign to get himself elected to the U.S. Senate, Ford retreated into the first refuge of thwarted populists: anti-Semitism. Gelderman tells this fascinating story with clarity and compassion—although she may be trying to be *too* understanding of Ford when she writes: "Seeing how large the Jewish element was in finance, banking, publishing, and motion pictures, he blamed it for

destroying simple, homely, virtuous American ways." Nonetheless, this is an interesting book that illustrates how a brilliant businessman can be undermined by the realities of human nature.

Newspaper czar William Randolph Hearst provided the basis for one of the best American films—Orson Welles's classic *Citizen Kane*. But "the most dangerous myth about him," A. J. Liebling once wrote, "is that he was a genius or even a good newspaperman, because it might lead to the erroneous conclusion that he ran newspapers the right way, or that the way he ran them is the way to make money. The latter delusion might be the most dangerous of all." In ***The Hearsts: Family and Empire*** (Simon & Schuster), Lindsay Chaney and Michael Cieply describe the continuing disintegration of the Hearst newspaper empire. Although Hearst was one of the most powerful men in America (he managed to start the Spanish-American War, among other achievements), his terrible newspapers were never especially successful—financially or journalistically. At the time of his death, Hearst papers had a combined circulation of more than 5 million; today they reach just 1.5 million people. The Hearst heirs and their bureaucratic managers have lacked the old man's flair—despite such diversions as Bill Hearst's infatuation with Joseph McCarthy and the Patty Hearst kidnapping. Although Chaney and Cieply write well, this is simply not very vital reading. The myth is more fun.

Joe Klein's ***Woody Guthrie: A Life*** (Knopf) is the best-written and most important of all these books. It is certainly the only one that anyone would care to reread. Guthrie could have discussed the "spur of poverty" with George Gilder and the "bite of failure" with Joseph Epstein, and he certainly could have written circles around both of them, but he probably would have devastated their ivory-tower polemics by improvising a caustic talking-blues ballad. Guthrie knows that success and failure, wealth and poverty, are a lot more complicated than nostalgic reactionary daydreamers would like us to believe. Klein tells the story of the incredibly tragic life of Guthrie, our greatest songwriter, against the background of the depression, World War II, the McCarthy witch-hunts, and the protest movement of the 1960s. He writes without any exaggeration or sentimentality, which makes the impact of his book all the more devastating. Don't miss it.—*Peter Bloch*

Springer/Bettmann Film Archive

Guthrie: attacking the complicated issues of wealth and poverty.

SOUNDS

LIVE LP'S, HOT & COLD

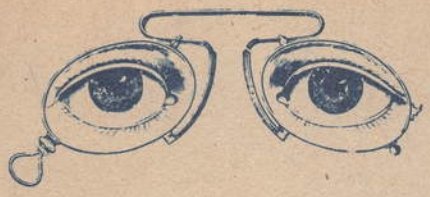
Rock bands used to record live albums because their concerts were rawer and more inspired than their studio sessions, but that's no longer the case. Many popular rock groups now feel a concert has succeeded if they've reproduced their studio-recorded hits as accurately as possible, and advances in recording technology have enabled them to record live albums that are every bit as polished, and every bit as bland, as the studio product. These days, when a popular rock group records live, it's usually a holding action. Even if the albums are retreads of the band's hits, the faithful will buy them, and the musicians can live on the proceeds while they attempt to rekindle their creative spark.

The Eagles, Fleetwood Mac, Supertramp, Heart, Kenny Loggins, and Yes have all released popular live albums in recent months, and so has Warren Zevon, who isn't quite so well known. A year ago, when the Eagles were touring and giving letter-perfect live shows, they talked about recording in concert but performing all-new material. The idea was a good one. The Eagles' reputation rests largely on their soft country-rock material, but since the guitarist Joe Walsh joined them a few years ago, their attack has grown harder, especially on stage. Glenn Frey, who doesn't get much opportunity to really play on the group's studio albums, is another fine, spirited rock guitarist. With Walsh and Frey trading supercharged leads and Don Henley singing more passionately than he usually does in the studio, the Eagles are a band whose shows really do pack a wallop. A live album of new songs could have been the finest album of their career.

But their ***Eagles Live*** (Elektra) turned out to be another greatest-hits rehash, and it suffers from the group's notorious perfectionism. Several of the performances are more or less exact reproductions of the original studio recordings, and even when Walsh and Frey stretch out a bit, the pristine clarity of the recording robs their playing of much of its bite. Some tunes, notably "Life in the Fast Lane," do build up an impressive head of steam, but on the whole the album

Michael Putland/Retna

Eagles: a notorious perfection that robs them of their bite.



is a curious failure. Where are the grit and power the Eagles project live? Apparently they were lost somewhere in the complex process that turns concert performances into finished discs.

Following the ups and downs of Fleetwood Mac through the years has been a little like following a particularly convoluted soap opera. The band's original lead guitarist left to take religious vows, another guitarist disappeared in the middle of a tour and surfaced a few days later as a member of the fundamentalist Children of God, and then a manager with whom the band was quarreling sent an ersatz Fleetwood Mac on tour in their place. Musicians have come and gone. When the band's latest configuration hit it big, with multi-platinum albums and sellout tours, the musicians' personal relationships suffered. Bassist John and singer-pianist Christine McVie dissolved their marriage, and sweethearts Lindsey Buckingham (guitar) and Stevie Nicks (vocals) broke up. But along with drummer Mick Fleetwood, who became the band's manager after the earlier two-Macs debacle, the McVies, Buckingham, and Nicks managed to keep the band together.

Tusk, Fleetwood Mac's most recent studio album, was ambitious and eccentric and met with a mixed response. On the tour that followed it, Stevie Nicks seemed to be losing her voice. So the soap opera continues, and the latest episode, ***Fleetwood Mac Live*** (Warner Brothers), isn't very revealing. Nicks sounds restrained, and while the performances aren't as spirited as one might have hoped, they aren't as satisfying as the group's richer, multi-layered studio recordings either. Lindsey Buckingham's vocal quirks and jabbing guitar solos, which are responsible for the album's liveliest moments, can't carry four sides of too familiar material.

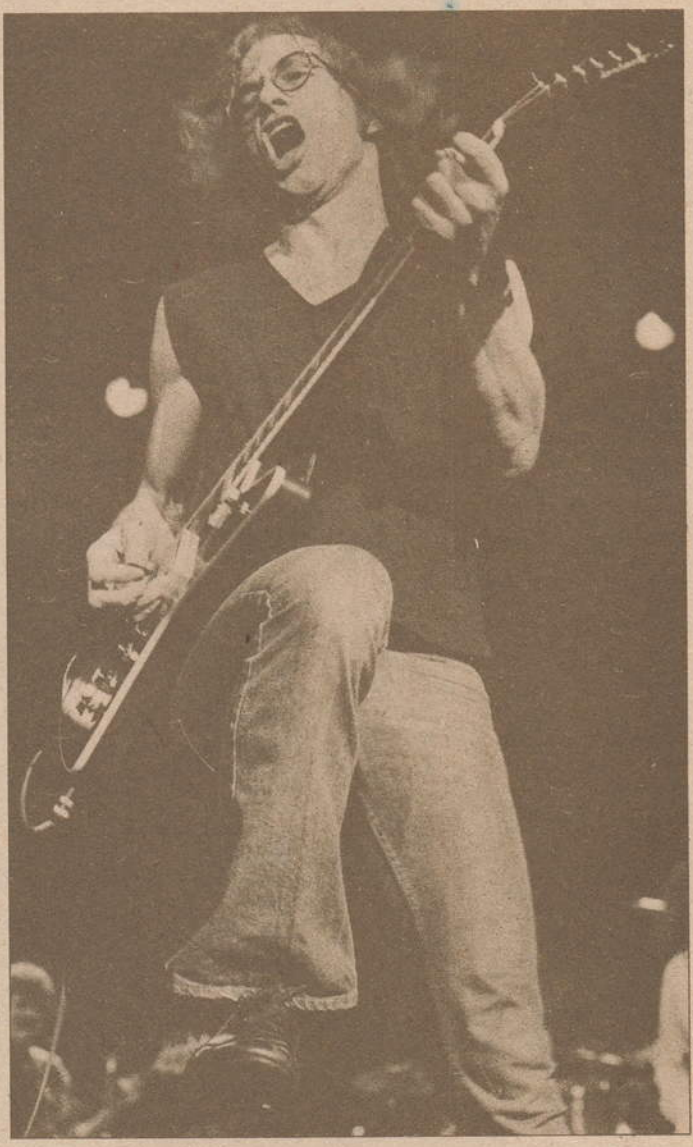
Scott Weiner/Retna

Stevie Nicks in the studio.

The group Heart varies the formula by combining a live disc and a disc of its studio-recorded hits in the one package, ***Greatest Hits/Live*** (Epic records). ***Kenny Loggins Alive*** (Columbia) faithfully chronicles a show that's considerably more spirited than Loggins's soft-rock hits but really revs up and rocks only intermittently. Supertramp's ***Paris*** (A&M) and Yes's ***Yesshows*** (Atlantic) are souvenirs of clinically precise concert performances, no more and no less. So it's a real surprise to encounter Warren Zevon's ***Stand in the Fire*** (Elektra), a live album that rocks with a fury Zevon's studio LPs have only hinted at.

Zevon isn't a superstar; he's a cult artist whose albums are critical favorites and whose songs are well known mostly because Linda Ronstadt has recorded so many of them. But his album succeeds largely because it captures a truly riveting performance (with a minimum of after-the-fact studio trickery) and because it's a single disc with ten solid songs, three of which Zevon hadn't previously recorded. Superstars who are thinking about making live albums could learn a trick or two from "Stand in the Fire"—make a powerful single album rather than a sprawling double, make sure the performances are your best, resist the urge to tinker with the tapes, and balance the old favorites with new songs, even if you have to borrow them (one of Zevon's three "new" tunes is a splendid Bo Diddley medley).

The recent crop of live LPs aren't all products of rock stars with writing blocks. In fact, three of the best preserve concerts that are 10 to 20 years old. ***The Royal Albert Hall Concert*** (Fantasy), by Creedence Clearwater Revival, captures that wonderful American band at a 1970 London gig. The tunes are familiar and the performances are uneven, but the group's raw, utterly unretouched raunch is winning anyway. Solid Smoke Records (P.O. Box 22372, San Francisco, Calif. 94122) has reissued one of the most supercharged live albums of all time, James Brown's legendary 1962 show from Harlem's Apollo Theater. ***Live and Lowdown at the Apollo, Vol. 1*** captures the Godfather of Soul in his prime. The band is tight, the Famous Flames are both tuneful and funky, and "Butane James" keeps the set smoldering from beginning to end.



Fin Costello/Retna

Warren Zevon: no urge to tinker with the tapes.

For an even rawer slice of life, try ***Live on Maxwell Street*** (Rounder), a collection of performances by Robert Nighthawk that were recorded on a Chicago street corner. Fronting a rough, surging band and playing some of the most expressive slide guitar ever captured on disc, Nighthawk lives up to a reputation his studio recordings never quite matched. He died in 1967, 30 years after making his earliest records, but *Live on Maxwell Street* is as live an album as you're ever likely to hear.—*Robert Palmer*

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The full horror of the Jonestown tragedy is told for the first time.

OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HELL

BY JAMES RESTON, JR.

Congressman Leo Ryan made his final decision to go to Guyana after meeting with the Concerned Relatives group in California. It was fittingly close to Halloween, for this had become a political Halloween story. The date was October 25, 1978.

To his staff, Ryan announced his decision grim faced. He was not looking forward to the trip. It was good politics and good constituent service: Ryan's congressional district was just south of San Francisco, where the Reverend Jim Jones had held his position as the powerful chairman of the city's Housing Authority. But Ryan had a distinct sense of possible danger. An affidavit by Deborah Blakey, a former disciple of Jones, with its report of weapons, security guards, and mass-suicide drills, had been brought to Ryan's attention. His staff interviews with apostates were hair curling. And he was receiving intelligence from a free-lance journalist named Gordon Lindsay, who had drafted an astonishing article about Temple bestialities for the *National Enquirer*. But the *National Enquirer* was not exactly a journal of record, and Ryan considered Lindsay's story sensational fare for the checkout counter at the supermarket, not something one would want to base a congressional investigation upon.

The dates for the trip were set for November 14–20. Ryan had to be back in Washington on November 21 for a hearing on saving whales. On November 7 he was reelected to Congress with 61 percent of the vote. On November 9 Ryan met with the NBC team, which had asked to accompany him. There was no doubt that

From the forthcoming book *Our Father Who Art in Hell* by James Reston, Jr., to be published by Times Books. © James Reston, Jr.

ILLUSTRATION BY MARSHALL ARISMAN

M. Ariaman

both the congressman and the newsmen appreciated the potential danger of their assignment, and each side reassured the other that it was tough enough and fearless enough for the mission. The following day, with the boss still in California, Ryan aides met in Washington with Deborah Blakey and Grace and Timothy Stoen. As the three apostates retold their stories and expressed their fears, their listeners at first were skeptical, for the three had once been enthusiastic practitioners of the very Jonesian tactics they now described in detail as dangerous and evil.

Word of Ryan's trip spread rapidly. Once NBC was committed, the *San Francisco Chronicle* and *Examiner* assigned correspondents. Soon the *Washington Post* joined. Suddenly the press party numbered nine, which for a congressional junket was very large.

Concerned Relatives were calling, for here was an opportunity to have, for once, a forceful spokesman for uncovering the truth at the bottom of the horror. Fourteen relatives, including Grace and Timothy Stoen, announced their intention to make the trip.

To the Temple, Ryan lamely maintained that neither the press nor the Concerned Relatives were part of his official delegation, but it was a futile effort at hairsplitting. From Jonestown the assault force looked formidable, and, for once, it was real. A flamboyant congressman who had officially sided with Timothy Stoen; a contingent of the Temple's most effective "class enemies"; a national television crew advised by the class enemy Gordon Lindsay; the two major dailies of San Francisco, where the last of the Temple's friends and supporters were; and a reporter from Washington, who potentially could galvanize the interest of the federal government in yet more investigation and interference. The reputation and, in effect, the very existence of the Temple poised on the outcome of the visit.

On the weekend before the delegation departed, NBC reporter Don Harris began interviewing on-camera the principals on both sides of the dispute. To the Temple supporters he delivered the assurance that he was not out to do an exposé: "I have absolutely no idea at this point what the story will look like, favorable or critical to the Temple. . . . By and large, your biggest safe factor is that we really don't care how the story turns out."

Perhaps he did not care, but he did know what his story was, as his producer, Robert Flick, later testified. It was a story of enslavement by a fanatic. Whether he could prove it on film was another matter. Then, in the cast of ethics and professionalism, he delivered what the Temple could only see as a threat.

"If we have to file in a hurry, give us the name of somebody in Georgetown or here," he said, "because there will be time for only one phone call; that's all: to say we are filing, and the story will be negative . . . or we are filing, and you don't have anything to sweat. That's all I can do for you. That's all I'm supposed to do for you. That is all ethically we can promise anybody."

In Jim Jones's construction of the world, this was it. This was the moment. There would never be another like it. His existence, the existence of his life's work, his bid for history, came down to one phone call. From Georgetown he ordered a 100-pound drum of potassium cyanide. It arrived on the *Cudjoe* several days before the press and congressional and "class enemy" phalanx arrived in Guyana.

If one were to imagine what a successful Ryan mission might have been, it would be this: that the congressman would skillfully use his power as an official representative of the United States government to gain entry into Jonestown, that he would manipulate the press in his party toward that end. Once in Jonestown, he would interview those on his list and perhaps discover that some did indeed want to leave the encampment; he would penetrate the elaborate front of Jim Jones and establish him as a fraud and a master of slaves. In doing so, he would emerge as the hero of a seven-minute story on NBC's "Today" show.

> Jim Jones's explanations had lost their credibility. Reports of fresh defectors were passed to the Father in whispers. Jones was dissolving before the very eye of his beholders.

His constituency would have loved it. Their congressman was becoming nationally famous. By theatrical standards and with the press interest in the trip, success was already assured—whether the congressman got into Jonestown or not, whether the trajectory of his comet ever targeted the eye of Jim Jones's orbit or not. For here was a mission beyond the gray business of the hearing room and the constituent letter. Here was a politician engaged in his world and his age, grappling personally with a profound symptom of the spiritual dearth of the 1970s.

Indeed, Congressman Ryan boarded a plane for Guyana not expecting ever to see Jonestown. He would use every trick, every device he had learned, to break down the gate of Jonestown. He would put pressure on the American Embassy to put pressure on the Guyanese government to put pressure on Jim Jones to gain access. But in his mind he knew he would be impeded somewhere, perhaps all along the way. When it happened, the fallback position was to board a plane with the press and a few distraught relatives, fly to Port Kaituma, approach the locked gate of Jonestown, and, preferably with a sullen, gun-toting guard in the background, hold a press conference. This would prove to an American television audience that Jonestown was not what Jim Jones said it was.

As the Ryan party readied for departure, Sharon Amos, the Temple's fanatic public-relations woman in Georgetown, was issuing a press release announcing that the Concerned Relatives had now enlisted a right-wing congressman, a supporter of the Pinochet regime, in their cause, and that while Ryan was ostensibly coming to "investigate" charges against the Temple, the trip was really "a contrived media event, staged to manufacture adverse publicity for the Jonestown community, hopefully by provoking some sort of incident." In a nice twist of the same language used against the Temple, the press release also put Ryan "on official notice that [the Jonestown residents] will be requesting Guyana police protection in the event that attempts are made to enter the Jonestown community against their will." Regrettably, no such official request was ever made to the Guyanese police, not by the Temple or by Ryan. The embassy had specifically informed Ryan that it could not provide any security for his trip.

On Wednesday morning the Temple's resistance softened slightly with an invitation to Ryan and one aide to visit Jonestown, but no press and no relatives. Ryan was not particularly warmed by the invitation. For a start, it stripped him of the personal protection he now felt the press afforded. It gave nothing to the relatives accompanying him. Where was the political theater in it? Besides, the original plan had called for a trip to Jonestown on the following day, Thursday, and a plane had already been chartered. But Wednesday dragged on with a lunch at the embassy and a meeting with the Guyanese foreign minister, most of which was absorbed in talk of American sugar quotas. By late afternoon there had been no word from the Temple. Ryan began to smell a stall. He gathered with the relatives for a status conference, allowing the cameras to film it. He promised to try direct communication with Jonestown that evening, for the situation was now for Jones and him to resolve. He praised the relatives for their patience, which was far more than he would have been able to muster were he in their shoes. "I have no relatives there. No financial commitment. No emotional commitment. I'm simply here in response to questions which have been asked. My job is to separate out the emotional tension between Jim Jones and you and sit down and talk with him. In the interest of fairness, his point of view needs to be represented before I make up my mind as a

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member of Congress." But he was being sucked inexorably into this poignant human dilemma, losing sight of his official reason for being there.

Ryan hoped, if he was able to travel to Jonestown the next day, to persuade Jones to permit the relatives to visit on Friday. But as the sun dipped toward the horizon on Wednesday, only a few preliminary calls between Sharon Amos and a Ryan staff man had taken place. So, after dinner with Ambassador John Burke, Ryan took the matter on himself, catching a taxi to the Temple headquarters at Lamaha Gardens.

"Hi, I'm Leo Ryan, the bad guy. Does anyone want to talk?" he said cheerily as he strode into the living room. Out of 30 stunned communards, Sharon Amos was one of the few who would talk. All other conversation in the room ceased awkwardly. But Ryan mustered his charm, and the initiative went well, at least according to Ryan's account. At one point he told Amos he wanted to visit Jonestown, but not just get the "two-dollar tour." He really wanted to talk to people.

When Ryan returned to his hotel later, he bubbled about his minor triumph, and the following morning Sharon Amos conveyed to a Ryan aide her pleasure with the meeting as well. Perhaps one of the Concerned Relatives and a few correspondents could accompany the congressman on his Friday trip after all. But later Thursday morning Ryan blundered. He convened the press, invited several Guyanese reporters, and got carried away in describing his coup of the night before. He had seen no signs of religious life in the Temple headquarters, only plaques citing various humanitarian awards for Jim Jones. If this was not a religious organization, why was it tax-exempt? "There is a posturing of religious belief, but I'm not sure it exists," he said sharply. Would they get into Jonestown or not? The press wanted to know.

"If [they] refuse me entry, then this is a prison. There are social-security laws involved here, finance and tax laws, as well as passport regulations, and I intend to pursue that through every area of the U.S. government."

This tough talk, of course, got back immediately to Sharon Amos, and she called a Ryan aide to express her shock and disappointment. The congressman had questioned their faith and had mentioned Jonestown in the same breath with the Red Cross convention on prisoners. His objectivity was now in doubt, and his trip to Jonestown the following day was now "up in the air." It would have to be ironed out when Temple attorneys Mark Lane and Charles Garry arrived in Guyana after midnight.

Before noon the following day, Ryan seemed to be off for his dry press conference at the closed gate to the commune, but what he did not know was that a Temple truck had been parked in the middle of the Port Kaituma airstrip, defying *any* plane to land.

Newly arrived, Temple authorities Lane and Garry repaired to Lamaha Gardens to talk by radio to Jones. But when Jones came on the radio, he sounded as if he were dead. That, at least, was Garry's impression. Lane put forward the attorneys' recommendation that everyone—Ryan, press, and relatives—be welcomed. Jones would have nothing of it. He ranted about his righteousness and about the perfidy of traitors, etc., etc. But there was little now that tirades could accomplish. The congressman was on his way. He was coming with a planeload of press and Concerned Relatives, a Guyanese government official, and the second in command at the U.S. Embassy. With the matter unresolved, Lane and Garry hustled to the Georgetown airport to make the 2:00 P.M. departure. Negotiations could continue in Port Kaituma. If Jones kept his truck on the airstrip, he stood to embarrass himself profoundly, not only before the American public and the American Congress but before his Guyanese hosts as well. Ryan had won the first round.

A half-hour into the flight, the plane suspended, as it were, on the seam of civilization, Jones tried for the last time to turn Ryan back. The pilot of the plane received a message from Port Kaituma, saying that the light had dwindled rapidly and it was unsafe to land. Perhaps Jones still had some small reservation in his mind about the execution of his grand design. But the pilot was spunky. He would make a go of it after he passed over the airstrip to judge its condition himself.

On the airstrip a Temple dump truck and tractor awaited the party. Without difficulty the plane touched down at 3:40 P.M. Temple escorts ushered Ryan, the American diplomat Richard Dwyer, and the Temple attorneys onto the truck with the word that they would proceed to Jonestown, while the press and relatives remained behind at the airstrip—under guard by two Guyanese policemen.

Nearly an hour later, Jones's wife, Marcelline, met this first contingent as it arrived in Jonestown. People came and went amiably within the community, making no particular fuss over the arrival, exhibiting no hostility. In the pavilion the band practiced. Marcelline conducted what Ryan coined the first "two-dollar tour," past the child-care center and the facility for the disabled and the mentally retarded and the other manifestations of the commune's good works. In time, Bishop Jones appeared. The diplomat, Richard Dwyer, was struck by this apparition. In May, when Dwyer had seen him last, Jones had been fat and relaxed. Now he was considerably thinner, his demeanor tense, his face gray. His first words went to his poor health and his high fevers. He was defensive and self-pitying from the start. He did not want his people ha-

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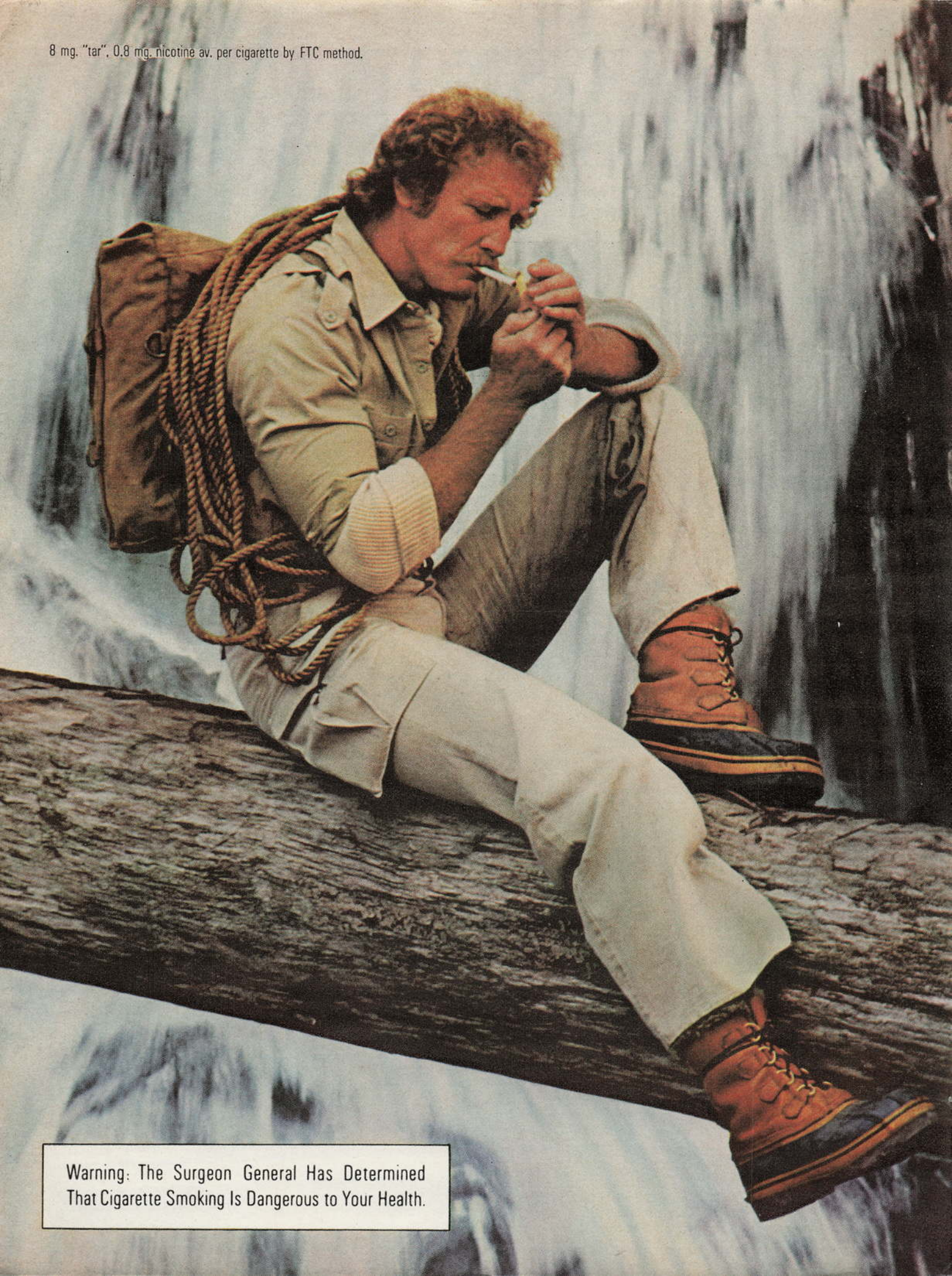

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rassed. As the congressman could see, people came and went as they pleased. Ryan said that he was there to see which of the allegations were fact, and which fiction, and got right to the point of the newsmen back at the airstrip. Garry and Lane pitched in again with their recommendation for an open-arms policy.

"Okay, let 'em all in, what the hell," Jones said with a wave of the hand.

What about Gordon Lindsay? someone piped up, referring to the *National Enquirer* reporter who was now considered a "class enemy."

"All except him," Jones snapped.

As time dragged on at the airstrip, newsmen sweated under the hot afternoon sun and one of the policemen grew increasingly relaxed with several reporters. From time to time, once or twice a month, he related, small planes landed to pick up injured Americans from Jonestown. The local people were always told that the injuries were sustained in machete or machinery accidents, but explanations were suspicious.

"When you go there, keep your eyes open," the policeman told the reporter. "We really hate these people. Reverend Jim Jones should have died long ago."

At 6:00 P.M. the tractor returned to the airstrip to collect the newsmen, all except Lindsay. An hour and a half later, after inching through deep mud on the Jonestown road, the press joined the congressman in the early dark of the forest. For the time being, the front consumed the reality. The buildings impressed. The residents were friendly and rational, seemingly well fed. Coffee was passed around, then hot pork sandwiches and greens and edo roots. Jones presided over the feast, wearing a red polo shirt and only lightly tinted glasses. He was relaxed and conversational at first. Marcelline Jones was the consummate hostess. Soon enough, the show began. Deanna Wilkinson, Jonestown's version of Aretha Franklin, and the Jonestown Express roared into the Guyanese national anthem with feeling, then "America the Beautiful," and continued with their customarily superb rock and blues numbers. The visitors were frantically trying to match their preconceptions with what they were seeing. Residents "looked programmed," some observers thought—whatever that was. At one point, in a whisper, Congressman Ryan remarked on how the older members were clapping trancelike to the soul music, as if this amounted to profound revelation. But he had discovered nothing so far to substantiate the allegations of abuse and much that belied such charges. As the entertainment proceeded, individuals on his list were brought to Ryan to be interviewed. When the politician sensed his moment, he assumed the microphone.

"Questions have been raised about your operation here," he began. "I'm here to find out. I can tell you right now from the few conversations I've had so far . . . there are some people here who believe this is the best thing that's happened to them in their whole life. . . ."

Riotous applause overwhelmed him for more than three minutes. When it finally subsided, Ryan wished they were all from San Mateo.

"It's too bad you can't vote for me," he cracked.

"We can . . . by absentee ballot," Jones responded.

Ryan took the comment at face value. "My work is important to me, and I know it's important to you as well. Thank you for hosting us here tonight. We really appreciate it. I don't want to spoil your good time here tonight with political speeches." If he only knew. . .

Close to ten o'clock the congressman and the diplomat Dwyer went to the radio shack to make contact with Georgetown. In the pavilion Jones was holding forth for reporters as the music continued more quietly. His conversation was disjointed, moving without link from one passion to the next. All his contradictions were on display. He admitted his Marxism but insisted that his was a religious movement. In the custody dispute between himself and the Stoens, he insisted that John Victor Stoen was his son, bringing the boy forth to bare his teeth, comparing them with his own, but then reacted adversely to the suggestion that he had had an "affair" with Grace Stoen. He described his experiment as a community of sharing but balked at the label "Socialist." "Call me a Socialist," he said huffily. "I've been called worse." Since no one had ever challenged his illogic before, he faltered and looked hurt at his obvious inconsistencies. He began to look increasingly ridiculous and seemed to realize it. He hated power, violence, and money, he said with emotion. Did people have normal sex lives in the community? His sexton, Harriet Tropp, sitting next to him, mercifully answered in his place.

"People do fuck in Jonestown," she declared emphatically, citing as proof the 33 babies born in the camp.

Close to eleven o'clock the entertainment ceased, and the audience drifted out into the night air. To the side, watching Jones wind down like a whirligig, Richard Dwyer stood alone in the shadows. A slender white man approached the diplomat warily, his face etched with terror. He must leave, must leave at once, that night, the man whispered, for he could not remain in the community much longer. Dwyer could not help him, not just yet. It had been decided that the newsmen would return to Port Kaituma and that Ryan and Dwyer would overnight in Jonestown. This Dwyer explained, and after taking the man's name, one Vernon Gosney, he insisted that Gosney seek him out in the morning. The terrified apostate drifted into the night once again, only to find reporter Don Harris, who was waiting for his crew to pack up their gear. Gosney passed him a note, scrawled with a magic marker, crying for help to escape for both himself and a Monica Bagby. Harris slipped the note into his boot.

> "Oh, no," Jones replied. "These traitors! All is lost!" Now there were 13 who wanted to go. Tension swept through the camp. Defectors were afraid to get their belongings.

With this slight fissure in the facade, Dwyer realized that the situation had altered dangerously, and he went to find Congressman Ryan. As a start, bringing in more Concerned Relatives the very next day was a terrible idea, Dwyer whispered to Ryan. "We've got to get out of the travel business," he said, and Ryan agreed. The newsmen, too, realized the significance of the note and the danger of it. This was the story they had come for, but on the other hand, they could not become involved personally in an evacuation operation, not with a desperately ill and volatile leader like Jones.

An hour later the reporters were dumped off in Port Kaituma. Characteristically, they got a bottle of good rum and sat down in a joint called Weekend Disco to drink for several hours and tell war stories. In time, a local policeman drifted into the establishment and turned out to be open, even quite anxious, to talk about Jonestown. In due course, he took three reporters back to the police outpost, there mentioning that at least one automatic rifle had been registered to the Jonestown arsenal—against strict government policy. When the three returned to the Weekend Disco, they shared the information. For Don Harris, contemplating his scheduled interview with Jones in the morning, there were now two flash points: the defector's note and the automatic rifle.

Leo Ryan was up at dawn on November 18, breakfasting on pancakes and syrup with bacon, all cooked over charcoal. In the school tent adjacent to the pavilion, children giggled at "Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory" on a television set. Jones had assured the reporters that a truck would fetch them around 8:00 A.M., but it did not show up in Port Kaituma until after 10:00 A.M. Ryan spent the morning holding interviews in the corner of the pavilion without harvesting a single dissident. The reporters arrived close to 11:00 A.M. Harris conducted several soft interviews with residents. Harris's mind was on his promised confrontation with Jones,

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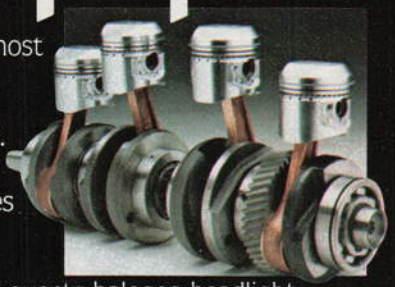

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and he wanted it to take place at the end of the visit. He told Richard Dwyer that the night before, in Port Kaituma, he had learned things that he knew would be unsettling to Jones; so he wanted his "hard-hitting interview" to come at the last.

It began near 1:00 P.M. Much of the substance had already been covered in bits and pieces, but this was the interview that mattered. Covering the litany of charges against Jones, Harris was relentless. Fifteen minutes or so into the interview, he raised the matter of the registered automatic weapon.

"This is rubbish. I'm defeated. I might as well die," Jones said in sudden dejection, his voice rising. He began to sweat profusely, licking his lips again from the Nembutol in his system. "The guns have never been used to intimidate people."

Harris unsheathed the note given to him the night before, with the names of Monica Bagby and Vernon Gosney clearly printed. That marked them as the first to be shot three hours later. Lies, games, perversions: Jones's explanations had lost their credibility. Reports of fresh defectors were passed to the Father in whispers. Jones was dissolving before the very eyes of his beholders.

"Every time they go, they lie," he wailed. "The more that leave, the less responsibility we have. What I thought was keeping them here was the fear of the ghetto and alienation [in the States]. I must have failed somewhere. I want to hug them before they go. . . ."

Edith Parks, a granite-faced little white-haired lady in her sixties, was the first to get Father's ghostly embrace. Her defection took place on national television, for as the cameras whirred at a distance out of earshot, Jones spoke in hushed tones to her, desperately trying to change her mind. The little lady in shorts sat, eyes fixed forward, jaw set, unspeaking, her hands held firmly in her lap. Soon enough, her whole family had voted to go as a unit, a *blood unit*, defying all Jones's efforts to make blood insignificant. Then came another family, the Bogues, arguing among themselves, arguments of people with identity, for a change, but somehow arriving at a rocky consensus to leave. Earlier, Jones had succeeded in splitting the Bogue family, giving the father, Jim, a black companion and the mother, Edith, a man named Harold Cordell. But Cordell had seen the shipment of cyanide offloaded from the *Cudjoe* only days before, and he saw the execution of Jones's vision coming. In this first group of public defectors, knowledge of the recent shipment of the cyanide was the key to their defection. All the talk was ending. The moment of the apocalypse had arrived, and they meant to take their last chance to escape it. They wanted to live.

This clutch of public traitors was white, but a group of black fugitives was also on its way out—but secretly. With street cunning, nine blacks slipped out of the camp early that morning, while Jones and his security force were preoccupied with the commotion of the visit. This group, too, contained blood units, with the exception of its leader, Robert Paul, who had left his wife, Ruletta Paul, nine years his junior, and his three children behind in Jonestown.

After the news of the first defections, Jones crawled deeper into his personal hellhole. Charles Garry stood beside him as the catastrophe hit, and the attorney was transfixed at the sight of Jones's shuddering.

"Jim, what's the matter with you?" Garry asked. "Let them leave. So what? Wish them well and ask them back when they feel like it."

"Oh, no," Jones replied, vacant-eyed. "These traitors! All is lost!"

Now there were 13 who wanted to go. Tension swept through the camp. Defectors were afraid to get their belongings; so Leo Ryan accompanied them back to their cottages, absorbing the hateful looks,

> In his vainglory, Jones evoked the Epistles of St. Paul: "I've been born out of this season just like all you are, and the best testimony we can make is to leave this goddamn world."

comforting the refugees as insults were hurled at them. Residents stood at the doors of their barracks or at a safe distance from the rushings back and forth in the pavilion, glancing furtively at one another and back at Ryan. Dwyer could feel it. It was time to get the journalists out of there—and fast. Violence still did not cross his mind. It was just time to go home—right then. Still another family approached him, the Simonses, the father, Al, and his three children. That made 17. The Ryan plane would hold only 19. Dwyer rushed off to call Georgetown and order another plane to come. The press would have to be bumped. "What's wrong?" Sharon Amos's mystified voice crackled from Georgetown. "Are they bringing sick people?" But Al Simons's wife, Bonnie, did not want to leave. Husband and wife argued. The husband picked up the children's things and started for the waiting truck. Dwyer hustled the defectors and the press toward the truck. A desperate scream knifed out of the air.

"No, no, no," the woman's voice shrieked. It was Bonnie Simons, reaching out to her children.

"Don't worry. We're going to take care of everything," John Jones, the Reverend's adopted black son, said to her.

Dwyer and Ryan huddled. If neither of them stayed, there would be retaliation against Bonnie Simons. Dwyer agreed to accompany the party to the airport; Ryan would stay to arbitrate the new custody battle, spending another night. Dwyer hurried back to the loaded truck, through the thick mud. It had begun to rain heavily.

Ryan stood near the pavilion, talking with Lane and Garry and Jones. Suddenly, from behind, an arm was around Ryan's neck, a knife point indenting the skin of his throat. "I'm gonna kill you. This is what you're gonna get," the voice from behind shouted.

For a split second Ryan thought that it was horseplay. The knife felt like a ballpoint pen. He collapsed limply backward, batting the knife away as he fell, realizing that this was no joke. Lane had time to grab the wrist of the assailant, holding the knife away from Ryan's neck. Garry got the attacker in a head hold. They tumbled to the ground, the knife slashing the assailant and splattering blood on Ryan's shirt. As others jumped into the pile, trying to pin down the attacker, trying to wrest the knife away from him, Jones stood at the side, dazed, acting as if nothing were happening.

But soon he was animated. Screams from the attack reached the truck with the newsmen, and it emptied, Dwyer leading the race back to the pavilion, the newsmen on his heels. Jones rushed out to stop the charge. A quick negotiation took place. Along with Dwyer, one photographer, Greg Robinson, was allowed to proceed. It marked him for later.

Jones's face was pallid, stupid with fear. "I wish someone had shot me," he said.

"This is a serious occurrence," Ryan said, collecting himself, brave, downplaying the horror. "I've seen good things in Jonestown. This doesn't mean everything's over." If Jones would immediately call in the Guyanese police and have the assailant arrested, Ryan would place weight on that. The congressman still insisted that he would stay to arbitrate the Simons problem.

Dwyer took him aside. "I want your ass out of here . . . and now," the diplomat said, pulling rank. "You could become the focal point of a more terrible incident." Ryan relented, as Dwyer promised to return to Jonestown to handle the Simons matter after the congressman was airborne.

They moved to the truck. At a distance, slowly licking his parched lips, Jones stood in conversation with several security members, among them one Joseph Wilson, a beefy brute with neatly cornrowed hair, a New Jersey ex-convict whom Jones had plucked from prison before his time was up. At the last moment a new defector, draped in a poncho, had joined the contingent. Minutes before, this last passenger, named Larry Layton, had

CONTINUED ON PAGE 178

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play "dress-up" with inhibitions down . . .

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAT HILL

Seductively arching their backs,
they learn how to
make the most of their ample
curves: generous
orblike buttocks seem as ripe
for the picking as
peaches when displayed in
such silken settings;
long, smooth legs, encased in
shimmering stockings,
cry out for rough seductions...

With firm breasts, loving-cupped, swelling
from lacy corsets, the
girls line up and declare a beauty contest.
Though hardly tycoons,
these girls are in the business of seduction
so they're pleased
to learn just what the competition's doing!

In a sisterly surge of affection,
one sleepy guest
is cradled in her friendly friend's
lap, allowing herself
to be stroked into technicolor
dreams. Letting her
strap fall where it may, a ravishing
brunette bares a
delicate nipple, jutting out with
unabashed excitement...

Prancing and strutting, smitten with
their own allure, the ladies
find their simmering desires beginning
to smolder. Modesty's
ablaze–and by now, of course, so
are they. Their men
will come home to beds on fire!

**For information on how to order
the lingerie featured on these pages,
see page 186.**

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PP581

In the new world of film, there are
12-year-olds in romantic roles, and 17 is over the hill.

BABY SEX STARS

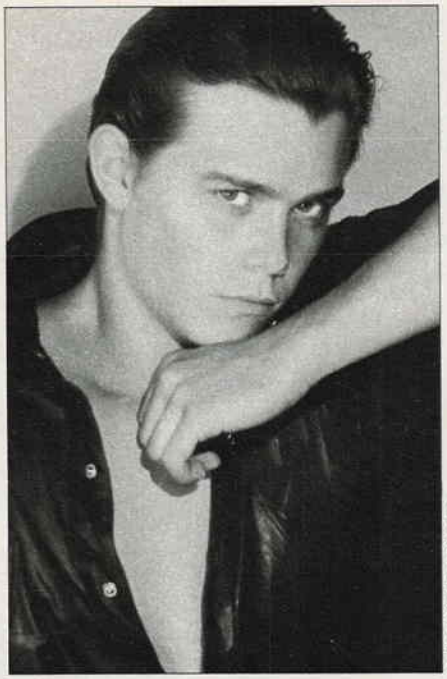
BY BOB SPITZ

PAINTING BY JEAN PAUL GOUDE

Why can't they be like we were—perfect in every way? Oh, what's the matter with kids today?

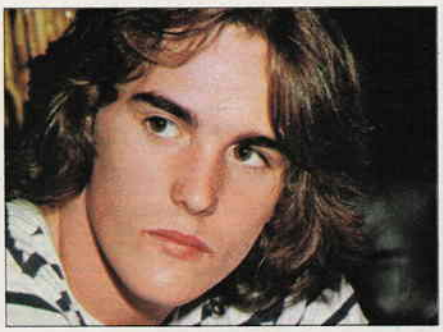
You would think that it's pretty obvious by now. At least in the context in which those lines were originally delivered in the sixties hit musical *Bye Bye Birdie*. Let's see. If one remembers correctly, pretty Kim MacAffie (14, mouth-watering, and sexually repressed) is about to be kissed on network television by Conrad Birdie—a half-assed publicity stunt conceived in order to salvage a songwriter's hitless career. Her boyfriend, Hugo, is worried about being replaced by some grease-ball in tight pants, and her parents dismiss it out-of-hand until Dad realizes it will link him to Ed Sullivan and enlarge his province as a local merchant. Everyone is into Kim for a piece of the action, to which she responds with customary diplomacy, several well-placed kisses, and, of course, a song: "One boy—one special boy . . ."

"You think anyone would believe that fairy-tale crap today?" a former garment-center tycoon-turned-producer scoffs from his Plaza suite overlooking Central Park. "Well, I'll tell you: not unless they were born yesterday! If I could



Michael Childers/Sygma

Mick Rock



Phil Roach/PhotoReporters

New teen stars Chris Atkins (left), Robin Johnson, and Matt Dillon: they're still young, but the roles aren't so innocent.

make a sequel to *Bye Bye Birdie* today, it would shoot from the hip—you know, it'd be a real cock teaser. A *moneymaker!*"

A jerk-off film. His definition of "blockbuster" is anything starring Brooke Shields in a loincloth. "All right," he admits, "so she doesn't have great jugs. But that tight little body . . . God, an hour and a half of that'll make you forget about tits for the rest of your life. Just think—she could play Kim's younger sister ten years after the Sullivan fiasco. As the picture opens . . ."

He hungrily describes how la Shields is discovered waiting in line to buy tickets for a Bruce Springsteen concert. A Columbia Records publicist has seen the *real* future of rock 'n' roll—getting The Boss laid—and little Kim looks just right for the job. In fact, she knows all the lyrics to Bruce's songs. The only thing that stands in the way is a relatively familiar obstacle.

"Her boyfriend—Hugo's kid brother. It's brilliant, huh?" The producer claps his hands twice and paints an imaginary scenario with his cigar. "The kid follows in his brother's footsteps: wall-to-wall brains, local hero, captain of the male cheerleading squad. He just can't handle his girl turning into a groupie. You get some candy-ass like Ronnie Howard to do it, and it's another *Blue Lagoon.*"

Aha—there's the kicker: *The Blue Lagoon.* Those three magical words are enough to open any studio door in Hollywood. Two innocent kids, discovering sex on the screen right before your very glassy eyes. It's a formula for the eighties. After all, can 20 million ticket buyers be wrong?

"No way!" he assures me. "It can't miss. You could call it *Bye Bye Pretty Baby,* beef up the score, and then you could finish with . . ."

"Oh, what's the matter with kids? What's the matter with kids? What's the matter with kiiids toooo-daayyyy?"

INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS

Since *Jeremy* in 1973, in which Robby Benson and Glynis O'Connor were depicted rolling around the floor in a blur of spontaneous animal passion, producers have been scrambling to see who would make the first "legitimate" kiddie porn film. Until last year none had even come close. Hollywood, never particularly adept at handling controversy, was perhaps overly cautious in whetting the public's appetite for melodramatic teenage sex so as not to create an organized backlash. Subsequently, audiences were brought along at such a gradual pace that even the most morally righteous were gamely seduced.

The exercise of restraint paid off handsomely. In 1976, when Jodie Foster portrayed a 13-year-old prostitute in *Taxi Driver,* viewers rationalized the role as a powerful statement about society. *Pretty Baby,* Louis Malle's 1978 film that focused on Brooke Shields's affair with an older man, similarly stirred little controversy, despite a torrent of publicity. And John Travolta's battle cry—"Quick—gimme a blowjob!"—in *Saturday Night Fever,* brought sympathetic audiences, well . . . to their knees.

Last year teenage sex apparently came out of the closet for good. *Little Darlings* took the sexual revolution a giant step further by flaunting the exploits of two 15-year-olds—Tatum O'Neal and Kristy McNichol (whom we suspected of being "bad girls" all along)—in a race to lose their virginity. A critical bomb, the film nevertheless played to enthusiastic houses, especially in the South, where only ten years ago it would have been chopped up and used for plantation fertilizer.

Meanwhile, Columbia Pictures was working miracles in the Fiji Islands, preparing the biggest teen fantasy of them all: a remake of the Henry Stacpoole classic, *The Blue Lagoon,* starring that quintessential cock tease, Brooke Shields. The book's paper-thin plot was disposed of early as being a factor in the film's success. Instead, the studio was going with foolproof insurance. Its intention, according to a member of the production crew, was "to go all the way with two gorgeous kids."

"They wanted every old geezer from here to Honolulu beating off in the dark when they finally realized what was going to happen," she said. "They weren't going to depend on using illusions to bring it off, either; no one would have to use his imagination. These kids were going to screw their way to stardom right there on the screen—and we'd all be richer for their experience."

Okay. So they occasionally used a stand-in for Brooke. Maybe she was wearing a flesh-colored bikini under her loincloth. That didn't stop thousands of people from seeing the picture two, three, even four times. And you can bet they were going back for more than the underwater photography.

To put it very simply, kiddie sex has become an accepted international film phenomenon. Most conventional taboos, barring perhaps incest, have been torn away, unveiling broader sexual horizons and a colony of alluring young stars with which to navigate them. And they're getting younger all the time.

During the early production of *Roots,* one of the show's producers called a writer's conference so that he could outline various objectives they had to cover in their scripts. Almost everything he said had been already discussed, and the writers drummed their pencils impatiently on the long tabletops, wondering why they had been summoned away from the typewriters. Suddenly, the producer stopped in mid-sentence and slapped the side of his head.

"This is incredible!" he gasped, looking exultantly around the faces at the table. "Gentlemen, do you *realize* that we're going to make television history with the very first segment? Just picture that African village as it must have looked two hundred years ago. Primitive—right? Well, we're going to be able to give millions of viewers their first glimpse of twelve-year-old tit. *Bare* baby tit, gentlemen, in the name of wholesome family entertainment. I can hardly wait for the overnight ratings to come in."

EVERY WHICH WAY BUT LOOSE

Hollywood typically interprets this as a welcome phenomenon—harmless *divertissement* just ripe enough for the picking. "Don't misunderstand the trend," cautions Tom Masters, a talent publicist with more than stars in his eyes. "Hollywood

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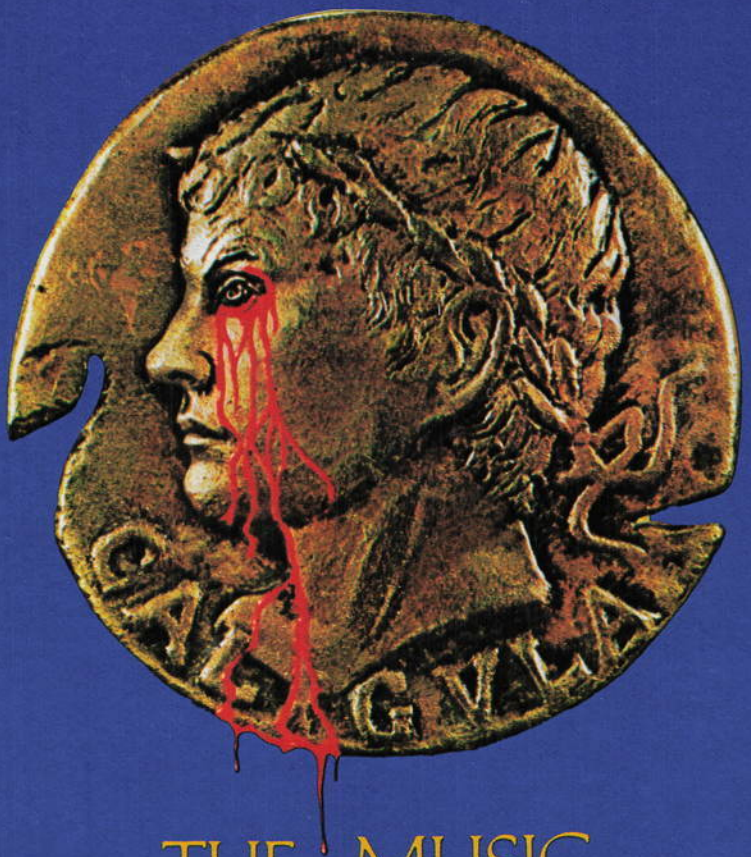
CALIGULA



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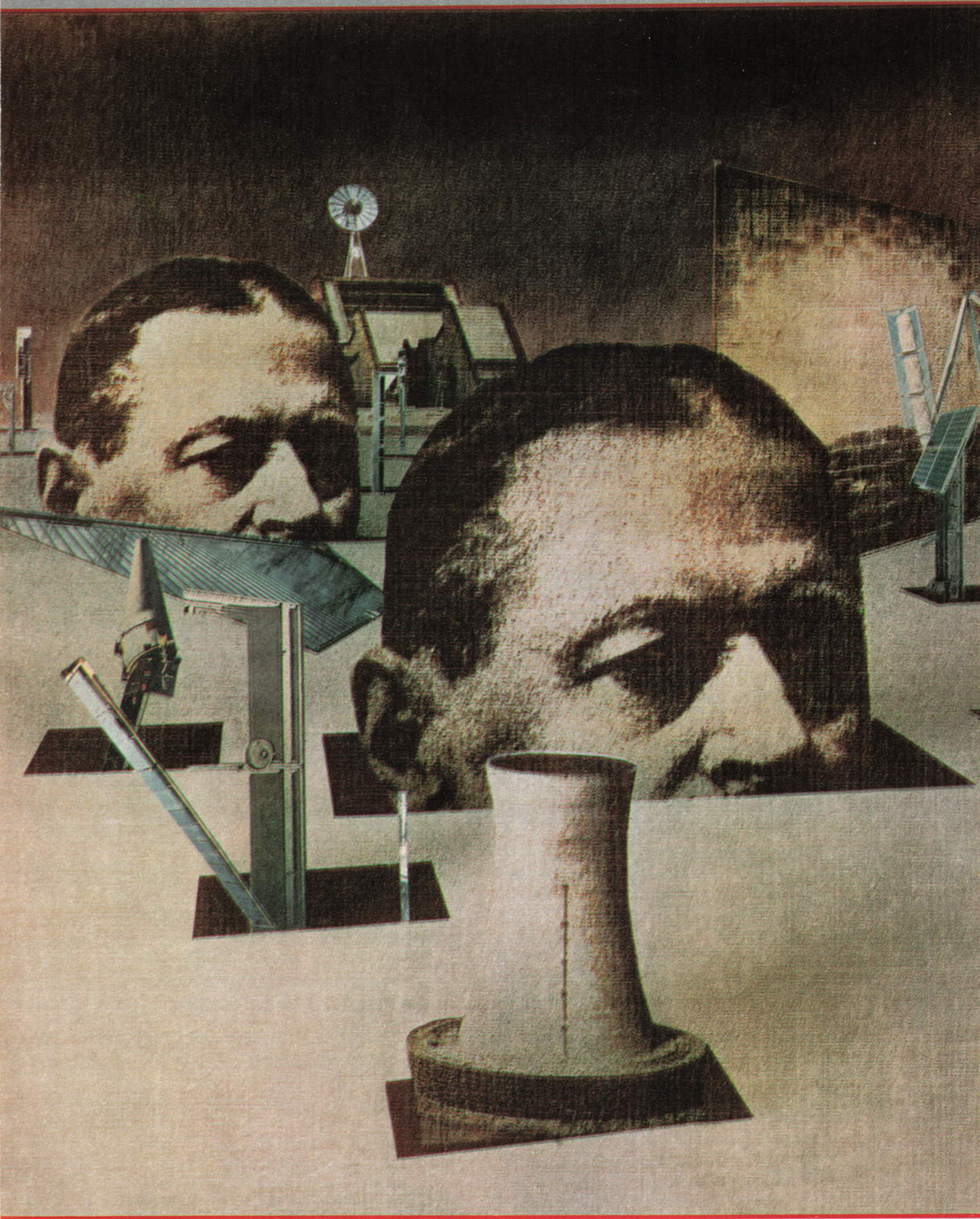

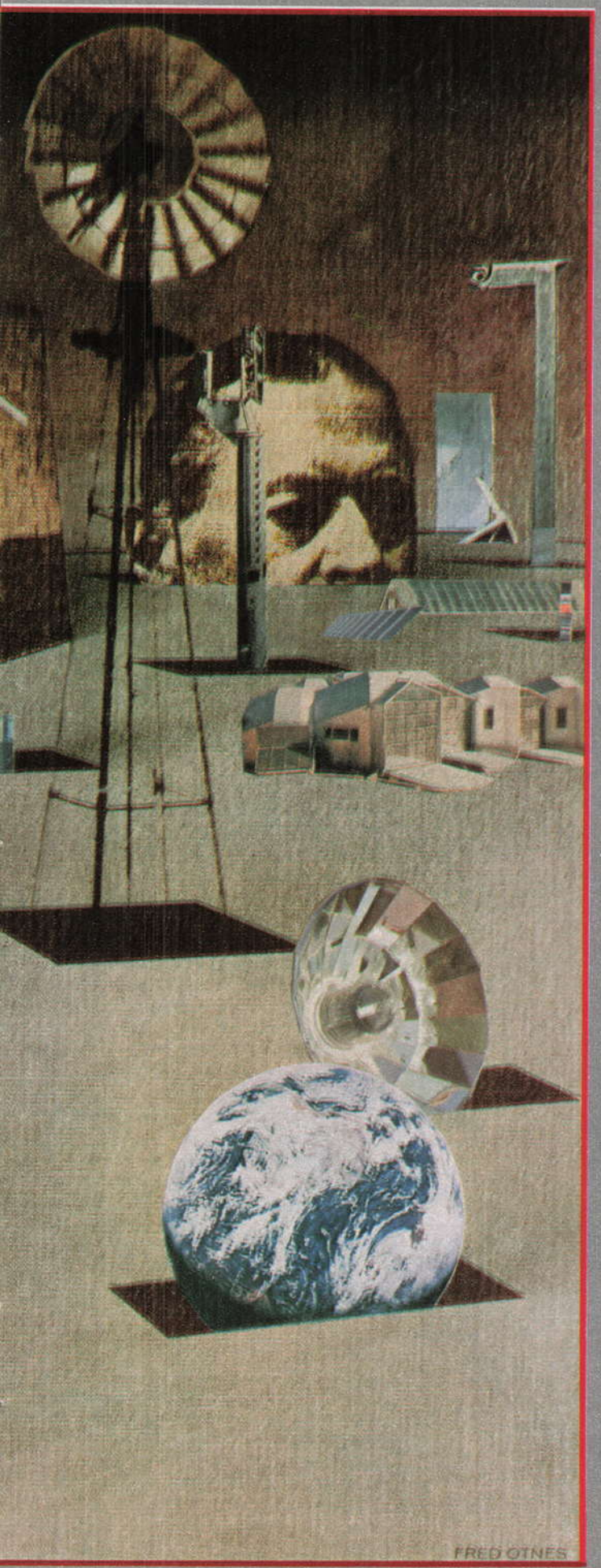

The Department of Energy
has spent almost 200 billion American
tax dollars since Aug. 4, 1977.
It has not produced a single barrel of oil
and has seriously hampered
the development of alternative energy.

THE COLOSSUS OF WASTE

BY ERNEST VOLKMAN

Although millions of Americans have made heroic efforts and continued sacrifices to overcome the so-called energy crisis—by reducing our energy consumption about ten percent just since last year, by importing about twenty percent less foreign oil this year, and by intensifying our search for new domestic sources and alternative energy—the situation is worse than ever. And President Reagan's well-publicized plans to finally get energy policy in this country straightened out are little cause for hope. Reagan's administration has already shown little understanding of the real problems involved in undoing the disastrous mistakes of the last few years.

One of the biggest mistakes was the creation of the Department of Energy, on August 4, 1977, by President Carter. Carter, who once described the goal of American energy self-sufficiency as "the moral equivalent of war," intended the DOE to be a superagency that would oversee that effort.

The third such federal agency created in the past ten years to deal with the problem, DOE is now the most powerful regulatory agency in our history. Empowered to oversee and regulate everything to do with energy, the department has reached into the lives of all Americans. It decides how much gasoline is available in any given area, how much heating oil can be produced, all aspects of nuclear power generation, where nuclear wastes will be stored, how much oil we should have in reserve, what petroleum products will cost, a long range of "energy efficiency" standards—and even the temperature levels of public buildings.

It is regrettable that the impact of the DOE has been not only pervasive but destructive as well. The fact is that the DOE has been an ignominious failure, by

ILLUSTRATION BY FRED OTNES

any standard. It has not developed a comprehensive energy policy. It has watched supinely as American consumers have been ripped off by soaring energy prices. It has created a managerial nightmare and has harassed citizens with petty, useless regulations that have little to do with the energy problem. And, most important, it has seriously hampered the development of alternative-energy programs.

The Department of Energy's performance has been so wretched that it has lost its right to exist and whatever friends it once had on Capitol Hill. As even Sen. Thomas Eagleton of Missouri, one of its original architects, puts it: "There comes a time when one has to face facts, and the fact is that this Department of Energy is a painful failure, beyond much hope of repair through internal organization." And although President Reagan during last year's election campaign vowed to dismantle the agency completely, he and Energy Secretary James B. Edwards have backed away from that pledge. But that's just part of the problem.

When Jimmy Carter signed the law creating the department nearly four years ago, he said: "I want to point out the department can now, I think, begin to deal in a much more aggressive and effective way, not only with the needs of suppliers to increase the production of oil, gas, coal, solar, and nuclear power, but also make sure that consumers of our country are treated fairly, that prices are adequate and not excessive."

That was the sweeping mandate for the giant agency, which now has about 20,000 bureaucrats and spends more than $50 billion of the taxpayers' money each year. But now look at the reality:

- Gasoline prices have more than doubled since 1977, to an average of nearly $1.30 a gallon in most sections of the country. Heating-oil costs have also more than doubled in the same period, to an average of more than a dollar a gallon. Are these "adequate and not excessive" prices?
- The DOE's gasoline-allocation system is a shambles, leading, at certain times, to acute shortages in some areas and gluts in others. (Even the easiest jobs seem impossible for the DOE to accomplish properly. For example, there is a sealed military vault in Colorado, where the DOE has stored 5 billion gas-rationing coupons printed in 1974 at a cost of $14 million. But, as the DOE is too embarrassed to admit publicly, the coupons are printed in black and white, easily duplicable by Xerox machines, thus making them useless.)
- Domestic crude-oil production remains virtually unchanged, mostly because of a badly bungled price decontrol plan and other measures that were supposed to stimulate such production.
- A program to increase use of domestic coal is floundering because of inadequate DOE direction.
- Promising types of alternative-energy sources, especially solar power and fusion, have been neglected and hamstrung by a DOE leadership obsessed with nuclear power.
- Nuclear power itself is a disaster, although the DOE still insists on promoting it in the face of fatal political and environmental problems. (See also "Our National Death Wish" by Corinne Browne and Robert Munroe, *Penthouse*, August 1978; and "Nuclear Power Will Bankrupt America" by Karl Hess, *Penthouse*, April 1980.)
- DOE regulations on energy conservation are cumbersome and unworkable. Worse, they attack the wrong targets.

Although President Reagan has been one of the department's most severe critics, he and his new energy secretary are proposing the wrong solutions. Among their errors are a continued emphasis on nuclear power, an overemphasis on developing alleged vast reserves of domestic energy production that probably do not exist, and a curious inability to understand the realities of the energy market—what seems to be a shunning of alternative-energy development, the only ultimate answer to the energy crisis.

For the last 30 years the government has, in effect, created a whole new energy source: nuclear power. In 1974, for example, only one year after the Arab oil embargo, the government spent three-fourths of the $755 million available for energy research to develop nuclear power. Without a massive infusion of federal funds, the nuclear-power industry would not exist today.

In short, the government has bet nearly all its money on the "nuclear option," a shortsighted strategy that persists in the DOE to this day. Officially, the DOE position is that nuclear power is the only viable energy alternative to oil at this time, which is not only wrong but also beside the point, anyway: power generation consumes less than ten percent of U.S. oil consumption; so nuclear power, at best, would hardly make much of a dent in the oil problem. Yet the DOE persists in this belief. How truly insane that obsession is can be gauged by what the DOE has done to *real* alternative-energy sources.

Consider, for example, this scene in the small town of Hemet, Calif.:

It is early afternoon one spring day in a new housing subdivision just on the town's outskirts. As everywhere else in America, the news in Hemet seems to be dominated by stories reporting escalating oil prices and heating-oil shortages. But the normally gloomy energy news hardly ruffles the housing subdivision called Blue Skies Radiant Homes and its 33 families. For one thing, they will never see an oil delivery truck in the neighborhood.

"Take a look at the heating system," says Warren Buckmaster, the developer of the homes, as he selects one of the houses at random. Inside the garage there is a small panel on the back wall. Opening it, Buckmaster points out two valves connected to two large pipes in an area no larger than a suitcase. "*Voilà*," he says.

MALCOLM McDOWELL
AS

CALIGULA

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"The entire system for the house."

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Buckmaster is in the grand tradition of American tinkerers and investors. A former New York City diamond salesman, Buckmaster eight years ago became convinced that the conventional method of heating and providing hot water to homes was hopelessly out of date—and financially destructive, considering the increases in the cost of heating oil. Not a trained engineer, Buckmaster taught himself all about solar energy and, 18 months later, immigrated to California and decided to go into the solar-home business. Developing his own solar system, Buckmaster made it work in several demonstration models and thought he had finally hit upon a major breakthrough in the energy crisis: mass-produced homes in the $50,000 price range that would not burn one drop of oil.

"We had engineers out here to look at my system," Buckmaster says, "and damned if they didn't wind up saying, 'It won't work.' I mean, the engineers from the government would watch the thing working just fine and then tell me that it wasn't working. I couldn't believe it."

That government skepticism led, in turn, to problems with banks, which were reluctant to finance a housing development without furnaces. Moreover, the government, despite its avowed intention to reduce oil consumption, seemed uninterested in providing any development funds for Buckmaster's system. But just when all seemed lost, Buckmaster lucked out: the Bank of America, a normally conservative institution, advanced money. Buckmaster built a small development of 16 homes in 1977, and they were an instant success. So successful, in fact, that his innovative (and practical) system became the talk of the housing industry. Thanks to California's official support for solar power, a parade of state officials and celebrities walked through the Buckmaster homes. The resulting publicity finally shamed the government into advancing Buckmaster some development funds, but the money came, not from the Department of Energy, but from the Department of Housing and Urban Development's innovative solar-home program. HUD officials who took a look at the Buckmaster homes clearly were impressed by the quiet solar systems that had no problem in handling all the hot water and heating needs in an area 40 minutes west of Palm Springs, where temperatures can hit 112 degrees in the summer and drop to 22 degrees on winter nights.

True, the area has sunshine about 88 percent of the daytime during the year, but Buckmaster remains convinced that his system can be adapted for virtually any area of the country. As one couple in Buckmaster's development noted, their entire bill for heating and hot water for one year was 38 cents, the cost of electricity for electrically fired backup boilers. (And that cost included solar-heating the swimming pool.)

Logically, it would seem that DOE experts would be all over the Buckmaster site, measuring and evaluating the country's first all-solar development. It might also seem logical that the DOE would be lavishing fat grants on Buckmaster, since, after all, he has actually *developed* a fully practical system. But that is not what has been happening. Buckmaster is scrounging for development funds to make further refinements in what he calls his "second generation" solar system, which can be used in very cold climates. He is also developing photovoltaic systems (electricity generated by solar power) and other innovations.

Buckmaster is reluctant to criticize publicly the DOE (he has now received a small grant from it), but there is something seriously wrong, obviously, when a workable alternative-energy system and its innovator are not being supported by a government agency that supposedly is committed to underwriting alternative energy that not only works but also works on a mass scale for reasonable cost.

Actually, Buckmaster and the hundreds of other bright innovators in the energy field should not be surprised at the lack of DOE interest, for the fact is that the DOE tends to regard such people as Tinker Toy technicians. It is interested instead in huge, high-technology systems, predominantly nuclear power related. That is not surprising in view of the DOE's dominance by the nuclear-power and aerospace interests: most of the DOE leadership comes from governmental nuclear-weapons and aerospace programs, where only bigger is better.

To grasp the problem, consider that not too far from Buckmaster's solar houses there is a strange-looking contraption near a town called Barstow. This is the DOE's "power tower," a system of more than 2,000 large mirrors that focus sunlight on a boiler, designed to prove the technology for large-scale solar systems to produce electricity for whole towns. The DOE has persisted in this odd project, despite a verdict by the White House Office of Science and Technology that it is "economically unpromising." The project is also swallowing up a full 15 percent of the DOE's entire $551 million solar-energy budget—while smaller-scale solar technology, in many cases proven, is starving for government funds. Why?

Because the "power tower" project is run by several big aerospace companies regarded benignly by the DOE, which insists that future alternative-energy projects must be high technology in nature and vast in size. Ergo, only the big companies can run such projects.

Another example of the bigness syndrome is the DOE's second pet project, called SUNSAT, a solar or microwave sat-

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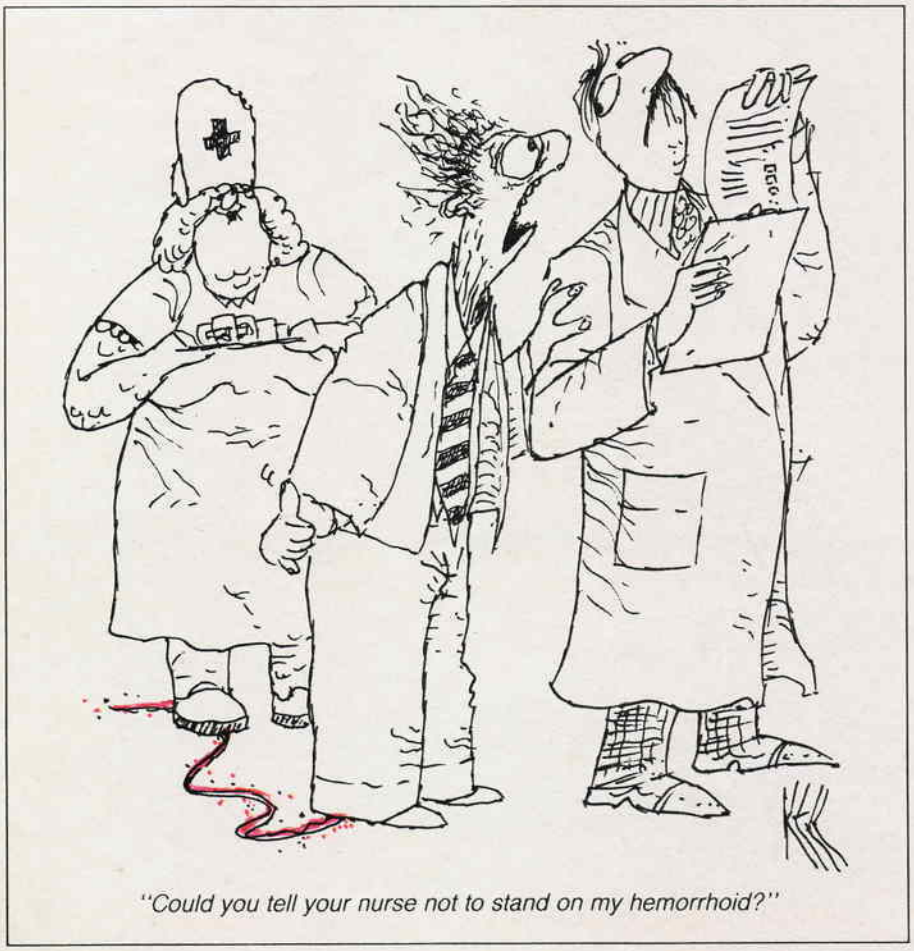
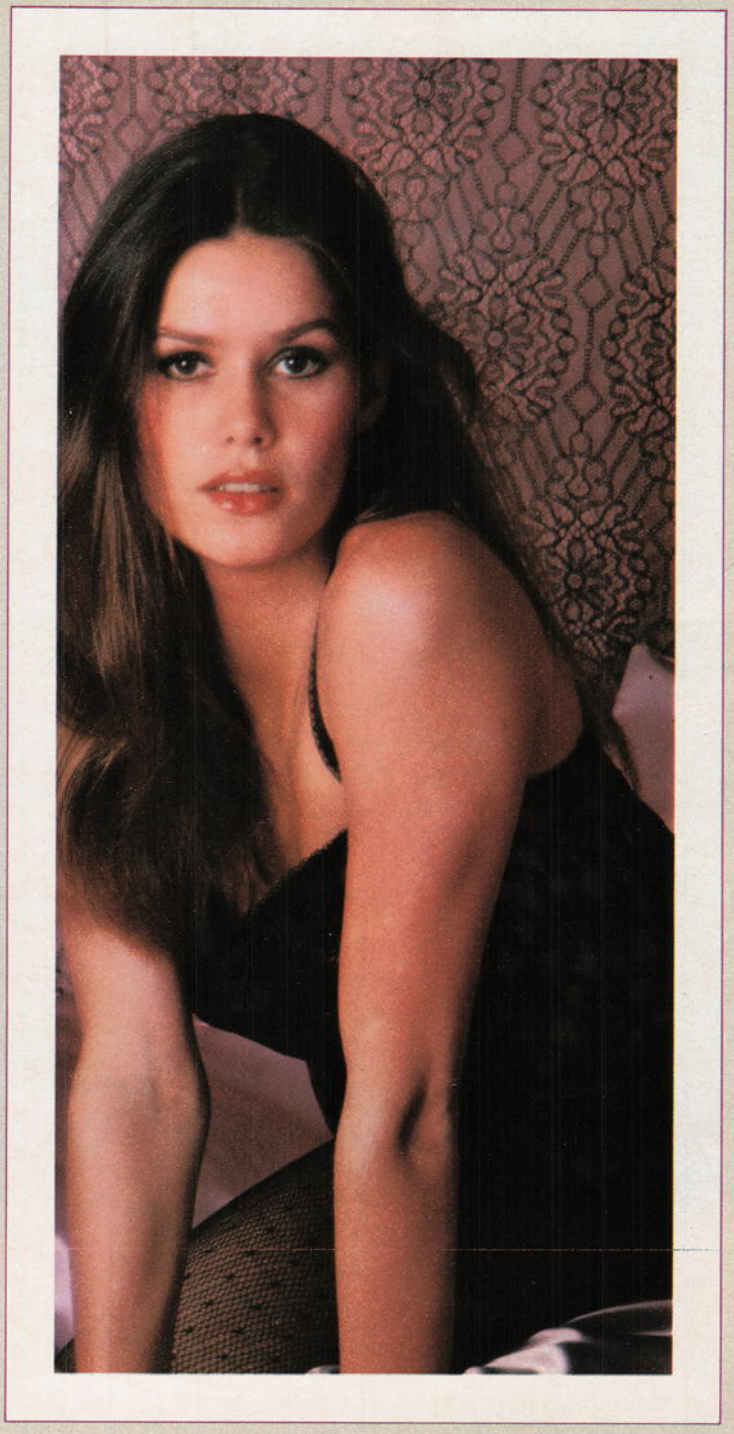


"Could you tell your nurse not to stand on my hemorrhoid?"



CODY

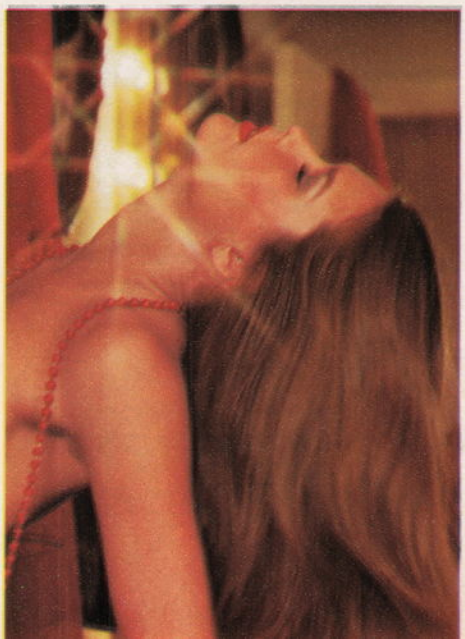
If I'm told two thousand times that I'm pretty, I'm still thrilled when that number is two thousand one!

"I'm fascinated by older men. They may not be as virile, but they're more leisurely and sensuous with me in bed."

COMMANDER CODY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. E. BARNES
AND DONNA BARNES

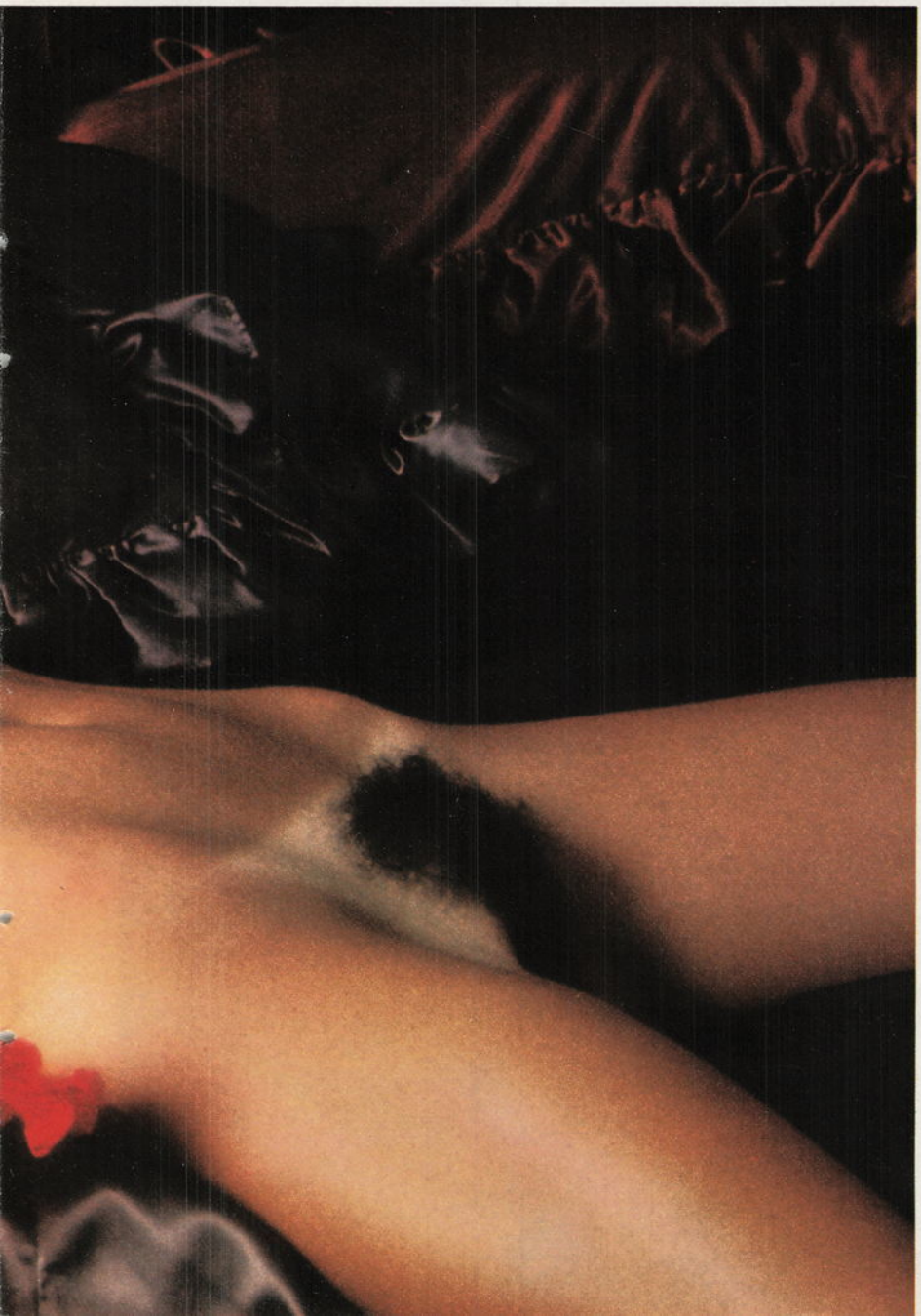
"When it comes to men, I'm usually in charge," admits May Pet of the Month Cody Carmack. "And until some man really mows me down, I'm going to play the field with a vengeance!" At 19, our long, tall Texan seems wise beyond her years. "I've dated a couple of university professors," she says, grinning, "but they're very young, and I usually teach them as much as they teach *me*!"



Her pretty face, silky brown hair, and well-turned 36-24-36 inches have equipped her well for the task. "I love performing," she says, "dancing or acting or both. The shining look in the audience's eyes and their wild applause is like a narcotic!"

"Until some man really mows me down, I'm going to play the field with a vengeance!"

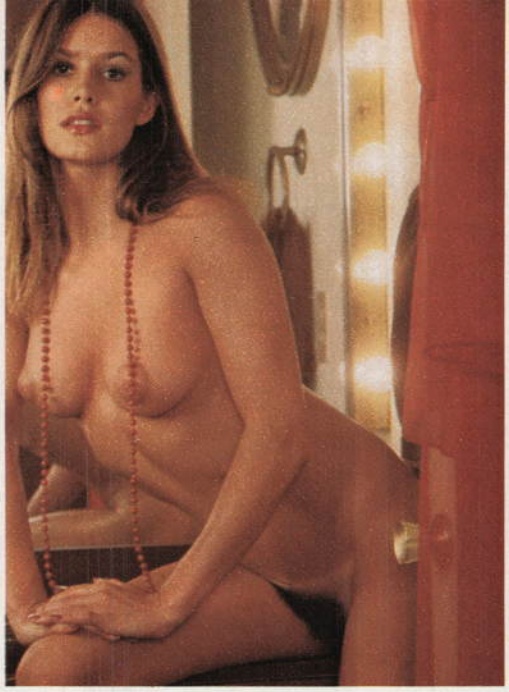
"If I'm told two thousand times that I'm pretty, I'm still just as thrilled when that number is two thousand one!" Cody agrees that she's rather inclined to be more physical than intellectual these days. "Because of Austin's mild, sunny climate, I'm outdoors nearly every day, jogging, skating, or swimming. Still, I'm not opposed to nurturing the arts at times!"

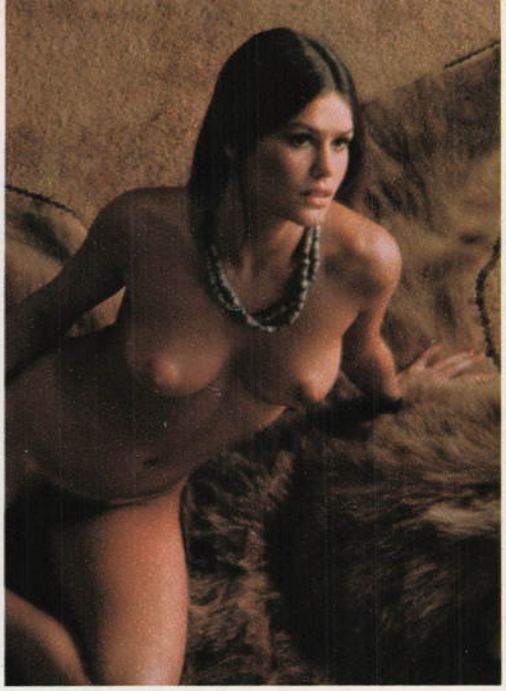


Maybe because opposites attract, older
men hold a great
fascination for her. "They may not be quite
as virile as a college boy,
but they're more leisurely and sensuous
with me in bed."

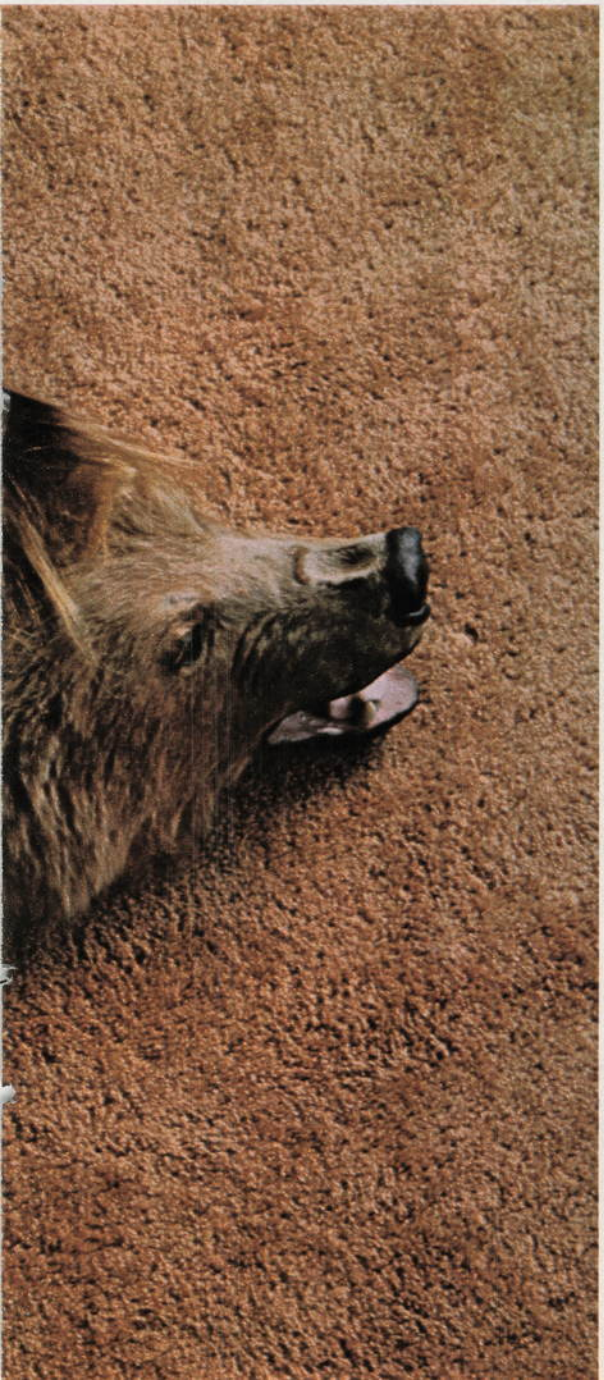
"I'm sensuous with *myself* as well," she says, smiling. "You know that guy who said, 'Vanity, thy name is woman'? Well, he's absolutely right!"

"I'm very sensuous with myself *as well. You know that guy who said, 'Vanity, thy name is woman'? Well, he's absolutely right!"*





"That's why I'm so happy about being in *Penthouse*. Lots of men are always telling me how incredibly sexy I am, but now I have pictures to prove it!"



"...Men are always telling me how incredibly sexy I am, but now I have pictures to prove it!"

"Occasionally, at night, I like to hang out at this wonderful bar and restaurant called The Raw Deal. Once in a while I meet some sexy man who buys me dinner. I guess that's more of a *good* deal than a raw deal, don't you think?" We'd say it's a great deal all around...

Before reluctantly taking our leave, we ask
Cody what she likes best
about herself. "My breasts," she admits without
hesitation. "All I have to do is
touch them, and they always stand up for me!"
And so, Cody, do all of we.

MISS CODY CARMACK/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Robert Klein's *Wounded Men, Broken Promises*, recently published by Macmillan, is a deeply disturbing book. It deserves to be read by anyone concerned with veterans' problems. Besides chronicling the checkered history of the Veterans Administration, from its scandal-ridden beginnings as the Veterans Bureau in the Harding administration to the present, *Wounded Men, Broken Promises* destroys the VA medical system's claim of "health care second to none" for American veterans. Klein's shocking indictment of the VA is a grim reminder to all veterans that their dependency on its medical system as a personal health-care means of last resort is dangerous.

As Klein notes, though there are more than 30 million veterans in the United States today, only about 3 million regularly rely on the VA to meet their health-care needs. However, of this smaller number seven out of eight possess no other health-care insurance whatsoever. In short, without the VA's medical system (hospitals, outpatient clinics, domiciliaries, etc.) these veterans would be compelled to rely on their own resources to pay for medical care or, lacking the personal financial means, on some combination of welfare or charity assistance.

At first glance, the some 27 million veterans who do not—so far—have to rely on the VA medical system might not consider this to be their problem. This is not true, however, because neither current job-related health-insurance programs nor Medicare/Medicaid is sufficient to protect the individual completely in the event of illness requiring long-term hospital care. This is the underlying truth behind present calls for protection from "catastrophic" medical costs, which can wipe out even families that by most standards are considered affluent. As Klein documents, the VA medical system—bad as it is—is to many veterans often the only recourse available, especially to those among the aging veteran population in their struggle to remain alive or—at least—to die with dignity.

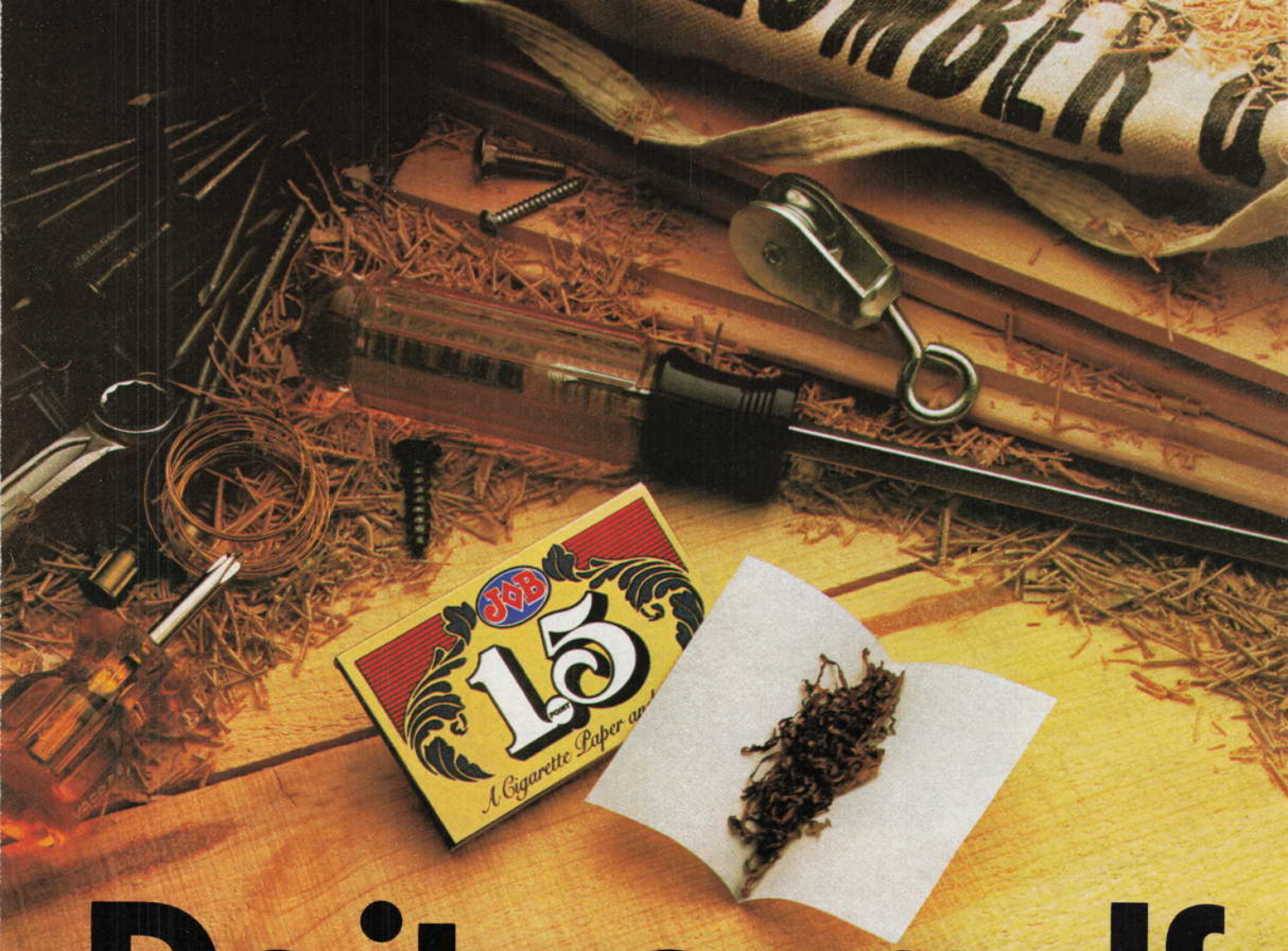
In describing the difficulties that beset the VA in meeting the health-care needs of veterans, Klein raises some profound questions. How real is the nation's commitment to veterans' health-care needs? Can the VA's medical system be reformed and structured to meet these needs?

Klein's answers are not reassuring. To the first question, Klein suggests a yes—but only if it doesn't cost too much. He also notes that the first swing of the government's budget-cutting ax is usually directed at the VA's medical system. In response, the VA, in trying to make do with inadequate funds, is constrained to provide less-effective health care for veterans. However, because veterans' health care is nominally an open-ended "entitlement" program, there is a conflict between meeting the needs of the veteran and covering the costs of the care. Regarding the second question, Klein's analysis makes clear that a genuine restructuring and reform of the VA medical system is not in the cards. It would cost too much, and the expected problems of the 11 million veterans who will be 65 by 1990 are ones that the VA cannot be expected to solve on its own.

To demonstrate what these answers mean in human terms, Klein documents, in case after case at hospital after hospital, reports of patient abuse and neglect by members of the VA medical system and those associated with it in the VA-affiliated medical schools. These horror stories are reinforced by others, which demonstrate that unsuspecting veterans have also been used as human guinea pigs in drug-testing programs or as subjects of unneeded surgery. As Klein points out, veterans with physical disabilities and infirmities who do not fall neatly into the category of "curable" and who lack strong family support or outside clout from a veterans' organization are the ones most likely to be selected for these nefarious programs. The "informed consent" of these veterans, which ostensibly is a precondition for surgery, drug experiments, etc., is often secured by deceit and coercion. The shame of these practices is that they exist at all; however, because the VA's medical system functions largely beyond public scrutiny, they continue unchecked.

> An important new book destroys the VA's claim of "health care second to none" for veterans. Its shocking indictment is a grim reminder that dependency on the system is dangerous.

We believe that the crisis conditions in the VA's medical system described by Klein call for drastic action. The system cannot be allowed to operate as it has, nor can it be allowed to fail. The nature and complexities of the system's problems seem to suggest some solutions. The Reagan administration should determine, without delay, what it would actually cost to provide the "second-to-none" health-care system promised to veterans. Similarly, Reagan's VA administrator should root out the people who flout the public trust by their abuse of veteran patients. At the same time, joint hearings by the House and Senate Veterans Affairs committees are called for. Such hearings could, quite properly, take Klein's book as their point of departure. Congress needs to know just how bad things actually are in the VA medical system before it can decide what must be done. To delay, or for the Congress to deny the existence and extent of the problems and situations described by Klein, is to invite disaster. For America to renege on its promise to veterans is a clear signal that we are no longer willing to pay the price to remain a free people.—*William R. Corson*



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ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

Dorothy Tanous

BY BEN STEIN

The author, a columnist for the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner*, was formerly an editorial-page writer at the *Wall Street Journal*. He has written several books, among them *Moneypower* (Harper & Row), which he coauthored with his father, Herbert Stein, the former chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers.

STOP THE PRESSES!

In the years between 1929 and 1933, the worst industrial depression in history struck the United States of America. In a frenzied, horrifying period of about 40 months, the most prosperous country in history was reduced to destitution. Unemployment was a minimum of 25 percent of the work force for almost three years. For those who kept their jobs, real wages fell by almost one-third. Almost 10,000 banks went out of business. The price level fell by about 40 percent. Entire regions of the United States became depopulated and barren.

Throughout the world the depression spread. It reached every corner of the civilized earth. For the greater part of ten years, the learned and the unwashed gathered at universities and around pot-bellied stoves to discuss what had caused this horrible depression. In august boardrooms of Federal Reserve Banks, in union storefronts, in dingy apartments, in drafty farmhouses, people pondered what might have caused such a catastrophe to be visited upon humanity.

Some people said that it was a judgment against mankind for the sinful ways of the 1920s. Others said that it was a consequence of certain sunspots, which came in regular cycles. Still others said that the problem was inherent in capitalism. All of the investment opportunities had been used up, said learned men. The exhaustion of an exploitative system, said others. The fault of a corrupt and inept Herbert Hoover, said others. The manipulations of Jewish finance, said others.

In fact, the explanation was not complicated at all. By the 1950s scientists had discovered that the reason why America and the industrial world had gone bankrupt in the 1930s was basically the same reason why any ordinary family might go bankrupt. There just was not enough money in the system. The Federal Reserve Board had been destroying money—quite literally—all through the 1920s and stepped up the pace to a feverish level in 1929 and 1930. By 1931 there was only about half as much money floating around as people needed for paying their bills and keeping the country running.

It was just as if a human body had been drained of blood or deprived of food. The organism simply collapsed from lack of nourishment. Too little money equals depression.

At the same time that this lesson was learned in the worlds of economics and finance, another lesson was being taken in. If depression is caused by too little money, what happens when you have too *much* money in society? Well, what happens when a human being eats too many Twinkies? What happens when a horse eats too many oats?

In animals we call it getting fat. In business cycles we call it inflation. Just as surely as not having enough money makes societies go into depression and have lower prices, having too much money makes societies go into fatness and have higher prices. This simple lesson has been learned by almost everyone except those who run our government.

In the world of economics, there are many fictions and one large truth: Inflation is *always, everywhere* governed by the amount of money circulating around the society. Always. Everywhere. The amount of money governs the amount of inflation just as surely as the amount of air in a balloon governs how fat the balloon is.

It's a fairly simple and straightforward proposition. Suppose

"The federal government is the only agency in the society that can create money out of thin air. The Federal Reserve Board can buy bonds from the U.S. Treasury. It pays for the bonds by writing a check on itself. There is nothing behind that check but a smile and a wink."

there are just two people on an island. One person has two dollars. The other person has two bananas. The price of each banana will be pretty close to one dollar per banana. Suddenly, a U.S. government airplane flies over. It drops $1 million to the man with two dollars. But there are still only two bananas. All of a sudden, you have $500,000 bananas.

And that's called inflation.

This is exactly what has been happening in America for the last 13 years. It is exactly what has happened to every country in the world that has had high inflation. The quantity of money in a society rises. Output stays pretty much the same. So all of that new money is absorbed into higher prices.

In Rome, under Diocletian, the empire needed money for its wars. The government stopped using silver coins. Instead, it issued ten times as many lead coins with silver wash. Everyone treated the new fake coins as if they were the old silver coins. But since there were so many more of them, Rome was treated to one of the great inflations of all time.

In Germany, after World War I, the German government had a staggering foreign-reparations debt to pay off. The Weimar government simply printed money to pay off the debt. It printed so much more money than anyone had ever seen before that all of a sudden there was a billion-percent inflation.

In America, since the beginning of the Great Depression, the stock of money in the society has exploded. The population of the United States in 1933 was about 120 million. The total stock of money—currency plus checking and savings accounts in banks—was just over $33 billion. In 1980 the population had approximately doubled to about 240 million. But the stock of money had risen to over $820 billion. In other words, there was about $275 per person. By 1980 there was about $3,333 per person.

More important, the actual physical output of goods and services has risen by about six times from 1933 to the present decadent moment. But the stock of money chasing those goods has risen by almost 25 times. That means that there is about five times as much money per unit of output.

By what is in no way a coincidence, the price level has risen by just about five times since 1933.

The galloping growth of money really took off after 1967. The money supply had grown by about four percent a year in the 34 years before 1967. After 1967 it grew by more than twice as fast, more than eight percent per year.

If you wonder why the inflation has gone through the roof since Jimmy Carter got out of his limousine and walked down Pennsylvania Avenue, consider this. Since Carter took over, the money supply has grown by over $220 billion, or more than one-fourth of the total since 1933.

Make no mistake about it: it is all this money in the economy that causes the inflation. The unions do not do it. Germany has powerful unions and almost no inflation. Brazil has weak, government-run unions and 100 percent-a-year inflation. The unions could not get money out of the system unless it was there. It is not the fault of OPEC, bastards though they may be. We import about one-fourth of our oil from OPEC, and we have 13 percent inflation. Switzerland imports all its oil from OPEC. It has 3 percent inflation.

It is not the fault of the multinational corporations. They could not raise prices if there were no money in the economy to pay those prices. We had giant multinational corporations in the 1930s, and prices fell. Today there are giant multinational corporations in Japan, and there is much lower inflation than ours.

Before everything, above everything, dominating everything that causes inflation is the explosive growth in the supply of money.

Lowly consumers do not cause inflation. Consumers were just as greedy and materialistic in the 1950s (some say more so), and prices were stable throughout that decade. Consumers cannot buy things and bid up prices unless they have the money to pay for them. The price of the bananas on that island could not have been five dollars each when the inhabitants had only two dollars between them. In America the prices cannot go up unless the federal government floods the country with money.

It is doing just that, which brings us back to that printing press. The federal government is the only agency in the society that can create money out of thin air. The Federal Reserve Board can buy bonds from the United States Treasury. It pays for the bonds by writing a check drawn on itself. There is nothing behind that check but a smile and a wink. Those checks, drawn on thin air, are the money of America. The government does not even have to stamp out plastic Susan B. Anthony dollars to increase the supply of money. Our money is just a Federal Reserve bookkeeping entry in a computer in Washington. All it takes is a decision by the Federal Reserve's Open Market Committee, and money pours forth, as if by magic.

That money, coming out of thin air, is what propels the inflation. If we could stop the government junkies from promising too many programs and then paying for them with printed money, we could stop the inflation. Every society that has seriously, continuously cut down its supply of money has seen inflation wither away. In the last few years, Germany, Japan, and Switzerland all cut down seriously on explosive growth in money. Germany, Japan, and Switzerland now have low inflation or none at all.

We have got to force our leaders to stop the presses. Until we do, we will have no relief from the inflation that has now drastically outpaced earnings for every sector of the society. We must tell Ronald Reagan that we know that income taxes are not the problem. The problem is a government that turns out hundreds of billions of dollars of printed money every few years. The Kemp-Roth tax-cut proposal or any other public-relations gimmicks may look good to the advertising men who run governments, but they do not fight inflation at all. We need a plan that will put the government—which causes inflation—under the control of people who will never again flood the country with money.

Taking the money cure will hurt for a while. We will have less credit around, and there will surely be some people who will lose businesses and jobs. But if we do not stop the presses, we are heading for the era of wheelbarrows filled with dollar notes. If we do stop the printing presses, at least we will have the satisfaction of doing something right, of learning from the past, for once in history.

A grandmother leads a small band of Ukrainian Jews out of their ghetto in darkness through a hostile countryside.

HEAVY SAND

FICTION BY ANATOLI RYBAKOV

Mother saw Father's corpse hanging. For three days he hung there—that was the Nazi norm, the Nazi standard. In that respect, he shared the lot of others who had been publicly hanged. Those three days were the last three days of the ghetto.

The Germans were great masters of camouflage. Above the gates at Auschwitz was a sign that read: *Arbeit macht frei*—"Labour makes you free." There was only one kind of labour, and that was to labour for breath in the gas chambers, and the only kind of freedom was to be freed from that terrible life. But it wasn't September 1941 any more—by September 1942 people knew the true meaning of those words.

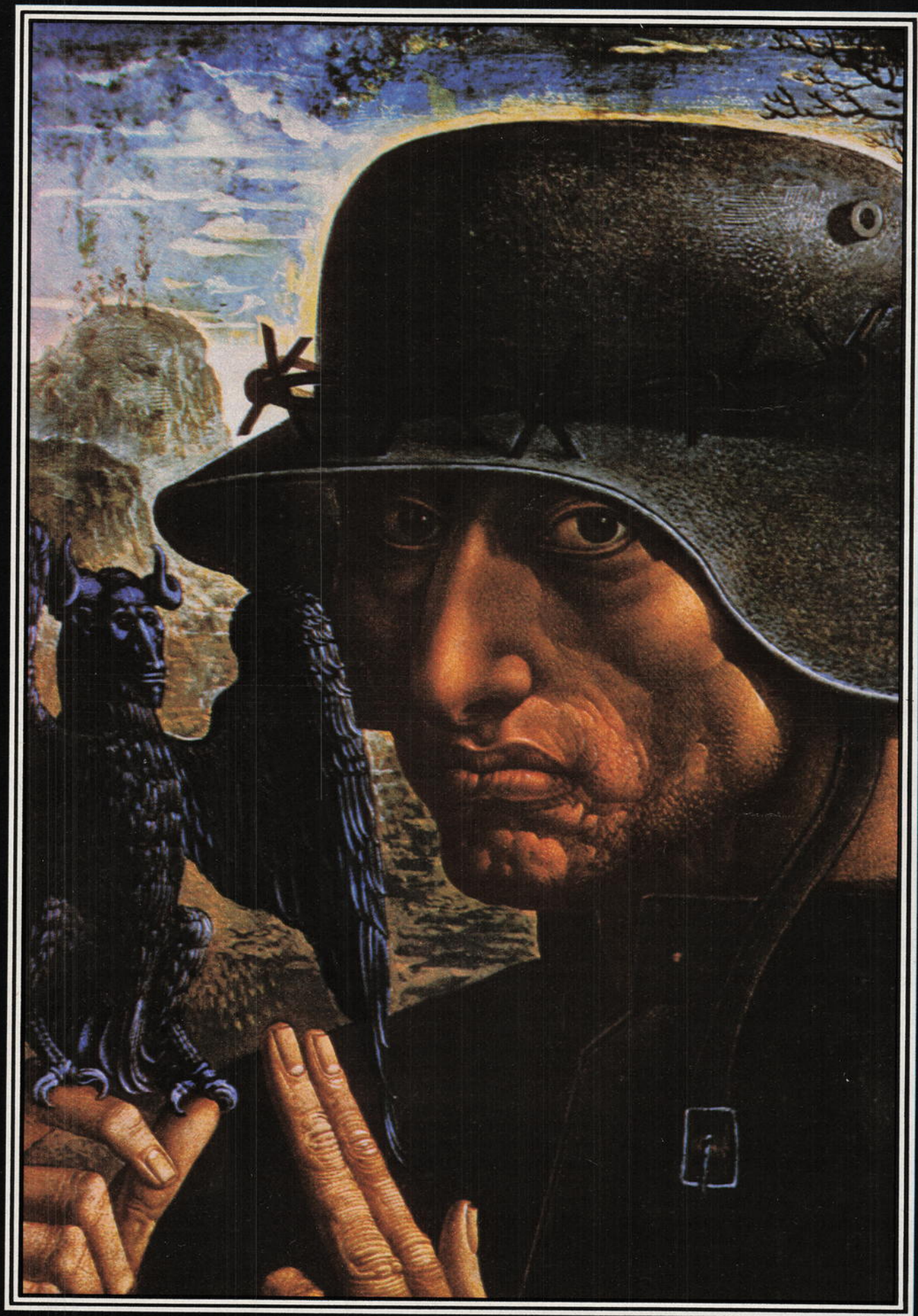
And then in a small town everything is so close. Right next to the ghetto was an "Aryan" street, right next door to decent people were the police, and whatever the policeman's wife knew, a decent man's wife would often know, too. In many houses lived officers of the *Wirtschaftskommando*, units for organizing the economic exploitation of the district, and ordinary soldiers, and either of them might accidentally, or not so accidentally, let things slip out which made it easy to guess what was happening. Then the *Judenrat* was in contact with the city council where, believe it or not, decent people also dropped in. And more and more, they were taking work cards away from those working in the factories, which meant, if they could still work, that they would be working next day in the forest, and if they couldn't, then they would just have to wait till they were sent to the ditch in the clearing. In the way that birds sense the approach of a storm, or animals the first tremors of an earthquake, these people knew their hour was approaching, they knew the last and final action was being prepared.

On the thirteenth of September, twenty women were sent to tidy up the old sports center. They washed and scrubbed it out, cleaned up the lavatories, carried in beds, sheets, tables, chairs, and cupboards that were taken out of store, and put out wash basins. They were getting billets ready, but who for? Those in the know said they were for *Sonderkommando A*, from Chernigov. This "Special Unit" spelled the destruction of the ghetto.

Mother sent word of this to Uncle Grisha straight away. But how?

After the raid on the station, the Germans again tightened up their regime,

PAINTING BY ERNST FUCHS



they intensified security, there were patrols, cordons, streets were closed off, they stopped everyone. Grisha was wary of coming to the ghetto himself, or of sending any of his men in, so for a short time there was no contact. But he had to be told about the forthcoming action, at all costs. The question was, Who to send? And not even into the forest, which was impossible in those circumstances, but at least to the next village, where Mother apparently knew one of Sidorov's men. But even to get to the next village was impossible, all roads and paths were blocked. The only person who might get through was little Igor. Until then, all his runs had been successful, but as I said, conditions had changed, they were picking up everyone who wasn't where he was supposed to be, including children.

Of all the decisions Mother had made, this was the most terrible, as she knew the danger Igor would be in. But there was nothing else she could do. She sent him at night. He got to the village and passed on his grandmother's message to the proper person.

He had almost reached the town on the way back, when he was stopped by a patrol.

"You seem to know the way to the partisans," the police said.

"I don't know any partisans," Igor replied.

"Where have you been?"

"To a village."

"What for?"

"I asked them for something to eat."

"Did they give you anything?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"A woman."

"Come on, you can show us this village and this woman."

"I won't go. She gave me some bread, and you're going to kill her for it."

"We're not going to kill her. Just show us who she is, then we'll believe you haven't been to the partisans."

"No, I won't, I know you'll kill her."

They hit him with their sticks and whips, but he stood firm: she'd given him bread, and they were going to kill her, so he wouldn't show them, and that was that.

A little boy of eight; yet he made up his story and just kept repeating, "She gave me bread, and you're going to kill her."

So, once again, it was the public square, once again the emaciated creatures resembling human beings, and once again my mother, now only with Olya. In the middle of the square Igor was kneeling down, with his hands tied behind his back. Behind him stood an SS man holding a poleax. Where they had got hold of it, I can't imagine. It was an ancient one, with a crescent-shaped head. I only know the SS used it to amuse themselves in the yard outside the commandant's office. They would make a child kneel down, with its hands tied behind its back, then they would order it to bend its head, and they would then strike with the poleax. They bet each other to see who could split a child exactly in half with one blow. That's how they amused themselves in the commandant's yard; now the entertainment was for everyone.

Stalbe said to Mother, "Your grandson has been to the partisans. If he shows us the way, he'll live. If he won't, he'll die."

"He doesn't know the way to the partisans," Mother replied.

Igor cried out, "Granny, I'm frightened!"

"Don't be afraid," she said. "They won't do anything to you. Pat down your head and shut your eyes."

Igor bent his head and screwed up his eyes. The executioner, a real master, raised the poleax and split Igor exactly in half. The blood spurted out, but a leather apron protected the executioner from getting stained.

Former schoolteacher Stalbe then announced, "That's how we shall deal with any child who is found anywhere outside the ghetto. Remember that!"

Igor bent his head
and screwed up his eyes.
The executioner,
a real master, raised
the poleax and
split Igor exactly in half.

Then he said to Mother, "Pick up your grandson; nobody else will do it for you."

Mother took off some of her rags, wrapped Igor's bloody remains in them, and took them home. The same day the burial team collected him and buried him at the cemetery.

Uncle Grisha was now faced with the question of what to do. To say that this was a serious question, and a serious problem, is to say nothing. The question was insoluble; so was the problem.

An uprising? In the entire ghetto, there were no more than a couple of dozen people who knew how to handle a gun, a handful of youths against regular troops. Where would they defend themselves? On two streets? In wooden houses? It only needed one house to be set on fire for the whole ghetto to go up, with all its inhabitants.

Make a break for the forest? A caravan of three thousand people, a crowd of fugitives, to break through cordons and barriers and cross open ground? Even supposing the fantastic possibility that they managed to get out of the ghetto and broke through into the forest, what then? How would you feed them, keep them together, defend them? Autumn was coming; soon it would be winter.

The alternative was to resign yourself to your fate, to lie down in the ditch next to your son or daughter, and expose the back of your neck to a German bullet, without putting up any righteous resistance, however hopeless, without raising your hand against your murderers. This was the least acceptable of all the options. They all offered death, only resistance offered death with honour.

So it was to be an uprising and escape to the forest. It was an unreal aim, but with no aim, there could be no activity. The rising would take place next morning, before the arrival of the *Sonderkommando*. As a diversion, Sidorov would launch an attack on the railway bridge, the same one, incidentally, I used to dive off to impress Sonya Vishnevsky. Le Court would send help to the bridge, and in order to reinforce the station, he would withdraw forces from the town.

It was a fantastic, desperate plan, but nothing else could be done. It was planned death, but death with dignity, it was the cost which the inhabitants of the ghetto would demand and for which the Nazis would pay with their lives.

That evening Grisha and sixteen of his men mingled with the work columns. The sentries weren't checking them any more, they weren't counting or searching them, they were getting themselves ready for another, more important, action, and they were building up their hatred and hardness in preparation for that. They watched the people coming into the ghetto with the coldness of murderers; for them these people were already dead.

At midnight, in the cellar at Grandfather's yard, Grisha gathered the twenty people with most authority, people others would follow.

But Grisha had grossly miscalculated. He had reasoned like a soldier, a fighter, and he hadn't reckoned that these people weren't soldiers and fighters. A year of unprecedented slavery and humiliation had killed their will to resist and instilled in them an animal fear of the Germans. So some of them were scared.

Well, yes, they were ready to resist if they were taken out to be shot. But so far nobody was taking them out, maybe the barracks hadn't been gotten ready for a *Sonderkommando*, maybe there wasn't going to be any action. If they were to revolt, every single one of them would be slaughtered. People can resist when they're being murdered, but when nobody was trying to kill them, why should they throw themselves, unarmed, on to armed guards and armed troops, and run off into the forest where they would die anyway?

This was the feeling, mind you, of some of the people with most authority, and it reflected the mood of the ghetto, or at any rate a significant part of it. Grisha's plan was collapsing before his eyes.

Grisha was a bold man and he'd

brought bold men with him. They were willing to take the desperate step of leading three thousand unarmed people into an attack on an enemy who was armed to the teeth. Whatever happened, it would at least be an attempt, it would be an act, it would be a fight. They had come for a fight, and if they had to die, they would die fighting, like soldiers. To die without a fight, to go to their deaths out of solidarity, that they couldn't do, they hadn't the right, their lives weren't their own, they belonged to the struggle.

Grisha put the question this way: either they revolt right away, at four o'clock that morning, while the columns were forming up for work, or he and his men would leave right then and there. "So, now, you decide, I can't force you."

My mother, who had been listening in silence to the discussion, the way Grandfather used to do, said, "You're not men, you're mice! The Germans are right, you should be exterminated! You want to crawl away and hide in a corner, but there aren't any corners, they'll find you wherever you are! You say there won't be an action? Then where are the eight hundred people from Cross Street? Don't you know the way to the ditch? They'll show you tomorrow, you'll walk along it for the last time. You say the people won't rise? In my house there are forty-six people who'll rise up as one man, the weak will follow the strong, the unarmed will follow the armed. We're going to fight, we're bound to die, but we'll die in our own house, not in the ditch."

She said this to those who were against an uprising. To Grisha and his men, she said, "If you want to leave, leave. If you want to leave your wives and children to die here, leave them. We'll fight on our own, we've got what we need, our children have got guns, and we've got axes, hammers, crowbars, spades, stakes, fingernails, teeth—we'll tear their throats out!"

She turned to Venya Rakhlenko, Grisha's son.

"Venya, are you going with your father, or are you going to stay and defend us?"

And Venya replied, "I'm going to stay here and fight."

Grisha and his men realized they couldn't leave, as there was going to be an uprising, anyway. Those who were hesitant realized it, too.

During the night Mother went round the other houses and told everyone that next morning they were all going to be taken away and shot, so they must be prepared to resist and to make a run for the forest. She was full of calm, powerful determination, which must have been transmitted to many of the others, especially as she spoke and acted quite openly, going from house to house openly, while the guard paid no attention to her.

At four o'clock in the morning, with the police still drowsy, the people started coming out onto the street and forming up in columns, many of them, as arranged,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 156

Two great naturals together for the first time. Leroux Coffee Amaretto.

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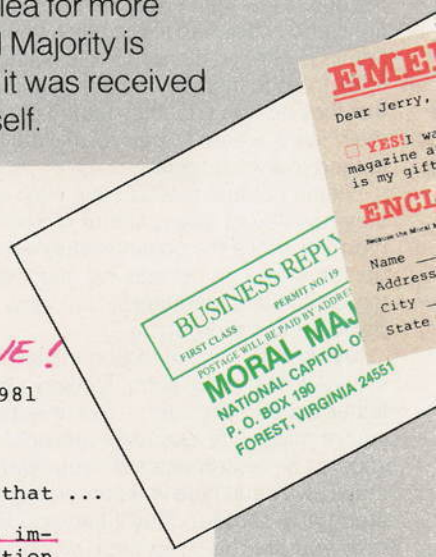
JERRY FALWELL: A PUB

As concerned Americans, we at *Penthouse* are publishing this recent letter from the Reverend Jerry Falwell to his flock. This tearful plea for more and more cash from the founder/leader of the so-called Moral Majority is reproduced verbatim (including the annotations in red) exactly as it was received by this office. We believe that its content speaks for itself.



JERRY FALWELL

I DID NOT GIVE AN INTERVIEW TO PENTHOUSE MAGAZINE!

February 9, 1981

Dear Friend of the Moral Majority:

I am writing you this emergency letter to assure you that ...

... contrary to rumor and what Penthouse magazine has implied, I did not grant an interview to that filthy publication.

My enemies are trying to destroy the Moral Majority by making friends like you think that I would stoop so low as to give an interview to Penthouse.

Believe me--I do not give interviews to smut magazines or swim in cesspools!

Yet Penthouse magazine boasts on the front cover of its March issue of an "Exclusive Interview with Reverend Jerry Falwell"!

How did Penthouse gain possession of the interview? Without my knowledge or consent--that's how!

Two writers were involved in obtaining the interview. One writer said he was writing a book for Doubleday and needed the interview for that purpose.

The second writer said he was writing for a London newspaper. Both were informed that the interviews could not be sold to a smut publication.

Penthouse apparently bought the interviews from the two writers and merged them into one interview. Penthouse used headlines on the magazine cover and a question and answer format to give the impression that I had given the interview to Penthouse.

Believe me--this couldn't be further from the truth!

And this is the last straw! In order to save Moral Majority from future attacks like this and to hopefully recover major damage done to our cause, we have initiated legal action against Penthouse magazine.

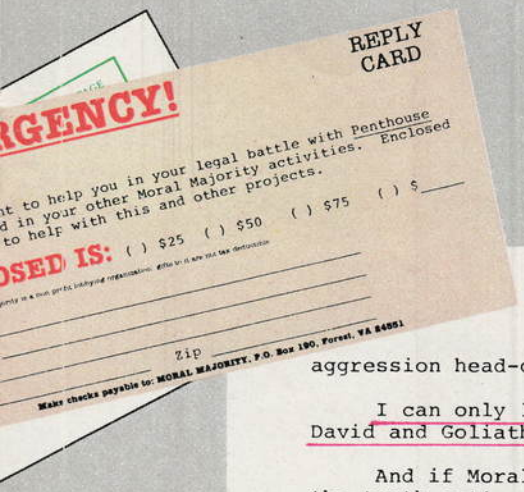
Playboy magazine has already invested thousands of dollars in a full-page newspaper ad and now Penthouse has published this deceptively obtained interview with intentions, in my opinion, to damage my reputation and to exploit me for financial gain.

Obviously, I do not have the financial resources* to protect myself from such a magazine--which is a part of a pornographic industry which grossed over $4 billion in 1979.

The tiny nation of Israel survives by meeting every act of

*Falwell took in $56 million *tax free* in 1980

LIC SERVICE MESSAGE


REPLY CARD

RGENCY!

t to help you in your legal battle with Penthouse
d in your other Moral Majority activities. Enclosed
to help with this and other projects.

OSED IS: ( ) $25 ( ) $50 ( ) $75 ( ) $____

Zip

Make checks payable to: MORAL MAJORITY, P.O. Box 190, Forest, VA 24551

aggression head-on, and that's exactly what I am doing.

I can only look to my God and my friends to help me in this David and Goliath struggle.

And if Moral Majority is to survive, my friends--I must get the truth out!

But this costs money--money we don't have.

I am willing to stand up and fight until my dying breath, but I need to know you are standing with me.

Other enemies of Moral Majority are counterattacking every day.* You seldom pick up a newspaper without reading of some vicious assault on our efforts to return America to moral sanity.

And now, this terrible thing Penthouse magazine has done is probably the lowest blow we have been dealt.

Well, we can't let Penthouse get away with this.

And that's why I am writing you today! I desperately need your help to recover from the damage they have done--and to help me fight against other forces which are trying to destroy the Moral Majority.

We have taken the first step--by taking legal action against Penthouse magazine.

But believe me, this could be a long, drawn-out battle and it will cost us a lot of money.

Penthouse magazine, in my opinion, has the money to wage an endless legal war against us. We do not have the money.** We are a tiny organization compared to Penthouse magazine.

I need your help desperately. Your gift of $25, $50, or even $75 or more could make the crucial difference whether or not we can win this legal battle.

This is a real emergency, my friend! We can't let Penthouse get away with this unethical act that could damage the Moral Majority beyond repair.

((I did not--I repeat--I did not grant Penthouse an interview!))

So please--send your special gift today to help me right this wrong and to continue the total effort of the Moral Majority to affect this nation for good.

Working to Save America,

Jerry Falwell

Jerry Falwell

P.S. Because we may need some of your gift for legislative activity, we cannot issue you a tax-deductible receipt. I am asking you to give because you love America and believe in moral decency.

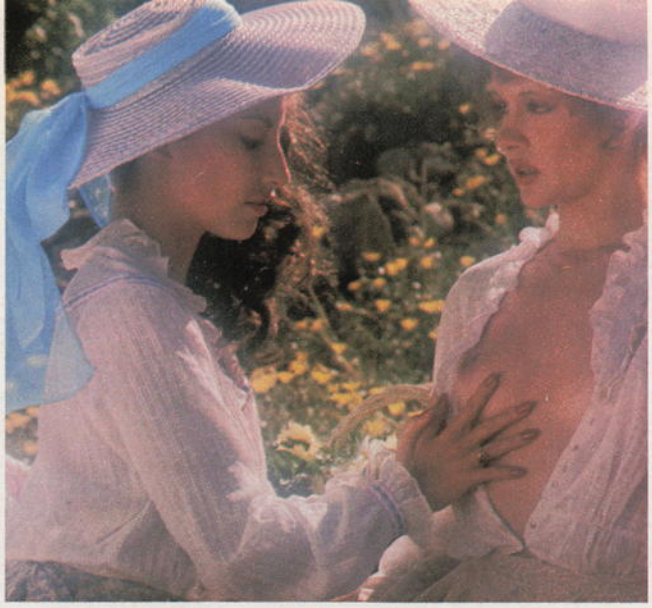
*Both Billy Graham and the Southern Baptist Convention have openly voiced their opposition to the Reverend Falwell; ex-President Carter's religious adviser and *Newsweek* magazine both called him a liar, and President Reagan continues to increase the distance between himself, Falwell, and the Moral Majority.

**Thank God, I'm rich enough to fight *Penthouse* to the court of last resort.–Jerry Falwell to *Penthouse* attorney Roy Grutman, February 2, 1981

LADIES WHO LUNCH

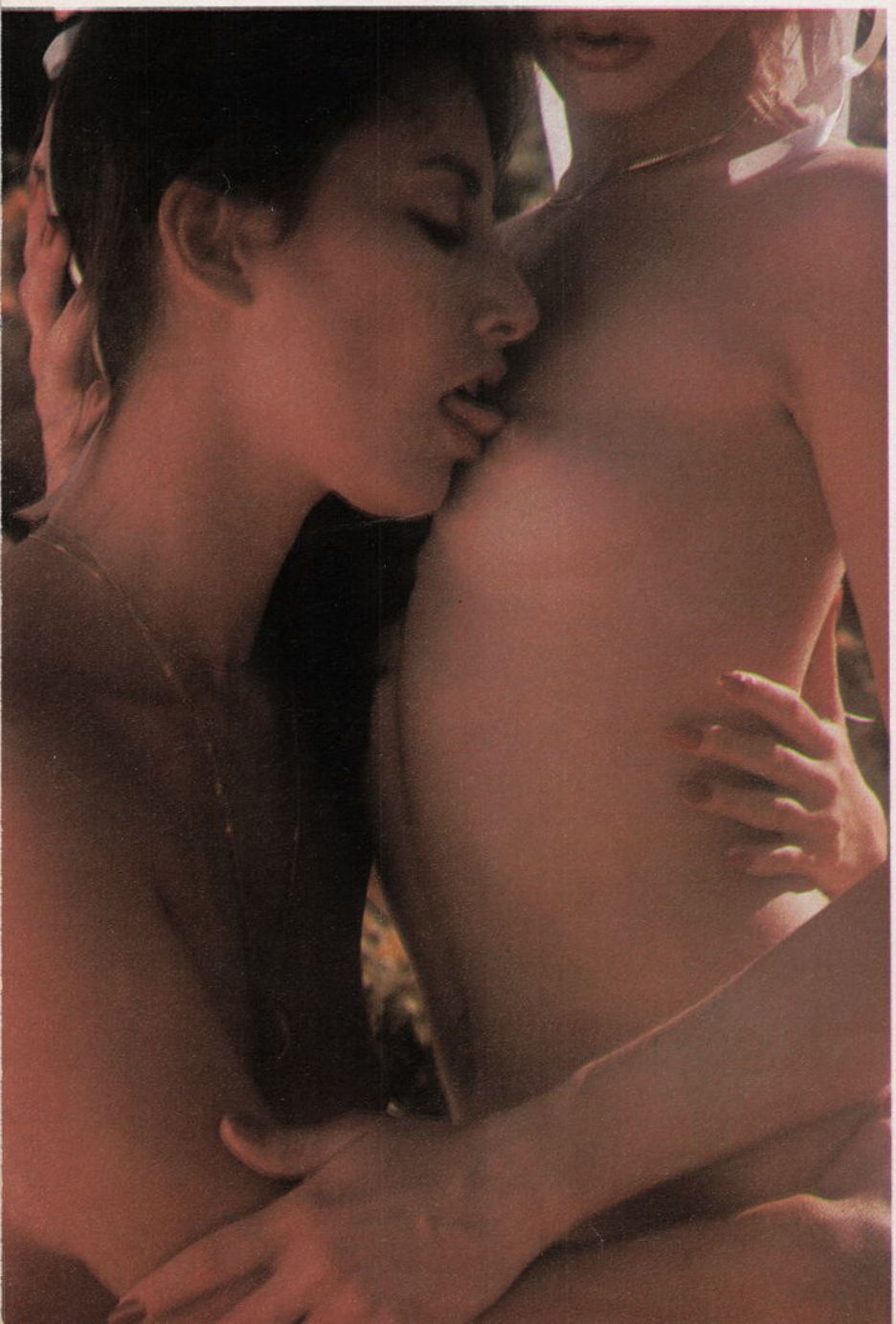
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDWARD HOLZMAN

The night before, as the men sat absorbed in cigars, conversation, and brandy, they decided to steal away together. "Let's go picnic tomorrow morning all alone," said the bolder one to the shyer, "but let's keep this...under our hats." In nineteenth-century England ladies who lunch was not yet a common practice. But like so many other stiff upper lips, they longed to be softened by love...

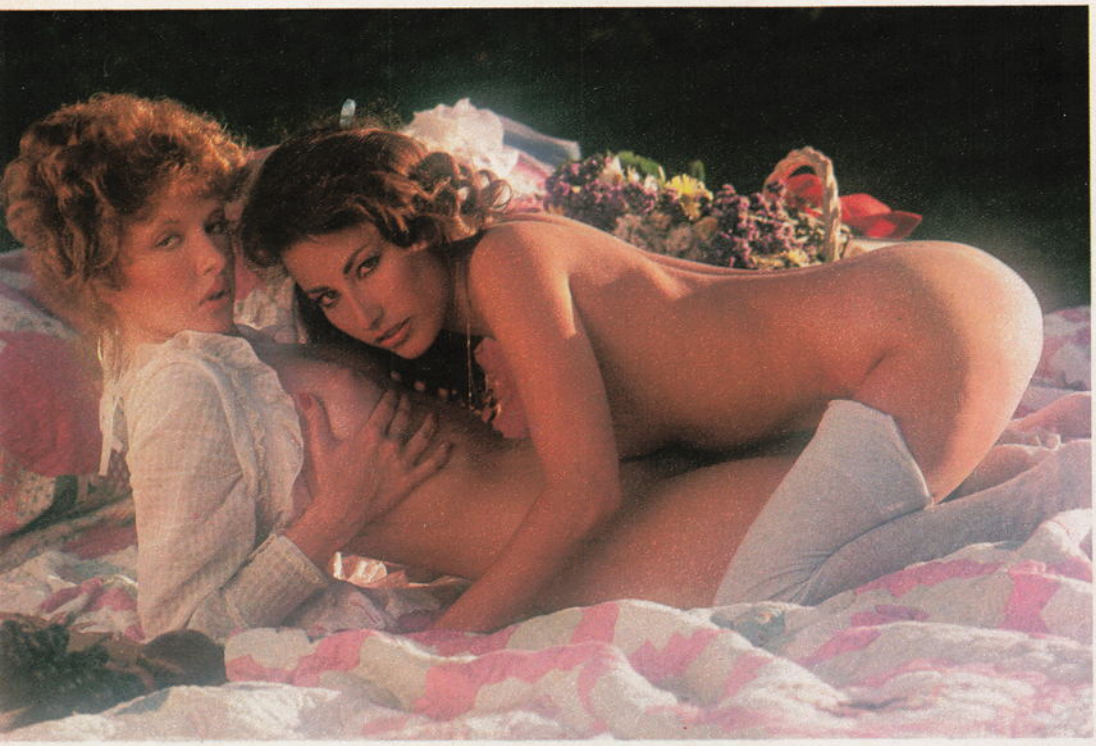


Chastely frocked as always –
their snow-white
bodices concealing their
pounding hearts –
they meet in a grassy clearing
framed in flowers.

An Eden dusted gold by the
morning sun. Word-
lessly, eagerly, their trembling
fingers undo the
tiny buttons, pull the ruffles
and petticoats aside...

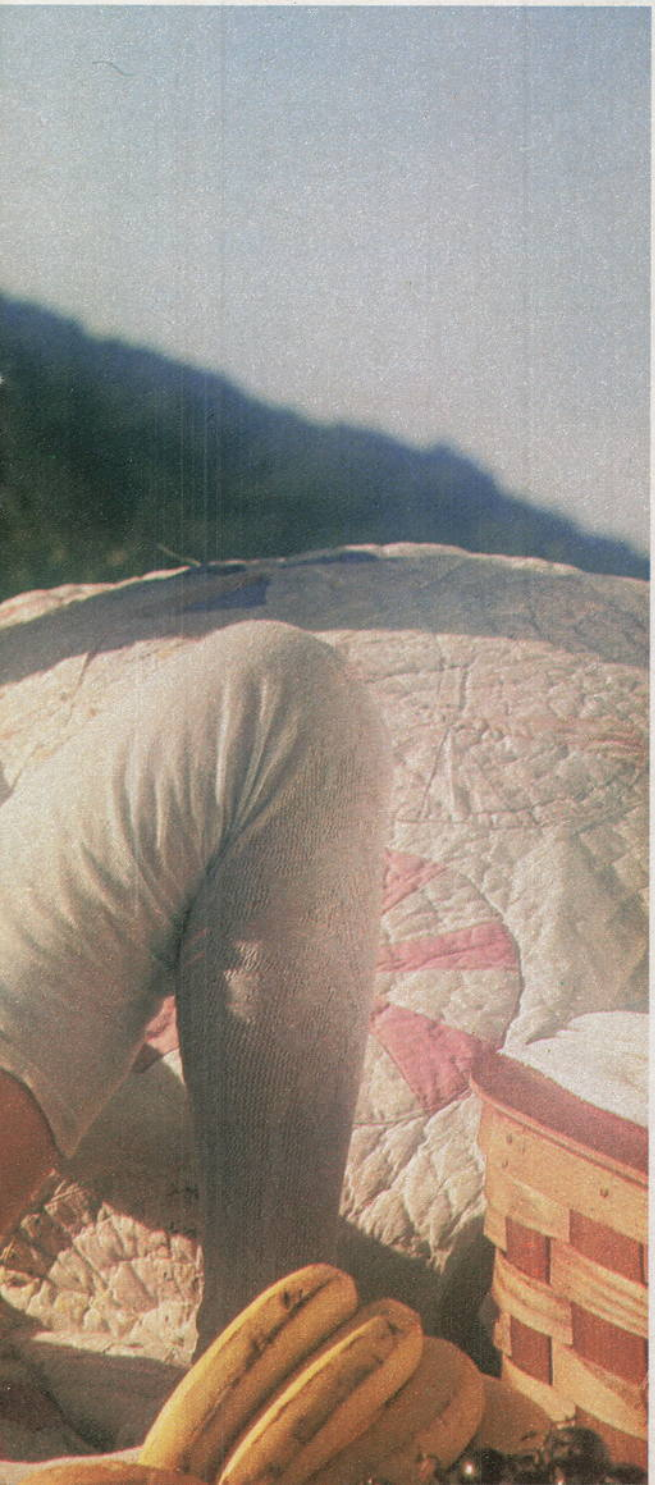


As they are terrified of being discovered, their
murmurs of ardor are muted,
their sighs subdued. In a wild, clandestine
delirium, they nurse at each
other's breast tips like hungry children, stroke the
unfamiliar flesh so much like
their own. As they float in a sensuous daydream
of strange and forbidden
pleasures, the grass beneath them seems softer
than their canopied beds...



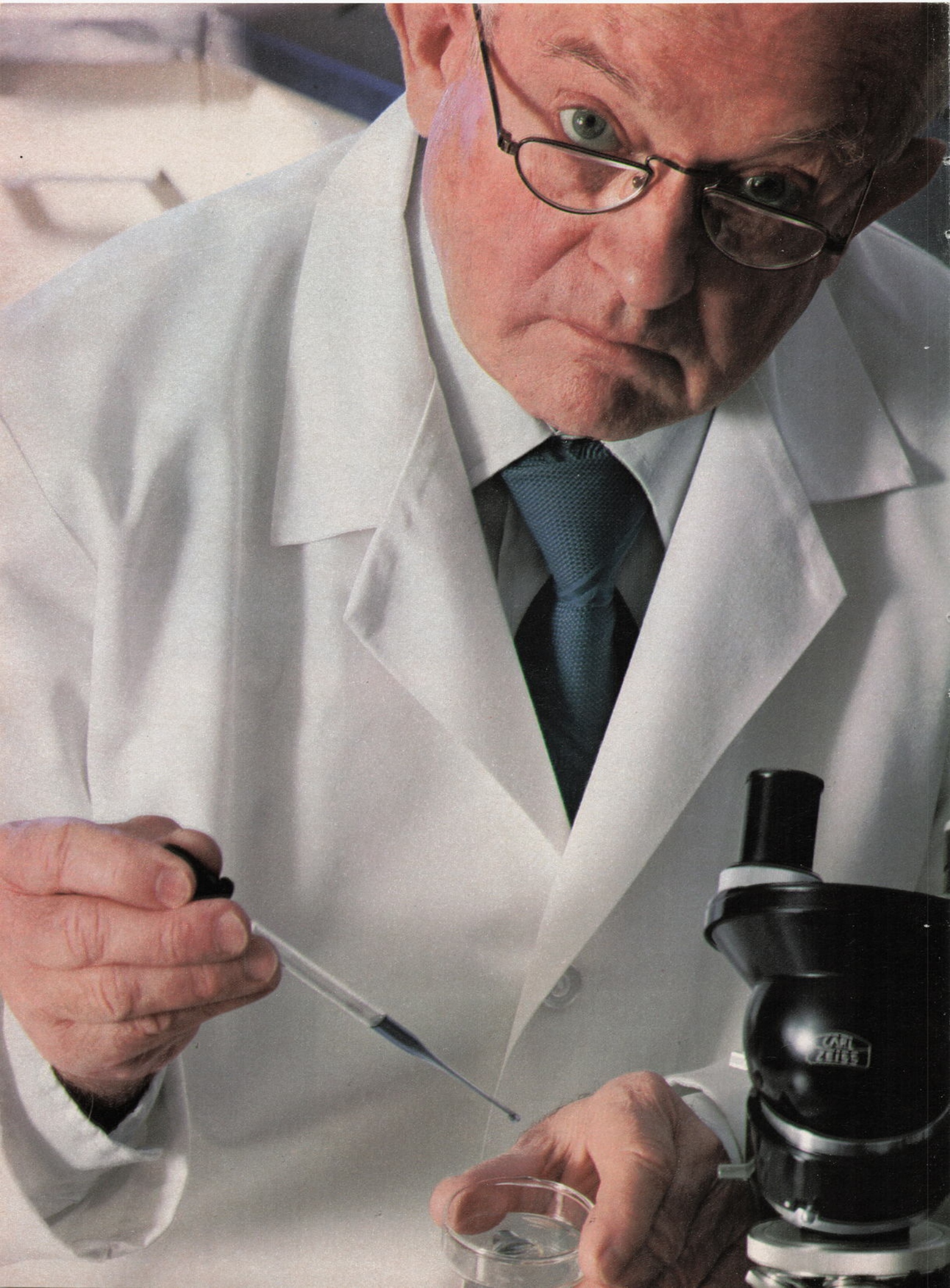
Many times, alone in their private chambers, they've gazed
at their unclad forms in smoky mirrors, blushing
at the curious joy their lovely reflections bring them. Now,
though, as they openly bask in the altogether,
unashamed and unblushing, they see with innocent delight
what men see in *them*. The scent of perfumed
hair, damp with desire's perspiration, mingles with the musky
aroma of their growing need–a heady
elixir, urging them on to newer, forbidden frontiers...

Like the arc-smooth journey the sun makes across the sky, they glide through each moment, shifting in the lilting rhythms of a waltz, bowing to each other's desires with the sweet, symmetrical ritual of a minuet. The slim, dainty fingers so adept at pouring tea, at smoothing a young child's hair or a husband's tie, have found a new vocation...



Infused with this renaissance of passion,
they read each other
love poems in gentle whispers, caressing
milk-white globes and
downy clefts with the cautious tenderness of
newborn knowledge.

Finally, they dare to explore
the deepest and
most mysterious passage: they
grant to themselves
the darkest route, denied them
by all their Victorian
mores. Unashamed, they lust
for the pleasures
they've so often given to others
in darkness. Then,
at last, with ecstatic, shud-
dering cries, they
break the crystal silence and
blind the light.



PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

DR. LANDRUM SHETTLES

> Nature isn't always benign or evenhanded. . . . So what's wrong with making babies in some new ways if nature is being stingy or inequitable?

Landrum Brewer Shettles—"a name," Norman Mailer once wrote, "to provoke as much happiness in a novelist as Bella Abzug"—is, improbable though it seems at first meeting, as prime a candidate for one of the "predestinators" of Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* as you're ever likely to find. A pioneering reproductive researcher, obstetrician, and gynecologist, Dr. Shettles provoked fear and unhappiness in the Vatican when, in a series of epoch-making experiments in the 1950s, he repeatedly performed the "miracle" of human conception, not in the private, murky-soft recesses of the fallopian tube but in the bright, brittle confines of a laboratory test tube. Medical students and other researchers rejoiced, for at last, thanks to Dr. Shettles's now historic micrographs, it was possible to study directly the earliest moments and days of human life. Those micrographs have appeared in more than 50 textbooks on embryology, biology, and genetics and are displayed in, among other coveted places, the Museum of Science in Moscow.

The pope took the occasion of Dr. Shettles's participation in a genetics conference in Italy to condemn those who would take "the Lord's work" into their own hands. Some years later, even a liberal like Mailer, reviewing some of Shettles's more recent work, would gasp that biotechnology had "bored through the outer cores of pornography" and had arrived at the very "rim of conception." People like Shettles, he shuddered, were "looking to operate on the Lord."

But Shettles was hailed as a genius by the late Dr. Alan F. Guttmacher, a giant in the field of reproductive biology and president of Planned Parenthood-World Population. Harvard's Dr. John Rock, one of the three principal developers of the birth-control pill, has said of Shettles, "As far as I am aware, he is the only man in the world who could show you what he has shown you and tell you what he has told you of the very first stages of human conception." It was Rock who suggested, some years ago, that Shettles would be the first to deliver a human "test-tube baby."

Many believe, in fact, that Shettles would likely have done this in 1973 had the test-tube embryo he intended to implant in the uterus of a Florida woman not been abruptly confiscated by his superior at Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center in New York, an incident that engendered an explosive controversy, resulted in Dr. Shettles's resignation from Columbia after 27 years there, and ended in the sensational 1978 "test-tube baby trial" that made international headlines.

Shettles is also known for his discovery and differentiation of male-producing "androsperm" and female-producing "gynosperm." His prenatal sex-selection theories based on those discoveries have been the subject of continuing controversy and gradually accumulating confirmation over the years. He still aims to produce a fail-safe method that will guarantee prospective parents children of the sex they choose. Meanwhile they will have to settle for the 75 to 85 percent chance of success he says his present methodology affords.

Recently Shettles, now 70 and head of the department of obstetrics and gynecology at Gifford Memorial Hospital in Randolph, Vt., made headlines and stunned the scientific world once again with a report, published in a major medical journal, detailing his success in producing three apparently normal human embryos through the cloning process. In this interview Dr. Shettles enlarges upon his plans for future cloning efforts and announces his intention to attempt the world's first human embryo transplant, a considerably more dramatic procedure than the embryo implants that resulted in the test-tube babies reportedly delivered by Pat-

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAT HILL

rick Steptoe and Robert Edwards in 1978. Shettles explains why he doubts the validity of their claims and why he believes the world's first test-tube babies were actually delivered by Dr. Douglas Bevis in England in 1974.

Shettles received his M.D. and Ph.D. degrees from Johns Hopkins University. He was an associate professor of clinical obstetrics and gynecology at Columbia's College of Physicians and Surgeons for 22 years. He is a past director of research for the New York Fertility Research Foundation, a fellow of the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists, a diplomate of the American Board of Obstetrics and Gynecology, and a fellow of the Royal Society of Medicine. He is the author of several books and hundreds of medical and scientific papers.

Dr. Shettles was born in Pontotoc, Miss., and still exhibits a southern accent and down-home style that make one feel almost comfortable in the unfolding future that Aldous Huxley innocently thought was still 500 years away. As one of Dr. Shettles's former scientific colleagues at Columbia has put it, "Behind that country-boy facade lurks one of the cunningest minds in reproductive biology."

The interview was conducted by science writer David Rorvik, who wrote the best-selling book *In His Own Image: The Cloning of a Man.* He reports: "The interview commenced in Las Vegas. By prearrangement, we met in the lobby of the Las Vegas Hilton, amidst an acre of pulsing neon, chattering gaming devices, and several thousand yards of double-knit polyester. As we made our way to the restaurant through a forest of short, plump slot machines, most of which were about the same size as Dr. Shettles, the researcher appeared dazed. An oasis of respectability in his rumpled New York suit, Dr. Shettles kept looking around him, exclaiming in his soft, musical voice, 'Look at this, will you? Isn't this somethin'! Kin yew imagine! Lord!' This from a man who doesn't blink twice at the thought of producing carbon-copy people or transplanting whole human lives."

Penthouse: What brings you to this unlikely spot?

Shettles: I was a speaker here today at a conference attended by 125 doctors from Tokyo. They're interested in my sex-selection work. They all flew in here just for this one day.

Penthouse: There are some people who regard you as the archetypal mad scientist, a brilliant eccentric intent upon tampering with nature's plan for human reproduction and fundamentally altering man's destiny in the process. Have you ever thought of yourself as one of the architects of the Brave New World?

Shettles: Lord, no. I haven't had time. People talk a lot about tampering with nature. Why *not* tamper? Nature isn't always benign or evenhanded. Nature gave some people brains, beauty, and babies and left others out in the cold. We try to instruct the brainless and beautify the ugly. So what's wrong with making babies in some new ways if nature is being stingy or inequitable?

Penthouse: Some people seem to confuse the kind of work you do with Creation—with a capital *C*. When you started the test-tube baby work, the Vatican damned you. Now, years later, the Vatican is again blasting the Shettleses of the world, joining with the "moral majority" to condemn almost all of the new genetic work. How do you feel about people who have religious qualms about your work?

Shettles: I just try to get on with what I think is best for my patients. If I'm doing the Lord's work, as the Vatican charged, it's only because He gave me hands to do it. If some women can't have babies because their tubes are blocked or missing, what's wrong with taking their eggs, fertilizing them in the test tube, and then implanting them back into their uteruses? If the bridge is out, what's wrong with using a helicopter?

Penthouse: There are "liberals" like Norman Mailer who fear a new biological "totalitarianism" arising out of our growing ability to fertilize eggs in test tubes, grow embryos in artificial wombs, transplant life, choose the sex of our offspring, and engineer new modes of conception through cloning, hybridization, and so on. May I read a couple of passages about you from Mailer's book *The Prisoner of Sex* and get your reaction?

Shettles: Sure. I'm a Mailer fan from way back. I like him even when he doesn't make sense.

Penthouse: Commenting on your techniques to help prospective parents choose the sex of their offspring through timing of intercourse, alteration of vaginal environment with special douches, and so on, Mailer wrote: "One could make a boy or a girl if one was ready to swab vinegar or baking soda up one's love, one could so choose if one believed a child begun in the juices of an unencumbered fuck was in no way superior to a baby made with an eye on the alkalinity factor." Comment?

Shettles: No question as to which is superior if you've had three boys and what you want is a girl—or vice versa. I've seen patients literally drive themselves crazy because they couldn't have children of the sex they wanted. This includes the husbands; they're often worse. Misery over this sort of things is far more widespread than is generally realized. The children, because they're not really wanted, suffer, too. It's all very well to say these people shouldn't be having kids in the first place, but they're going to, like it or not. And a lot of them keep trying, ending up with families much larger than they can afford. Sex-selection technology, surveys have shown, can make a real contribution to population control and family stability.

Penthouse: But isn't it also going to give us a world top-heavy with males? One sociologist at Columbia University went so far as to say that, because of the resulting preponderance of male offspring, this would lead to increased crime, rampant homosexuality, and the demise of the Republican party, presumably because women are the backbone of the GOP.

Shettles: The most authoritative study done on this so far, conducted by the Office of Population Research at Princeton, showed that even though a lot of people want a son for their firstborn, they most all want an *equal* number of sons and daughters by the time they are finished. No real imbalance was discerned.

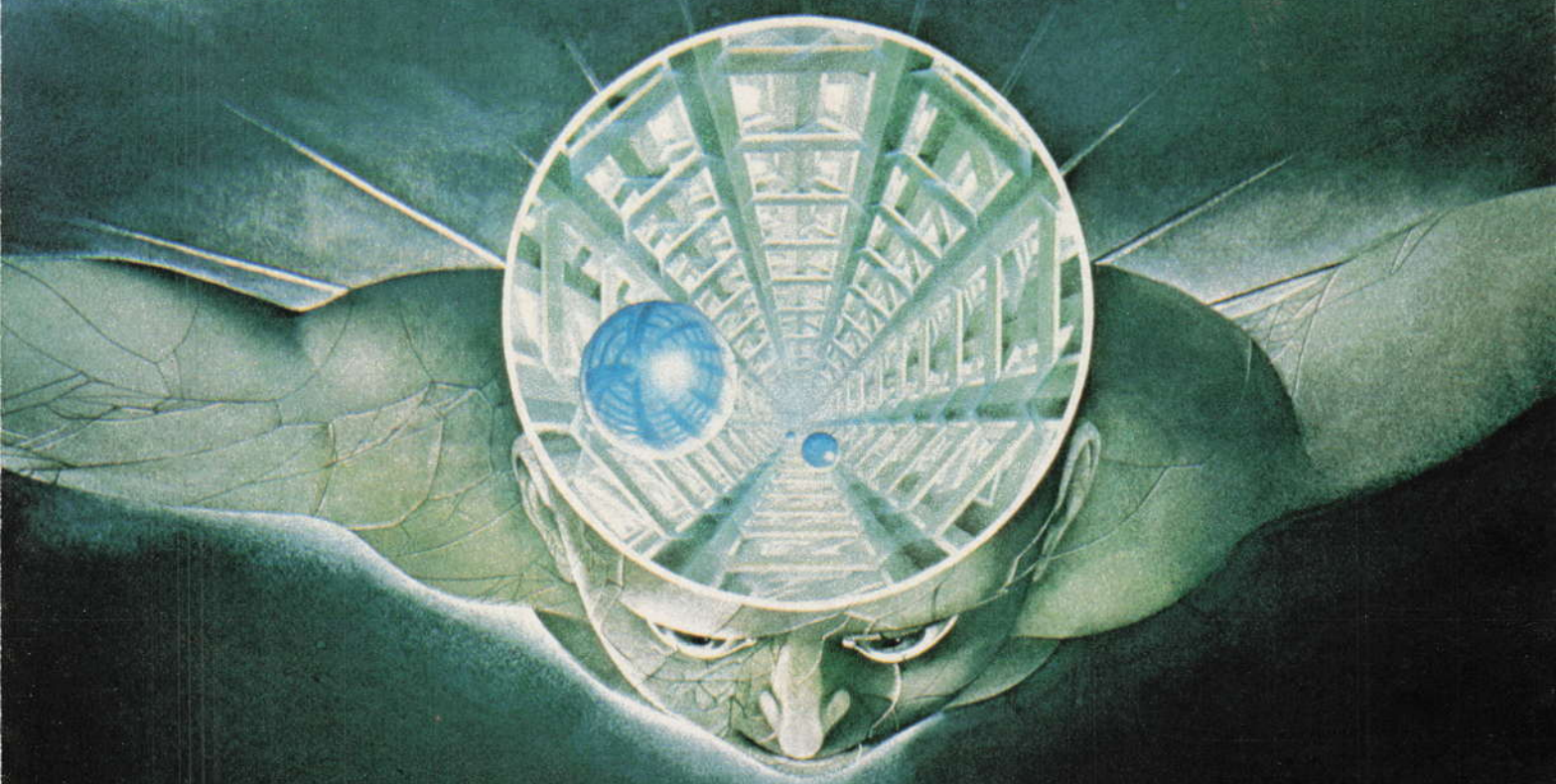
Penthouse: We'll come back to sex-selection to talk about new findings later on. Meanwhile, another blast from Mailer. This one came after he learned, from reading one of your books, about different ways of creating new life in the laboratory, cloning, induction of parthenogenesis—"virgin birth"—and the like. He wrote: "If the fry of the fuck had once been crude and hearty, an ineradicable up-your-daisy which said, at the least, twenty-three chromosomes to your side, twenty-three to mine, now a child would come forth with a wholly symmetrical face, product of a fuck that never had to fail for it came at the head of a pin. . . . Conceive of that baby with the symmetrical face: prognosis of sanity—low; narcissism—intact; capacity for incest—infinite." How do you respond?

Shettles: Well, I think here he's talking really about genetic engineering, coming up with the perfect baby, the idea that we might be able to preselect not only the sex of the baby, through genetic manipulations, but also its physical characteristics, mental capacities, and so on. There's great hope that through such manipulations we'll eventually be able to eliminate a number of genetic defects that presently commit people to lives of physical and mental misery. For these people the advent of gene surgery will produce a prognosis just the opposite of the one Mailer predicts. What it will do for narcissism and incest I can't begin to guess, but I reckon we'll always have plenty of that no matter what goes up the daisy.

We're always too eager to attribute human meanness to technology, to make it the whipping boy instead of just owning up to it as a human property. Technology is just a tool we use to amplify our meanness; we also use it sometimes to expand our kindness. If we're going to take the attitude that technology makes it easier for us to be bad, then we might as well give up everything, including our ability to make choices, and climb back in our caves.

As for the symmetrical face Mailer is so scared of, he ought to talk with some psychiatrists and plastic surgeons about the murderous effects an asymmetrical face,

WHY DOES THE WORLD'S MOST INNOVATIVE SCIENCE MAGAZINE THINK SCIENCE FICTION IS SO IMPORTANT?



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body, or mind can have on a person. People, the Hitler types, for example, are always overcompensating at society's expense for what they perceive to be their physical or mental shortcomings.

People like Mailer used to think our souls were in our stomachs; now they seem to think they're in our genitals or our genes. We're permitted and even commended for transplanting hearts, administering drugs, treating all manner of illnesses in cumbersome, indirect ways. But when we talk about going straight to the root of the problem, the genetic material, then suddenly we're accused of playing Russian roulette with the Lord.

Penthouse: Where do we stand right now in terms of "test-tube baby" technology?

Shettles: Well, virtually everything that's been done in animals could be done in man right now if we wanted to do it, expend a little effort. We've been freezing cattle embryos for years, implanting them and transplanting them with no difficulty. We have frozen human sperm banks, and these are now widely used. We're just beginning to see egg banks, frozen human eggs. The procedures that were reported out of England were embryo *implants*—taking an egg from a woman whose tubes are out, fertilizing it in the test tube with the sperm of the woman's husband, growing it a short while in the lab, and then reimplanting it in the woman's womb. The kind of embryo *transplants* we've heard about in animals will be the next step in humans.

Actually, I did an implant years ago in a woman scheduled for hysterectomy. I just wanted to see if the thing would take. When we removed her uterus, we found the embryo attached to the lining of the womb, developing normally. Recently I've developed a new technique that entails taking the egg and putting it into the tube, below the blockage. I've already got a normal baby by doing this. It's safer and cheaper than the test-tube fertilization technique.

Penthouse: What about embryo transplants? Will they be possible soon?

Shettles: They're possible now, as far as I'm concerned. They're also safer than the implants and have wider applications. Some of the possible uses are the ones that get us in hot water, where people start talking about "wombs for rent" and that sort of thing.

Penthouse: Could you explain some of those applications?

Shettles: There's a lot of confusion over these things. It's like a progression. Let me start with the most down-to-earth and move on to the more spectacular. First, there's the embryo *implant* for the woman with damaged or missing fallopian tubes. This entails nothing more than bypassing the woman's tubes.

Penthouse: That's the procedure Steptoe and Edwards used to produce what was billed as the world's first test-tube baby, Louise Brown?

Shettles: That's right. Or so they claim. The next step is the transplant—and here there are several variations. Say you've got a woman who can sustain a pregnancy but has ovulatory problems or produces abnormal ova. She could have the fertilized egg of another woman, an embryo, transplanted to her uterus and carry the baby to term as if it were her own. The egg, in fact, could be fertilized with the sperm of the recipient's husband—through artificial insemination. Then the egg would be surgically removed from the donor after her menstrual cycle had been synchronized, with hormone preparations, with that of the recipient. And the transplant would take place.

Or, going a little farther out, say you've got a woman with normal reproductive organs but with some condition that would make it dangerous for her to go through pregnancy, a heart condition maybe. She could have her fertilized egg removed and transplanted to a recipient who would carry the baby for her—and give it to her at birth. This surrogate mother would be a friend, relative, or somebody you hire for the job.

> There are a lot of people interested in cloning prize animals, racehorses, dogs, cattle. This is expected to become a big business in the relatively near future.

So far, it's easy to justify these procedures on humanitarian, medical grounds. But things start to get sticky when women who are physically normal in every way look around and say, "If those women can use this, why can't I?" Or maybe their husbands or boyfriends will say, "Yeah, it would be great for you to have a kid, but I don't want you to be unavailable for nine months. We'll hire somebody to have it for you, and you can keep your figure." Or maybe you've got some female executive or model or female athlete who has a lot at stake in her career but still wants to have children. She's going to be tempted to go this route and just hire some other woman, a surrogate mother, to have the babies for her, using her eggs and the sperm of her husband or any other man she chooses who might be willing.

Penthouse: This is the sort of thing that's already being done with cattle?

Shettles: That's right. You take these so-called supercows that are the finest for breeding, milk production, and the like, and you get them to superovulate, to produce sometimes dozens of eggs through hormone stimulation. These are easily washed out, and, after being fertilized with the sperm of prize bulls, they're transplanted into the surrogate cows.

Penthouse: Into the scrub cows. But how would a woman feel being relegated to that role?

Shettles: Remember, I'm not arguing for this, just showing what is possible and, because of the advantages, what is likely to be. A woman, presumably, would be well paid for this. And, to be candid, I have no doubt that there are many women who would do it. I don't want to sound like a chauvinist, but I know from experience that there are women who would love to make a career of being pregnant—especially if they could get rich in the process and not have to change any diapers.

Penthouse: And there are women who are ready now to hire surrogates?

Shettles: Oh, land! Yes! You should see the requests I get. I've got files of them. People who want embryo implants, embryo transplants, surrogates, people who want babies made in heaven—you know, the best egg, the best sperm, prepackaged, ready for transplant.

Penthouse: You mean the sort of thing the late Nobel Prize winner H. J. Muller was always pushing—the "germinal choice" scheme that was recently revived by Dr. William Shockley and others?

Shettles: That's right. Muller was a great advocate of people's foregoing what he called their "egotistical will" to reproduce themselves. He thought that if they passed muster, they should be given the opportunity to pick out the best egg and sperm, sort of like shopping in a seed catalog, where you'd have all the information on the donors of the egg and sperm. Then you'd get the combination you wanted and have the resulting embryo transplanted. Dr. [E.S.E.] Hafez—I don't think he endorsed this sort of thing; he was just pointing out the possibilities, too—talked about embryo "supermarkets" where you pick out your future son or daughter from deep-frozen stock, each one labeled as to sex, race, eye and hair color, probable IQ. Just thaw out and have it inserted. It sounds like science fiction, but we could do this sort of thing now if we wanted to. And at the rate things are moving along, we probably will be doing it soon.

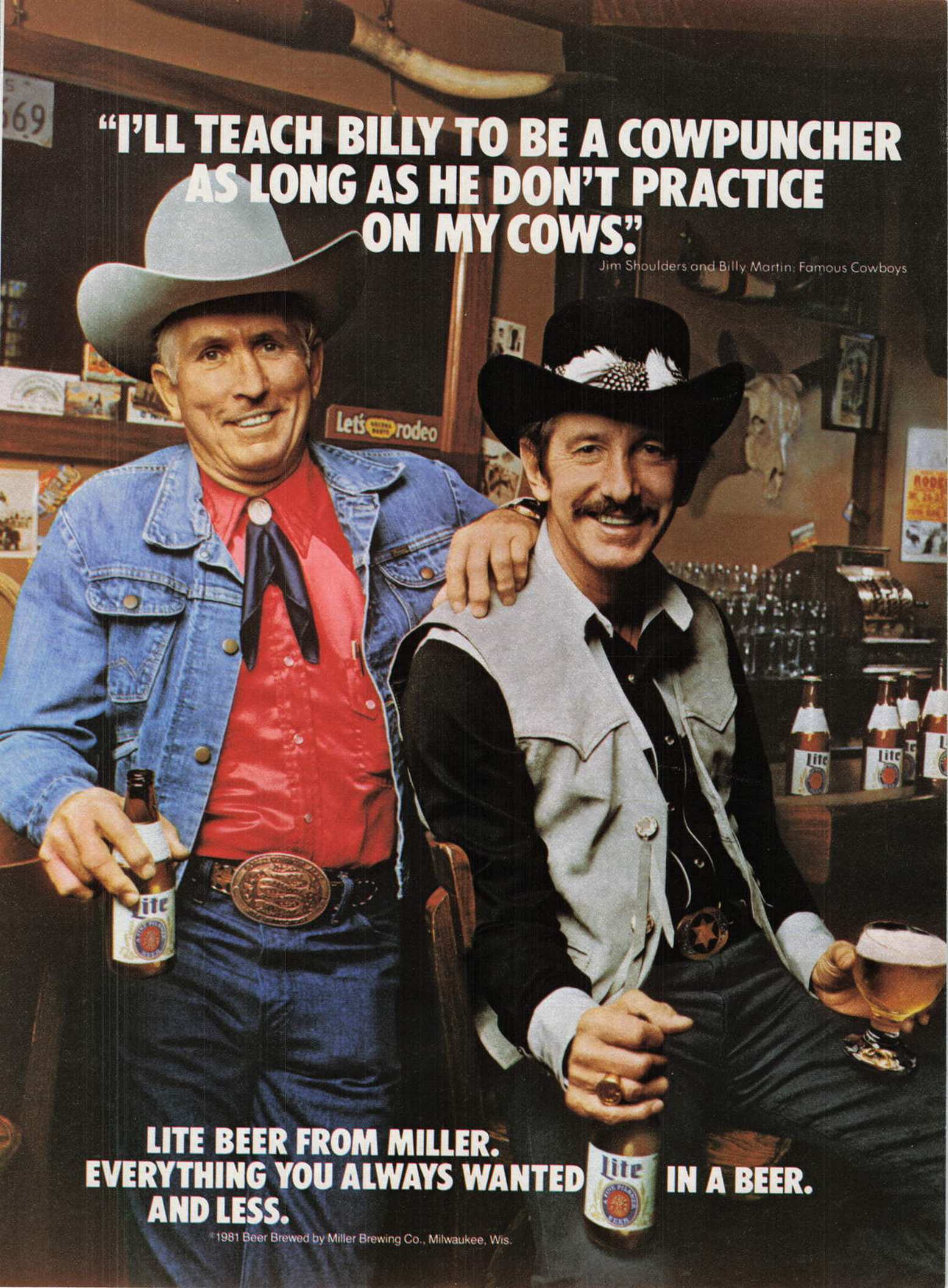
Penthouse: As reported in the literature, what's the closest we've come to transplanting—as opposed to implanting—a human embryo?

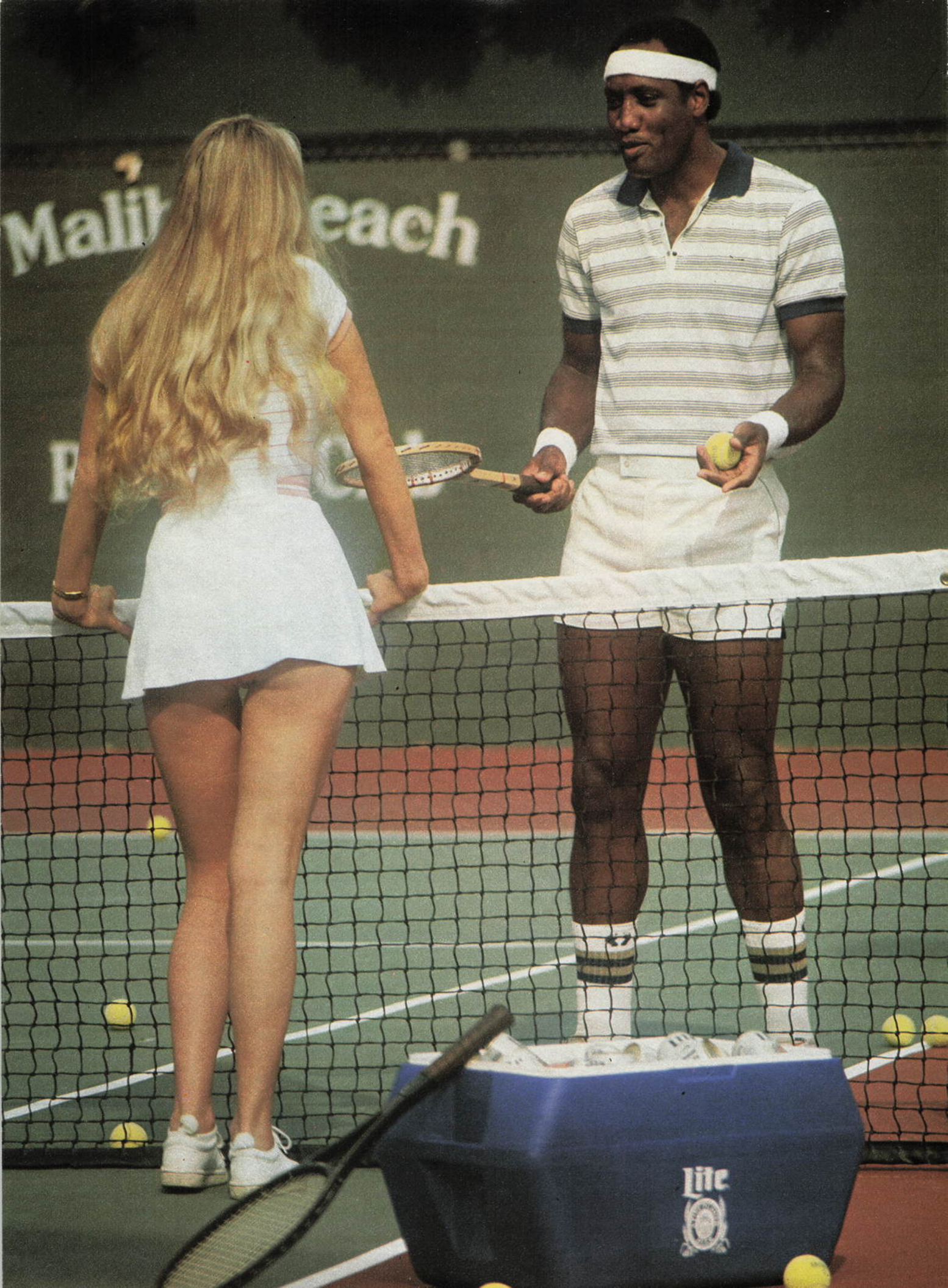
Shettles: No one has ever tried the transplant in the human so far as I know. There's been nothing in the literature. They did it with a baboon down in Texas, succeeded after about 40 tries, which isn't half bad.

Penthouse: And this is what you intend to try doing in the human?

Shettles: Yes. I think it's much safer than the test-tube implant procedure. I think I could do it without too much difficulty. I'll only do it, of course, where there's a medical indication, where the woman can't

CONTINUED ON PAGE 204

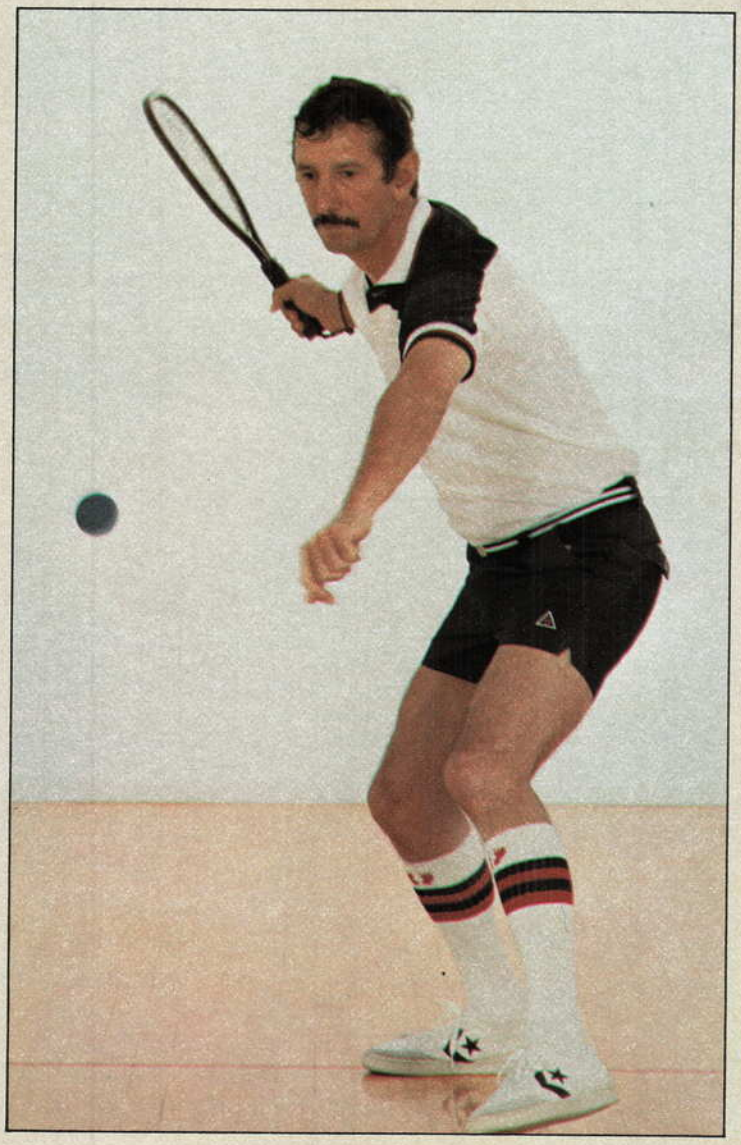

"I'LL TEACH BILLY TO BE A COWPUNCHER AS LONG AS HE DON'T PRACTICE ON MY COWS."
Jim Shoulders and Billy Martin: Famous Cowboys
Let's rodeo
Lite
LITE BEER FROM MILLER.
EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED IN A BEER.
AND LESS.
©1981 Beer Brewed by Miller Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.


Lite

Some legendary American
athletes take a lighter approach to working out.

THE SPORTING LIFE OF THE LITE BEER ALL-STARS

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING/PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER



The American passion for physical fitness has grown from trend to habit, and one of the reasons is a new look in sports clothes. Clothing designers have taken the fashion curse off sports, and sports clothes are having a large impact on street clothes. The versatility of the clothes lets you move with the greatest of ease and style from jogging trails to a backyard barbecue, keeping you fashionable while you're keeping fit.

On these pages we present a team that knows what it takes to be a winner—The Miller Brewing Company's Lite Beer All-Stars. These guys know the rewards of being in shape and get down to action in a look that is fun, young, and lively.

You don't have to be a pro to look like one. Though turnstiles in stadiums and ball parks continue clicking around the nation, fans today are no longer content just to watch others perform. You can join the 16 million joggers who have made that once-lonely activity America's second favorite pastime. Grab a racquet and head for the courts—either tennis or the increasingly popular racquet ball.

More attention is paid to those who jog and cycle wearing tops with referee stripes. Rugby, baseball, and football looks take the field with new treatments, such as panel shoulder inserts and wide-mesh patterns. In tennis and racquet ball white predominates, with contrast stripes and flashes to all-American red, white, and blue combinations. Bright colors get less playing time and are used not as body shades but mainly to accent. The goal is looking good and feeling good, and the All-Stars will tell you that getting there is half the fun.

When Happy Harriston (left) traveled the NBA courts with the Los Angeles Lakers, he gained a reputation as one of the best ball-handling forwards in the game. Defending opponents were less than happy with the magical tricks he could perform with a basketball. Today Happy likes to keep his skills sharp by going one-on-one at the Malibu Racquet Club. He is wearing a polyester-cotton navy-and-cream-striped top ($22) and matching cream-and-navy-piped shorts ($20), outfit by Catalina. Tennis shoes by Nike. Her outfit by Adolfo Tennis. All athletic socks shown in this feature are by Hang Ten.

Billy Martin (above) is as well known for being *fired—by four different teams and twice in Lite Beer commercials—as for his unquestioned ability to* light *a fire under the teams he pilots. Currently manager of the Oakland A's, Billy takes time out to battle the balls and walls at the Mid-Valley Racquet Ball Club in Reseda, Calif. He is wearing a white polyester-cotton top with navy front and back yokes and red, white, and blue bands at the sleeves ($32) and navy shorts with a navy-and-white-striped belt ($32), both by Le Coq Sportif. His racket by Head; sneakers by Converse.*

When Bubba Smith played defensive tackle for Michigan State and then professionally for the Baltimore Colts, the roar from the crowds was "Kill, Bubba, kill!" Though he no longer puts fear in the hearts of ball carriers, he is deadly earnest about keeping his six-feet-nine-inch frame football fit. Jogging on Malibu Beach, Bubba is wearing an all-white terry boat-neck pullover top with taupe trim at the neck ($25) by Ron Chereskin. The white cotton-polyester shorts with buttoned side tabs ($36) are by Head. His red nylon jacket is the official Lite Beer All-Stars Alumni jacket. The running shoes are by Puma.

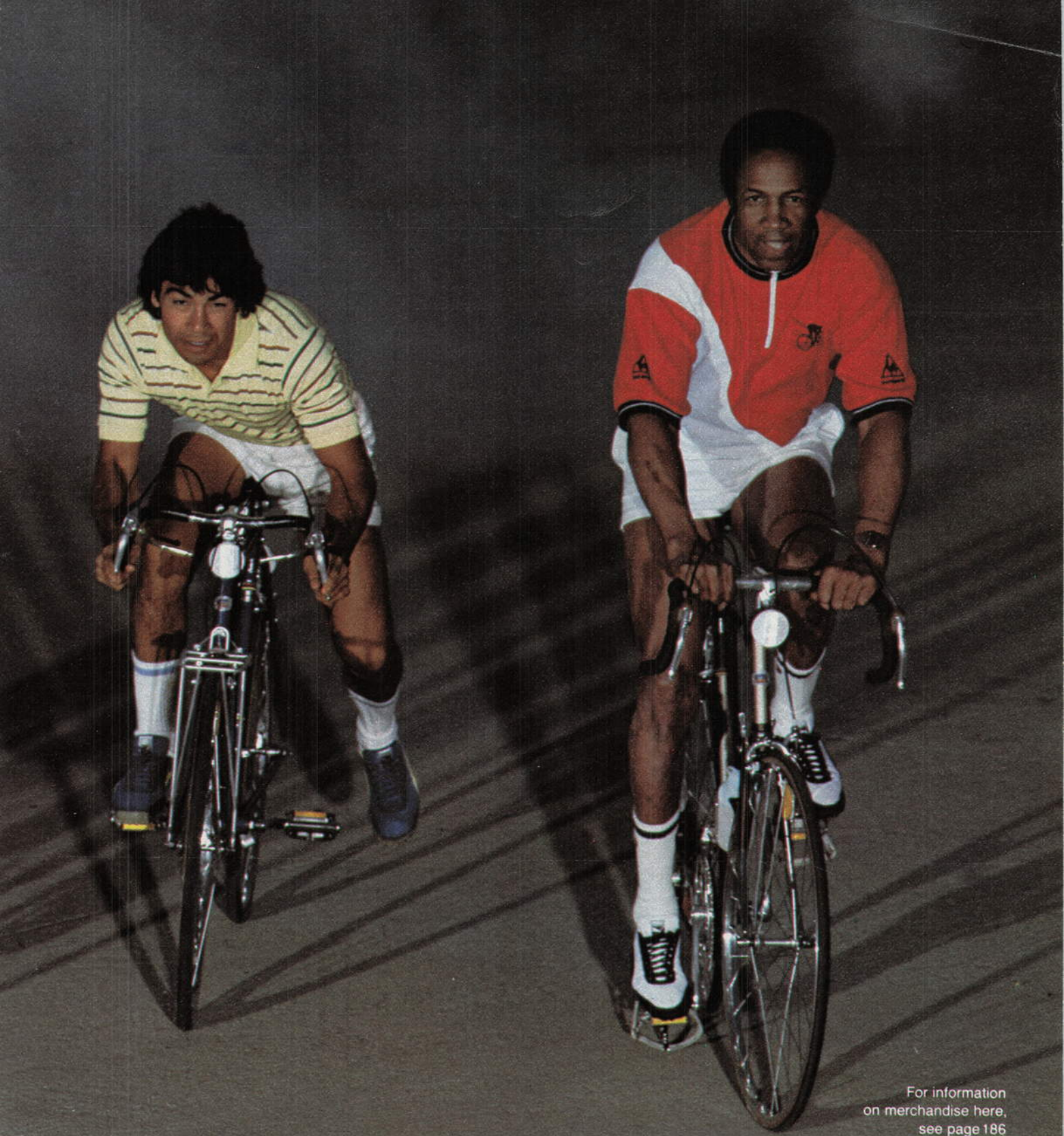
It was once thought that men who couldn't play with the big boys in the National Football League settled for positions in the lowly American Football League. Though the AFL's Kansas City Chiefs lost to Green Bay in Super Bowl I, their defensive tackle Buck Buchanan came out a winner and showed critics that he could play anywhere. The Buck didn't stop there; in Super Bowl IV he helped hold Minnesota to only seven points en route to a Kansas City victory. Here Buck wears a red-and-beige rugby-striped top with chest pocket ($15) by Jantzen with red terry shorts ($13) by Le Coq Sportif. His running sneakers are by Converse.

Quarterbacks are often called the field generals of a football team, and Norm Snead spent 16 years at war in the NFL. Passed around quite a bit, he played for five different teams in his career: the Redskins, Eagles, Vikings, Giants, and 49ers. Though he had the misfortune to direct offense for some pretty mediocre teams, he showed that cream does indeed rise to the top when, in 1972, Norm led the NFL with 2,307 yards passed. He is wearing a navy open-weave cotton-polyester tank top with orange side inserts ($14) and Antron nylon orange shorts ($14.50), both by Head. His running sneakers are by Saucony.

Deacon Jones claims that there is only one man he would not have cared to face on the football field—himself. His ferocity and intensity while he played defensive end for Los Angeles made him a member of the line dubbed "The Fearsome Foursome." He is one of only 22 players to enter football's Hall of Fame in his first year of eligibility. Deacon now speaks in rhymes in his Lite Beer commercials, and here illustrates for us poetry in motion. He wears a red cotton-polyester top with gray trim at neck and shoulders ($25) by Ron Chereskin. The cotton-polyester gray reversible shorts ($20) are by Catalina. Running sneakers by Converse.

The birthplace of soccer as we know it was England, which is where Rodney Marsh first played the game. A star in his own country, he nonetheless left to bring his skills to the States. Playing for the Tampa Bay Rowdies, he was named their MVP three times. Though Rodney claims that he can do more with his feet than with his hands, we didn't want him to fall off his bike, and so we persuaded him to employ both. He is wearing an all-cotton red-and-green-striped top ($25), which is Equipment by Henry Grethel. His white polyester-cotton shorts ($36.50) are by Head. Biking sneakers by Nike; watch by Caravelle.

To be a quarterback, says Charley Johnson, not only do you have to possess certain physical talents, but also you must have some smarts. As Charley has said in one of his famous Lite Beer spots, "You have to know every position, every move, and every option." While you don't exactly need a Ph.D., he managed to find time between seasons with the Cardinals and the Broncos to get one in chemical engineering. Here the brawny brain is wearing a shiny nylon zip-up fly-front jacket with an all-cotton lining ($125) by Daniel Hechter Sport. His white shorts ($36.50) are by Head. The sneakers are Converse. The watch is Caravelle.



For information
on merchandise here,
see page 186

Carlos Palomino fought in one of the toughest divisions in boxing. But Carlos is very tough, and in 1976 he became Welterweight Champion of the World. After losing his title to Wilfred Benitez, he fought his last match against Roberto Duran. Carlos is from Mexico, and when friends come to visit in the States, he serves plenty of Lite Beer but warns them not to drink the water. It's something about stomach cramps. He is wearing an all-cotton yellow top with green and red stripes ($25) and cream-colored cotton-polyester shorts ($25). Both items are Equipment by Henry Grethel. Sneakers by Puma; watch by Casio.

Frank Robinson is the only baseball player named MVP by both the American and National Leagues. For over two seasons, he managed the Cleveland Indians, building a reputation as a no-nonsense skipper. Tired of the nonsense going on in Candlestick Park, the San Francisco Giants named Frank manager for 1981, hoping he can make winners of a losing team. He is wearing a zip-neck cotton polyester top in red with a white contrasting diagonal-block motif ($25) by Le Coq Sportif. His elastic-waist shorts ($15) are by Jantzen. Sneakers by Puma; watch by Caravelle. All Panasonic bicycles courtesy of Panasonic West, Inc.

punchatz
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A *Penthouse* reporter infiltrates for the first time the most exclusive private meeting on earth and discovers a horrifying truth about the people who run the world.

The Gnomes of Bilderberg

BY CRAIG S. KARPEL

There are those who believe that the world secretly is ruled by the Central Intelligence Agency. There are those who believe that the world secretly is ruled by the Skull and Bones Society of Yale College. There are those who believe that the world secretly is ruled by the Council on Foreign Relations. There are those who believe the world secretly is ruled by The Trilateral Commission. There are those who believe that the world secretly is ruled by the Bavarian Illuminati, despite evidence that the strings are really being pulled by the Rosicrucians (AMORC) out in San Jose.

But there is one point on which all who believe that the world secretly is ruled by somebody will agree: the ultra-elite that rules those who appear to rule us, the shining eye at the top of the pyramid on the flip side of the dollar bill, meets each year in a mysterious, tightly secured conclave known as "Bilderberg."

And it's true. I know. I was there, at Bilderberg 1980, the first journalist in history to infiltrate the most exclusive private international gathering on earth. I emerged, having discovered the deepest, most closely guarded secret of Bilderberg, which I am privileged to share, in all its horripilating ghastliness, with you.

In April of each year, approximately 100 of the Western world's most influential individuals converge on a small hotel somewhere in Europe or America for the two-and-a-half-day Bilderberg meeting. The Bilderberg meetings have been a major factor in the unwritten history of the past quarter-century. The interpersonal links forged at the conference were, for example, instrumental in bringing German Socialists into the Western system in the 1950s, in resolving the discord caused by the Anglo-French invasion of Egypt in 1956, and in dissipating the Trans-Atlantic tensions caused by the refusal of the European nations to give landing rights to the United States' airlift to Israel during the 1973 war. The Common Market was nurtured at Bilderberg, and the meetings were a catalyst in the process by which Britain decided to join. The Trilateral Commission, which, heaven help us, taught candidate Jimmy Carter everything he knew about foreign affairs and in 1977 supplied him with a prefab administration, germinated at the 1972 Bilderberg meeting.

Among those who have participated in the conferences are top personnel of such publications as the *New York Times,* the *Washington Post, Time, Newsweek,* Britain's the *Economist,* Germany's *Die Zeit,* Italy's *La Stampa,* and France's *Le Monde.* Yet in the 27 years that the conferences have been held, no firsthand account of a single one of them has appeared in any major medium.

This peculiar lapse has three causes. First, the media personnel who have attended have been invited, not as working press, but as full participants. They understand that should they publish stories about Bilderberg, their calls to the priceless sources that can be developed at the conferences will thereafter not be returned.

Second, efforts are made to discourage and deflect press coverage. It is difficult to obtain any information about an upcoming conference. Security arrangements at the gatherings are forbidding.

Third, and perhaps most significant, is a lack of inclination to explore the nature and structure of power on the part of media personnel grown intellectually sluggish from sucking on the teat of government handouts and programmed leaks.

The result of this amalgam of discretion, security, and laziness has been a *de facto* news blackout of one of the most remarkable and important institutions of our time. That blackout ends with this article.

ILLUSTRATION BY DON IVAN PUNCHATZ

The first step in getting into the 1980 Bilderberg conference had to be to find out where and when it was to be held. No press release or other public announcement of this sensitive information is ever made. So I must improvise.

Bilderberg Meetings, the foundation that runs the conferences, is not listed in the *Europa Yearbook* or in any of the other standard reference works containing addresses of international organizations. The foundation is organized under the laws of the Netherlands. A contact at the Dutch Embassy is able to obtain the address of its office for me. I write:

The undersigned is conducting a study of emerging patterns of international cooperation and in this connection would appreciate receiving information literature regarding your organization's activities and publications.

Also, to be informed of the date and location of the next plenary meeting to be sponsored by your organization.

Many thanks for your consideration.

I get back a politely typed letter that informs me that "the executive Secretariat is in The Hague, but there is also an American office in New York: American Friends of Bilderberg, Inc. . . . I have sent a copy of your letter to this address, and I am sure you will hear from them shortly." My question about the date and location is ignored.

A month goes by. Nothing from American Friends of Bilderberg. I write them a letter identical in wording to the one I sent to Bilderberg Meetings. There is no response.

It's time to take off the gloves.

American Friends of Bilderberg, Inc., retains a New York public-relations man to conduct its office. My assistant telephones his secretary.

"I'm making reservations for my boss, who's going to be at the Bilderberg meeting," she says, "and I need to know the name of the nearest airport."

"It's Cologne," says the unsuspecting secretary. Köln, the westernmost large city in the Federal Republic of Germany.

"And how far is it from there to the conference center?"

"It's about forty-five minutes away. But there'll be transportation from the airport to Aachen."

Aachen . . . center of Catholic resistance to Hitler. First city to surrender to the invading Allies in 1945.

The conferences always run from a Friday through a Sunday, usually in late April. My assistant takes a shot. "What time are most of the conferees flying out of Cologne on the twenty-seventh?"

"You mean the twentieth," says the secretary.

Bingo. "Let me see here—right, April twentieth."

"Well, the meeting concludes with lunch on Sunday. So most of the participants will be leaving that afternoon."

I call my travel agent and ask him where he would stay in Aachen, West Germany, if he were secretly ruling the world.

"Only one possibility," he says. "The Quellenhof. Old, five stars, plenty of class."

"Book me in there as a single. Arrive Thursday April seventeenth, depart Sunday the twentieth."

But the agent calls me back. "I telephoned the Steigenberger reservation service in Manhattan. They said the Quellenhof's completely booked for the dates you want. So I telexed the hotel. And sure enough—they have nothing available. Over a weekend in April? I can't see it."

"I can," I say. "Don't worry about it. Catch you later."

I write the hotel as follows:

Gentlemen:

I am planning to be in Aachen for the Bilderberg meeting and wish to reserve a single room with shower, arriving April 17, 1980, departing April 20.

"Listen," I say. "I'm going to get inside this conference. The only question is whether I will get inside with or without your cooperation."

Kindly write me, confirming the above arrangements.

I receive a prompt reply:

Dear Sir:

We have received your request and hasten to let you know that reservation orders concerning the event "Bilderberg Meeting" are to be directed to the following address:

Dr. Franz Schoser
Deutscher Industrie und Handelstags
Adenauer Allee, 148
5300 Bonn

We should be glad to find your requirements at the reservation-list and remain

Sincerely,
STEIGENBERGER PARKHOTEL QUELLENHOF
Direktion
/s/ Kurt F. Seidler

Deutscher Industrie und Handelstags (DIHT) is the West German Association of Chambers of Industry and Commerce, headed by Otto Wolff von Amerongen, Cologne industrialist and a key Bilderberg figure. Schoser is the organization's executive director. Evidently DIHT is acting as the Aachen meeting's local sponsor. I compose a letter to the group and arrange to have it sent out on the letterhead of a company owned by a friend:

Dear Dr. Schoser:

I am writing to you at the suggestion of the direction of the Steigenberger Parkhotel Quellenhof in Aachen.

I am planning to visit Aachen on business from April 16 through April 23, 1980. I would like to stay at the Quellenhof. I am, however, informed that all rooms are being held by you for a conference that will take place for several days during that period.

May I prevail upon you to see whether you still anticipate requiring all the accommodations at the hotel for this conference, and, if you can spare a room or suite, to notify the hotel so that it can make a reservation in my name?

I would appreciate your writing me, letting me know whether this will be possible so that I can make other arrangements if it is not.

Many thanks for your kind assistance.

Weeks go by. There is no answer from Schoser. I make reservations at a small hotel around the corner from the Quellenhof and book my Cologne flights, in via Paris and out via Zurich.

I call the New York PR man.

"I understand you handle American Friends of Bilderberg, Inc.," I say.

"Handle?" he says. "Well, not precisely. I'm assistant secretary of the group. What can I do for you?"

"I'm going to be doing an article for *Penthouse* on the meetings. I'm going to be in Aachen, and I'd like to get into the Quellenhof."

"Oh, I'm afraid that wouldn't be possible," he says. "The hotel will be closed. Only those who are attending the meeting will be allowed to enter the building. It's a rule of very long standing."

"I know," I say. "That's why I'm calling you. I want you to make me the exception that proves the rule."

"But it's not up to me, you see," he says. "It's up to the Bilderberg Meetings people over in Holland. I'm certain that if you write to them, they'll be happy to consider your request."

I get a hunch. "What's the address there?"

"I don't have it on my desk right now. And unfortunately my secretary has stepped away. I'll drop you a note with it. How's that?"

That's precious. The guy who runs the office of American Friends of Bilderberg trying to get me to believe he doesn't know the address of the organization he's the American friend of.

"Let me explain something to you," I say. "No one has ever succeeded in keeping me from covering a story. You're not going to be the first. If you don't want to, you needn't tell me the address of Bil-

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS

"Ten bucks says he's a politician."

derberg Meetings so that I can write them. I can get it very easily. It's printed at the top of the letter they wrote me, suggesting that I write you."

"Hmm," he hmms. "I see."

"Now what I'd very much appreciate at this point is that you put an end to this very tiresome runaround and write to The Hague, requesting that I be admitted to the hotel. Is that agreeable to you?"

"Yes, well, okay then," he says. "I'll see what I can do and get back to you."

Too much time passes. I call back. He says The Hague hasn't answered his letter.

"Listen," I say. "I'm holding plane and hotel reservations for Aachen. I'm going to be there one way or the other. When I come back, I'm going to write about it. I appreciate your position. I know that you would prefer not to have any press coverage. I understand that the prospect of my being there must be very disturbing to you. But I suggest that since I'm going to be writing about Bilderberg regardless of what you do, it would be in your best interest to cooperate with me as much as possible."

"I'm trying to, Mr. Karpel."

"I know you are. But I don't want to hear about letters to The Hague not being answered. If this really is so, and I have difficulty believing that it is, cable The Hague. Telephone The Hague. Send a bank courier to The Hague, but get me an answer. In the meantime, I'd be grateful if you would take the matter up with your fellow officers of American Friends of Bilderberg. What I write will have a direct and immediate impact on them, and I think the most prudent course they can take is to see to it that I am not antagonized."

"I'll see what I can do."

He calls back. "I've discussed your request with Bill Bundy, who's the honorary secretary-general of the Bilderberg Meetings for the United States. I hope to have an answer for you shortly."

I do not get an answer shortly. It is getting close to the date of the meeting. I call him yet again. He tells me that the question is still under consideration.

"Consider this," I say, "I'm going to get inside the Quellenhof during this conference. The only question is whether I will get inside with or without your cooperation."

"Mr. Karpel," he says, "even the participants' *wives* won't be able to go into the Quellenhof. They have to stay at another hotel, nearby!"

"But I'm not a participant's wife. I'm a journalist."

We agree to talk again the following week. When I call him, prepared for yet another fencing match, to my amazement he tells me that Bundy has agreed to play. I ask him to send me a note confirming this so there won't be any misunderstanding when I get to Aachen. He says he will.

More than a week goes by, however, and no letter. It is only days until my departure. The sand is running out of the hourglass. My eyes narrow to slits. Steam begins to come out of my ears. I have my assistant call and tell him that since his letter evidently has gotten lost in the mail, she is sending a messenger over to his office right now to pick up another one. In case the "replacement" letter isn't quite ready when he gets there, the messenger will have instructions to wait.

An envelope is waiting at his office when the messenger arrives. The letter inside doesn't commit to anything. It wouldn't pass me into the Circle Twin Cinema in Helena, Mont., let alone into a Bilderberg meeting. It does, however, say, ". . . I suggest that you contact Mr. William P. Bundy at the Quellenhof Hotel Thursday morning, April 17, should you not get any information from me earlier." I figure that this sentence will at least allow me to raise a stink if I get stiff-armed in Aachen, and I pack my bag . . .

The Aachen meeting was to take place in the early days of the deepest rift in European-American relations since the Second World War. The full horror of the spastic flailings of the midget in the White House was beginning to dawn on Europe. Jimmy Carter had spooked European leaders into instituting sanctions against Iran by threatening to take military action if they refused. Yet less than a week after the conference ended, he would take military action anyway. Carter had responded to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan by speaking loudly and carrying a small stick. The people of West Germany looked at 16,000 Warsaw Pact tanks poised on their eastern border and swallowed hard. The 1980 meeting would be the most critical in the history of Bilderberg. Its agenda would be as encompassing as the emerging sense of crisis: "America and Europe—Past, Present, and Future." And I would be there.

The 1980 meeting would be the most critical in the history of Bilderberg. Its agenda: "America and Europe—Past, Present, and Future." And I would be there.

Each flight into Cologne Airport that has Bilderberg participants aboard this sunny Thursday afternoon is met at the gate by a chauffeur engaged by Deutscher Industrie und Handelstags—and by me. I stand with arms folded, the stubby, black antenna of my Wilson HH-400C walkie-talkie protruding from the pocket of my suit jacket. I nod gravely at the two municipal police officers opposite me. They nod gravely back. If you can't beat the security men and you can't join them, act like one.

The Quellenhof, four stories of turn-of-the-century gentility, overlooks lawns bedded with flowers. All of its rooms have been reserved for the participants and their assistants. For those Bilderbergers who wish to take the waters, there is a bathhouse next door. Across a reflecting pool is the International Spielcasino, convenient in case any members of the power elite wish to put their chips on the line. In the driveway of the complex's underground parking garage, on the roof, and in front of the hotel are pairs of Aachen policemen in green uniforms with gold shirts, one member of each with a Heckler & Koch nine-millimeter submachine gun slung muzzle down over a shoulder.

I buttonhole Bundy, editor of *Foreign Affairs*, ultraprestigious journal of the Council on Foreign Relations, and introduce myself. Bundy is a good sport.

Bundy: So you're definitely doing this for *Penthouse?*

Karpel: Look, I'm not picky. I'll do it for *Foreign Affairs* if you'll cover my hotel and air fare.

Bundy: I'm afraid our economics aren't, uh, scaled for that kind of expenditure.

Karpel: Well, then, it looks like I'm definitely doing it for *Penthouse.*

Bundy: Wish we could afford to spring for that sort of thing. Part of the benefits of being a mass publication, I suppose . . .

Bundy introduces me to Paul B. Finney, executive editor of *Fortune*, who after the Aachen meeting will be superseding Bundy as Bilderberg's honorary secretary-general for the United States. Bundy and Finney appear so relieved that I am not wearing alligator clips on my nipples, a black patent-leather jockstrap, and snakeskin chaps that they seem on the verge of running me for the prime ministership of a small country—oh, say, Iceland. Finney in turn introduces me to Vernon E. Jordan, Jr., president of the National Urban League, and investment banker George W. Ball. The next thing I know I'm *tête-à-tête* with Marcus Wallenberg, the ancient Stockholm banker.

As other Bilderbergers see me chatting with the most powerful man in Sweden, they assume I must belong where I am. I feel myself blending in. I find that if I act as if I know the participants, they act as if they know me. By striding purposefully at all times, and composing my features to simulate concern as to whether my latest drop-lock floating-rate bond offering will be fully subscribed while I'm away from the office, I am able to move freely about. What language, I wonder, do they speak in Iceland?

The presence of David Rockefeller is indispensable at Bilderberg. Rockefeller is not just the chairman of the board of

Hiram Walker Amaretto. Ahh, how it crackles with the sensuous flavor of exotic almonds!

For a free recipe booklet, write: Hiram Walker Cordials, Dept. DA, P.O. Box 33006, Detroit, Mich. 48232.

© 1980. Amaretto Crema Liquore, 50 Proof, Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., San Francisco, Calif.

Chase Manhattan Bank. He is, figuratively, the chairman of the board of the Western economy. But where is he? It's after dinner on Thursday, and no David.

I am seated next to the Bilderberg registration table, pretending to be fascinated by *Steigenberger Journal*, the house organ of the chain that runs the Quellenhof. A DIHT aide bounces over, bearing glad tidings. "David will arrive by private plane at twenty-two fifteen," he happily tells Franz Schoser, the German trade group's executive director. The men of DIHT and the ladies of the Bilderberg Secretariat decide to celebrate. A tray of Bloody Marys appears. It disappears. Several trays of Bloodys later, David's Grumman Gulfstream has had time to land, and the staff is feeling no pain. "When David comes in," the aide vamps, "we must put away the whiskey."

A Mercedes pulls under the porte cochere. The booze goes on the floor, and Schoser goes out the door. False alarm. Out from under the table comes the tray. Every time a Mercedes approaches, the same little ballet. Franz Schoser makes up a song. *"David"* he calls across an imaginary alpine valley. *"David, David, David, David-David-David, Day-y-y-y-vid!"* His colleagues fall down. They are having difficulty breathing. Schoser is killing them.

"David! David, David, David-David-David, David, Day-y-y-y-vid!"

Another Mercedes. Who can be bothered to hide the Bloodys? Schoser wobbles out the door. He is back instantly, the picture of sobriety. "It's *him!*"

As the tray clatters to the floor, in walk David Rockefeller and James A. Perkins, former president of Cornell University and retired member of Bilderberg's International Steering Committee, now chairman of the International Council for Educational Development and a director of Chase. Rockefeller is wearing a medium gray suit, a light blue shirt, a dark gray tie with a gold clip, and is carrying a tan canvas Pan Am bag. He is slightly stooped at the shoulders but, in all, looks ten years younger than 65. He shoots a smile at the hostesses. Perkins walks up to the table. "Mr. Perkins and Mr. Rockefeller," he says, as if they didn't know.

As soon as they are safely on the lift, there are groans of relief from the Bilderberg staff and a tray of Bloody Marys rises from the floor.

The formal sessions of Bilderberg are absolutely private. A *Uomo Vogue* fashion spread of state police with pistols bulging under their tweeds is stationed at the door of the hotel's conference center with strict instructions to keep out the press—namely, me. However, the *Penthouse* reader's right to know is not to be thwarted by a mere dozen heavily armed fops.

Once one is inside the Brussels Hall, there is no security. The conferees are seated in alphabetical order so that Sir Harry Tuzo of Marconi Space and Defense Systems Ltd., the former British army commander in Northern Ireland, sits next to Victor H. Umbricht, the Swiss businessman (Ciba-Giegy A.G.) behind the International Red Cross, who sits next to Helen Vlachos, the Greek newspaperwoman who was a key figure in the opposition to the regime of the colonels, who sits next to Marcus Wallenberg. David Rockefeller is flanked by Romano Prodi, professor of industrial economics at Italy's University of Bologna, on his left, and Lord Roll, the London investment banker, on his right. Henry Kissinger is in between Helmut Kohl, parliamentary leader of West Germany's Christian Democrats, and Walther Leisler Kiep, finance minister of the West German state of Lower Saxony.

The tone of the controversy is set at the first session, on Friday morning. The conferees can be divided into two categories. The majority, including most of the old Bilderberg hands, insists that nothing unusually disturbing is going on in the world, that the alliance will muddle through somehow, as it always has, and that a business-as-usual approach to world affairs will suffice. A minority holds that the use of Soviet troops in Afghanistan, traditionally considered a buffer state, dramatically ruptures the status quo; that the chaos in Iran has created a dangerous power vacuum; that under the spastic presidency of Jimmy Carter, the United States has lost its ability to cooperate with its allies and contend with its adversaries; and that a reassessment of the premises and capabilities of the Western alliance is needed.

> I find that if I act as if I know the Bilderbergers, they act as if they know me. By striding purposefully at all times . . . I am able to move freely about.

We are in Germany, land of fairy tales; so it is fitting that the dominant faction at Bilderberg says the emperor's clothes are in tolerably good shape, while a rump group cries that the sky is falling. The business-as-usual crowd includes such personalities as Denis Healey, British Labor party leader, former defense minister and chancellor of the exchequer, one of the original Bilderbergers; Greek shipowner Costa Carras; McGeorge Bundy, formerly U.S. national security adviser, now a professor of history at New York University; and Douglas Hurd, number three in the British Foreign Office.

Its big gun is George W. Ball, 71, America's best-known "former under secretary of state." Ball's most prepossessing quality is the sharpness of his wit. It is not Ball's ideas that are so decisively influential here, but his ability to ridicule the ideas of others. "I don't think he knows where Somalia *is*," he says of a fellow Bilderberger, loud enough for others to hear.

The Chicken Little contingent does not want for acute minds. There are Germany's Kohl and Kiep; New York oil consultant Walter J. Levy; former Kissinger aide Helmut Sonnenfeldt, now with the Brookings Institution; Max Kohnstamm, president of the European University; Hedley Donovan, who quit as editor-in-chief of *Time* and joined the White House staff to try to keep the Carter presidency he'd help float from sinking. But Ball is able to shoot down every proposal they make. Spend big numbers for theater nuclear forces in Europe? Absurd. A stern response to Soviet mischief in Afghanistan? Inane. Military action against Tehran? Ludicrous. Economic sanctions? Farcical. Ball masterfully exploits his clubmates' terror of having their dignity punctured by a flick of his barbed tongue.

At the Saturday morning session, Kiep expresses dismay at the way America's economic excesses are dragging Europe down with her. "The European observer cannot fail to be irritated by the fact that by comparison with European prices, the price of gasoline, taxes included . . . represents . . . less than half the selling price in the Federal Republic of Germany, France, and Italy. . . . Stabilization of the dollar is only . . . conceivable in the long run to the extent that the U.S. restores equilibrium to its balance of payments. To do this, it must begin by substantially reducing dependence on energy imports, by persuading the consumer to conserve energy, and by imposing on its energy sector a free-market price system."

West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt arrives just after lunch. Schmidt shrugs his topcoat into the hands of an aide and strides momentously into the Brussels Hall. It turns out that no one has told Schmidt that he is expected to address the group. The chancellor asks for a summary of the proceedings. He is told that the consensus is that no extraordinary action is necessary. One of those who view Iran and Afghanistan as chunks of falling sky cannot contain himself. "That doesn't sound like the meeting I've been attending," he complains.

Schmidt says he will go along with Carter's call for sanctions, but he thinks they will have little effect. In no event will they be permitted to interfere with the Federal Republic's diplomatic opening to the Soviets. U.S. unreliability requires that Europeans take no steps that would compromise their own security or economic interests. "There's trouble in the family," he says.

Demonstrators gather across the street. It's probably my fault. I took the liberty of tipping off the local newspaper to what Bilderberg was, and that it was being held

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in Aachen. The result was a front-page photo in the *Aachener Nachrichten*, showing four men at the pinnacle of planetary power—Lord Home, former British prime minister and foreign secretary, the meetings' chairman; Otto Wolff von Amerongen, Cologne industrialist, president of DIHT; William P. Bundy; and an unidentified individual bearing an uncanny resemblance to the author of this article. The story has brought out the masses—more precisely, eight representatives of the masses, carrying placards that read, in German, "BILDERBERG=ARMS TRADE + COLD WAR," "MONEY DOESN'T SMELL BUT THE MONEYBAGS SMELL," and similar sentiments. During a break many of the Bilderbergers walk outside to see what the excitement is about. The masses are outnumbered by the elite. The conferees joke nervously among themselves and, with much shaking of heads and clucking of tongues, translate to each other the demonstrators' leaflets.

"I feel uncomfortable being on this side of a picket line," Murray H. Finley, president of the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union, says to me, apparently under the impression that I am a malefactor of great wealth.

"Don't let it get to you, Murray," I say. "Happens to me all the time."

No wonder the predominant view in the meetings' sessions is that, given America's lack of resolve, its allies are best advised to shift toward a neutralist stance. Leave aside the 20 Soviet divisions in East Germany—eight West German leftists and a crayon and the Bilderbergers' palms begin suddenly to sweat. "*STOPPT DIE KALTEN KRIEGER 'BILDERBERGER' IN AACHEN*," say the demonstrators' leaflets. If they only knew how *stoppt* the reluctant cold warriors of Bilderberg really were.

George Ball, Bilderberg's Mr. Warmth, stalks back into the hotel. Vernon Jordan is chatting with Paul Finney.

"You know what one of their signs says?" Ball growls. " 'BILDERBERGERS STEP ON THE FACES OF THE POOR TO GET TO THE WORLD'S RESOURCES!' Go out there and tell them, Vernon. Tell them you step on the faces of the poor to get to the world's resources."

The head of the Urban League furrows his brow and jives. "I think they talkin' about *you*, George!"

Saturday, eight o'clock. Dinner is served. A main topic of discussion among the diners is the divisive effect on the Atlantic alliance of oil. Therefore the power that keeps the stars in their courses has thoughtfully contrived to name the conference's dining room the *Schwarz Gold Saal:* the Black Gold Room.

At the final session, the following morning, Kissinger has been asked to sum up. He is not in sympathy with the complacency of the Bilderberg inner circle. It is the incoherence of Carter's economic and foreign policies, he says, that has precipitated the current crisis of confidence in Europe. If this administration is not turned out of office, it must be made to see that its policy of encouraging revolts against authoritarian governments results in the seizure of power by regimes that are even more repressive of human rights. Both America's deprecation of the use of power and its cancellation of defense programs embolden the Soviet Union. The United States and Europe together must delineate limits of acceptable conduct to the U.S.S.R. The Russian offensive must be halted. The hour is late. The Western world is drifting out of control.

The discovery of Bilderberg is the discovery that there is an extent to which private power is institutionalized and centralized, that the drama takes place at particular times on particular stages, and that the players have names. That this is not well known is due to the fact that the public government plies the press with leaks and releases, while the private government does its best to maintain media silence.

The men of Bilderberg are not leaders but managers. Their search for stability over the past quarter-century has helped plunge us into dizzying instability.

There is nothing reprehensible about the privacy of Bilderberg. If we wish to have a society with a private sector, we cannot begrudge the leading actors of that sector the right to meet in privacy, even in secrecy. That a private group should do its best to exercise its share of power is not a scandal, but the essence of our system. If the influence of Bilderberg among the nations of the West is an outrage, consider the nations of the East. The citizens of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, of the People's Republic of China, need not fall in line with the policies, sometimes wise, often wrongheaded, of a private government. They need only submit to the dictates of an implacable, all-inclusive public government. It is a lamentable fact that in the West the elite attempts to use the state. This problem does not exist in the East. In the East the elite *are* the state.

The implication that centralization means control is part of the illusion of Bilderberg. The reality is that private power is so diffused in the Euro-American world—among corporations, banks, unions, and every imaginable type of pressure group—that concerted action is extremely difficult to mobilize unless the threat is grave, imminent, and extraordinarily easy to understand. But the revival of Islam as a geopolitical force and the reappearance of a traditional, pre-Soviet, Russian expansionism, are not yet widely comprehended—either by the public at large or by the men of Bilderberg.

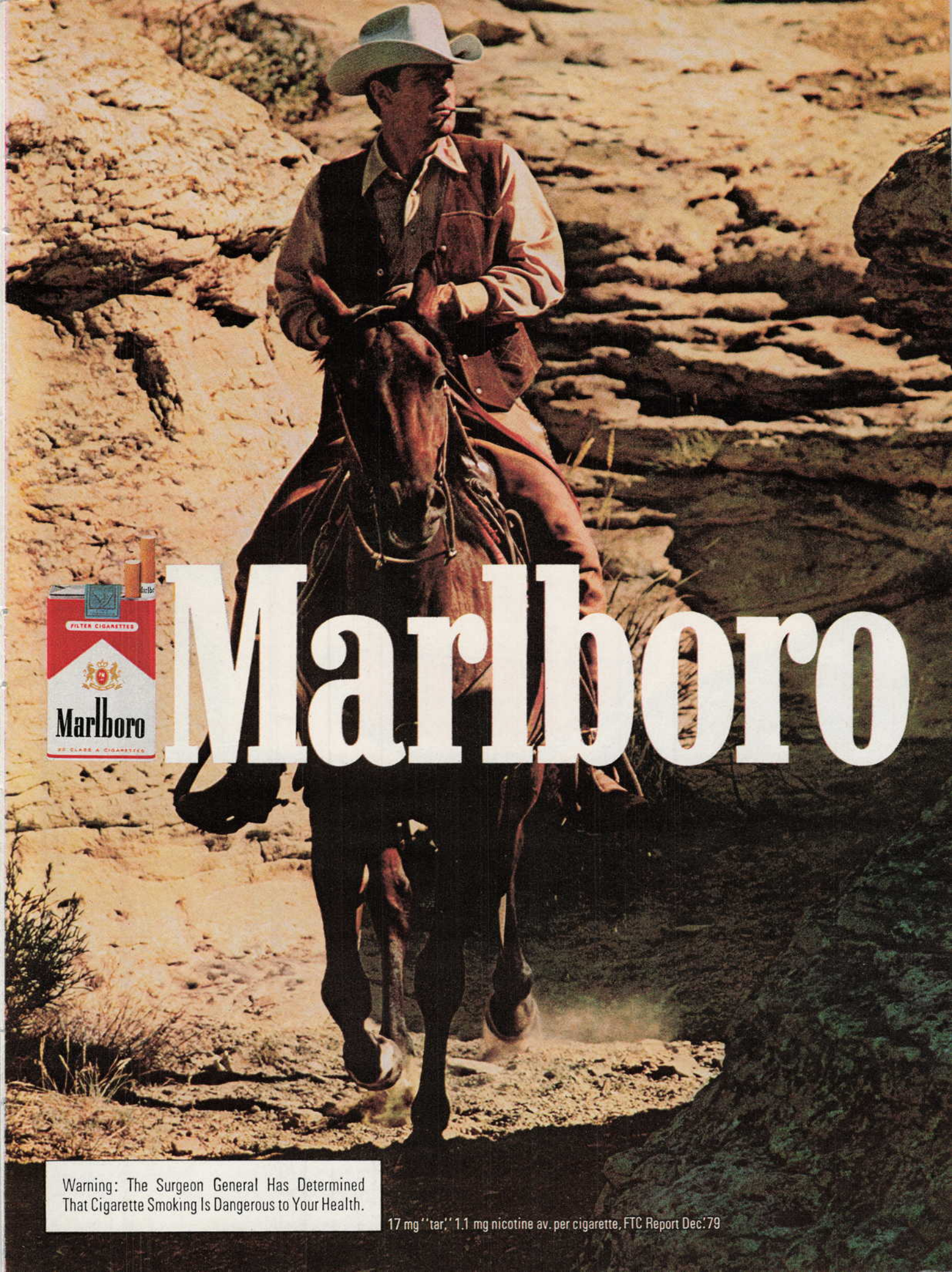
The problem with Bilderberg is that it is, in the truest sense, reactionary. It reacts. Reviewing the agendas of recent meetings, one sees that there is no reluctance to confront troublesome issues, but it always seems to be last year's troublesome issues that are being confronted. One might imagine that the goal of Bilderberg must secretly be to attempt to shape future events and seek to profit from them. But in practice the purpose of the meetings is to assess what has already happened and to figure out how best to respond to it, with a view toward hanging onto past gains. One of the innermost Bilderbergers told me that there was concern among his colleagues "that the West is playing catch-up ball with the Soviet Union." I said I found this not surprising, since it was my impression that the Bilderberg conferees were playing catch-up ball with world problems in general. Where among the ostensible heavy hitters of Bilderberg, I asked, were the MVPs who could pull off the clutch plays needed to get the West out of its slump?

The innermost Bilderberger thought for a while. "These are men of affairs," he said. "not visionaries."

But what if we find ourselves in a world where great vision is required merely to conduct one's affairs? The men of Bilderberg are not leaders but managers. Their search for stability over the past quarter-century has helped plunge us into a dizzying whorl of instability. In 1980 they met, not to formulate a plan, but to reassure each other that their world would somehow survive without one. Their agenda did not consider this question: Can a civilization preserve itself if the main concern of its managers is self-preservation?

It is not inherently sinister to convene an assembly of wise men, led by those whom the wise believe to be the wisest. But one feels a certain queasiness when, like Dorothy's little dog, Toto, one pulls aside the curtain and discovers that wizards haven't the slightest idea what to do. To insinuate oneself into such company, and to return then to the realm of roller disco and headphone radios, is like slipping up the spiral stairway of a transoceanic 747 and into the cockpit only to discover that there is no one there. The night is dark. A howling storm lies ahead. You descend to the main cabin. The dinner service has been concluded. A number of passengers are noisily airing petty complaints. The lights dim. The movie is about to begin . . .

And so the secret, the hideous grisly secret of Bilderberg is revealed. There's nobody at the controls, folks. We're flying blind. Let's hope there's foam on the runway, friends and neighbors, 'cause we're coming in on a wing and a prayer.



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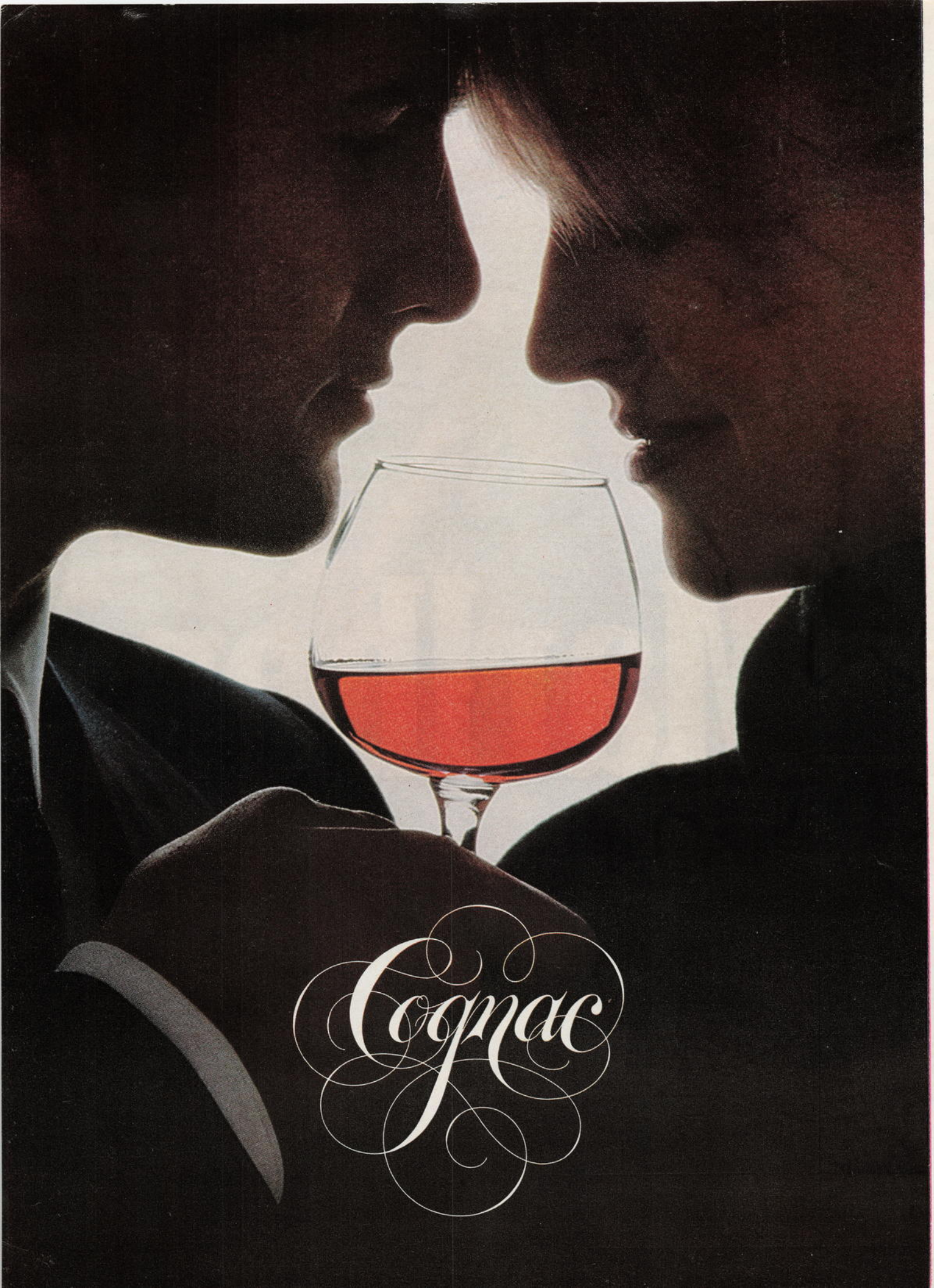
Cognac

From one small region in France comes the finest, most treasured liquor in the world: smooth, mellow, golden cognac.

For generations, cognac has had an aura of prestige, romance, the good things of life. It conjures up the image of powerful men settling affairs of import with a wave of a snifter or of luminous, passionate eyes locking in promise over a sip of clear amber liquid.

Don't be put off by such pretensions. Cognac is a lush, rich spirit that can be savored any time, any place. And if you have even a moderately sensitive palate, it will not be too difficult to become a true cognac connoisseur.

The study will be expensive, for most cognacs now run close to $20 a bottle, with choicer labelings ranging upward from $100. But you won't have all that many to collect. Four firms—Courvoisier, Hennessy, Martell, and Rémy Martin—account for more than three-fourths of all cognac sold in this country, with perhaps three or four other brands, such as Camus or the new Mumm's, likely to be available in most major metropolitan areas. Besides, once you've gathered your tasting supply, you'll find that tightly recapped cognac will last unchanged in taste through many months of pleasurable sipping.

Tasters compare cognacs at Rémy Martin.

Cognac is a grape brandy, and its production is similar to that of any other grape brandy. But only the brandy from the Charente Valley in southwestern France can legally be called cognac, and without doubt the strict standards for its production are as rigid as any in the world of wines and spirits.

In most cognac vineyards is planted the Ugni Blanc grape (also known locally as the Saint-Émilion), which produces a thin, acidic wine in this district's chalky soil. The land is officially divided into seven *crus*, or subregions, denoting the quality of the grapes grown there. In order from the top, these are the domains of Grande Champagne, Petite Champagne, Borderies, Fins Bois, Bon Bois, and Bons Ordinaires.

A cognac labeled Grande Champagne (or Grande Fine Champagne) or Petite Fine Champagne must come entirely from the designated area, and one labeled Fine Champagne must be a 50-50 mix from the two top-quality zones. In recent years, some shippers have dropped appellations from their lesser bottlings as they've begun mixing their blends with the earthier products of the lower-ranked zones. But exports to the States are still dominated by grapes from the best areas.

Some shippers own vineyards; others buy most or all of their base product from small farmers, either as wine ready to be distilled or as "young" brandy. Either way, it is the shippers who concern us, since we buy—and judge—only the cognacs these merchants have blended and aged. (Surprisingly, though, the family wine served at the country home of the Heriard-Debreuils, the owners of Rémy Martin, has a distinct taste resemblance to Rémy Cognac. Rémy's own vineyards and those it buys from are all in the Grande Champagne and Petite Champagne subregions, proving that in the world of wines, you can never get too far away from the influence of the soil.)

All cognac must be distilled twice in the traditional Charente pot still, or alembic, which dates back to the Middle Ages. In brief, the new wine is put into a large container, where it is heated until it becomes steam and rises through a gooseneck pipe into a second vessel. Here it goes into a copper spiral pipe (the serpentine) surrounded by cool water, which causes the steam to condense back into a liquid. Neither cognac nor wine, this liquid, called the *brouillis,* has an alcoholic strength of about 28 percent but has only about one-third the volume of the original wine.

When enough *brouillis* has been collected, the whole process is repeated. Now heat and timing are even more carefully controlled in *la bonne chauffe* ("the good heating"), with the beginning and end of each run (the "heads and tails") drawn off separately, so that only the best portion of the distillate is used. Fiery and powerful, with an alcohol content at about 70 percent, this liquid is young cognac, which is ready for blending and aging.

Young cognacs from the same *crus* usually are blended shortly after distillation, with the first major blending of different vintages and regions taking place after the cognac has spent a year or two in cask. Tasting, blending, and aging then continue through the years until each batch has mellowed and is ready for bottling.

By law, only oak barrels can be used for cognac, since it is chemical interaction with oak that imparts color and flavor to the brandy. Cask size and aging time vary, of course, from firm to firm, as each tries to produce every bottle of cognac in a consistent house style. Some start off their cognac in young barrels, then transfer them to older casks; others prefer to use only old barrels. But old or new, no cognac barrels are made with nails that might affect the aging process: all barrels are still held together by hoops, without metal that could blacken the cognac.

Producers are allowed to add a little distilled water to young cognac to cut alcoholic strength and to mix in regulated amounts of sugar or caramel to give sweetness and color. It's also legal to add oak shavings or a liquid infusion or extract of powdered oak to speed up aging—and there's been a lot of suspicion recently that this practice may be growing. (That's often the reason other brandies are overly sweetened, with sugar and caramel: to make up for the lack of smoothness this speeded-up process creates.)

Because all cognac is blended, there are no vintage designations. But most labels indicate the age of the youngest brandy in the blend: Three Star or V.S., at least two and a half years in barrel; V.S.O.P. (the letters originally signified the Brit-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 210

BY LINDA DOWNS

Photo (left) by Pierre Houlès/Photo (right) by James A. Vicari/ Letterforms by Ray Barber

HEAVY SAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115

with axes, hammers, knives, and crowbars under their clothes, while the fighters had their pistols and submachine guns.

But there were many houses from which nobody at all emerged, even those who should have come out to go to work in the forest. They had locked themselves in, barricaded their doors and windows, they had been seized by fear and were afraid to go out onto the street where death awaited them. We mustn't judge them, they were unarmed and terrified, and the fact that they didn't come out but barricaded themselves in was itself an act of resistance, it was the first time they had allowed themselves to break the rules.

That was the beginning of the uprising. The police started to break into the barricaded houses, and the chaos served as a signal. The first to fire at the police was Venya Rakhlenko, then the other youths started firing, and when the people saw that police had been shot, they threw themselves at the rest of them. It was like a detonator going off: when the snipers heard the pistol shots, they began picking off the sentries on the watchtowers, grenades were lobbed into the guard house, and as the SS ran out, they were gunned down by machine-gun fire. Some attacked the police station next to the town hall, while others broke into the house where Stalbe lived and killed him, and another group broke into Commandant Reinhardt's house and killed his orderly, though Reinhardt himself managed to jump out of the window and there was no time to chase after him. Finally, there was a deafening roar, and the water tower at the railway station flew into the air—that was the work of Sidorov's partisans. And during all the explosions, the shooting, the cries and moans and curses, the people moved out of the ghetto.

Some of the police managed to escape, however, and fire back, killing and injuring some of our people, and many SS also got away and fired back, as they ran towards the station. A sentry on one of the watchtowers managed to open up with his machine gun on the crowd, and Commandant Le Court put the railway troops on full alert and mobilized soldiers who were either going on leave or returning from it. He called them all to arms, not to go in pursuit of the fugitives, but to defend the station. He had immediately radioed to the proper place, and SS units and *Sonderkommando* soon arrived in trucks.

While all this was happening, the path lay open and Mother, holding Olya by the hand, led the people out of the ghetto, not by way of the main gates, which led towards the station, where the Germans were, but from the other end of Sand Street. They broke through the fence at Grandfather's house, cut through the barbed wire, went round the edge of the town, then past the cemetery onto the road that led into the distant forest.

Six hundred people left the ghetto, the rest stayed behind. Those who had barricaded themselves in remained behind, as well as many who had come out but had fled back inside when the machine gun on the watchtower opened up and the streets ran with blood. And, of course, cripples and invalids stayed behind and the sick, the feeble, old men and women, and anyone who was unable to move, as there were no stretchers to carry them on.

Grisha urged the people to move fast, the Germans would quickly collect themselves, their units would arrive, they would organize the pursuit, it was essential to get to the forest, to a particular place where two men were waiting with a machine gun, and where it would be possible to organize some defense to hold off the enemy, though, as a matter of fact, it was nearly eight miles to that point. Now, Grisha hadn't expected that while his men were assembling to leave, many of the young people wouldn't come out of their positions, but would go on firing from cover in order to kill as many SS and police as possible. What did they know, these boys and girls? They had enough courage to attack, but they didn't have the know-how to get out in time, they thought they were holding up the Germans, but in fact they were no longer doing any good where they were—it was all over. They were needed on the march, but they had stayed behind, and now they couldn't get out, either they were killed, or they joined the others in the barricaded houses.

> Then Mother said, "You hear those shots? That's your children dying to save you! You're not slaves anymore, you're free. . . ."

Every fighter was important to Grisha—six hundred people make a long column, not a military column, a column of fugitives, seized with terror. He needed a large defense force for so many people, but what he had was a dozen partisans and a few boys and girls with guns.

Nevertheless, Grisha posted escorts ahead, on the flank, and in the rear, in the regular way. He left their first covering force at the cemetery and a second one two miles further on, each of them to meet the pursuing forces on his own ridge. Of course, they would be slaughtered, of course, it was a death sentence, but, still, they would delay the enemy for a few precious minutes. Grisha couldn't spare extra men for the covering positions, it was necessary to protect the helpless, terrified people, who were heading for the unknown, with death behind them and in front of them, each one thinking only of his own salvation. At the first sign of panic, they would run in all directions or rather shuffle—they were far too weak to run. The stronger of them were walking faster, hurrying to reach the forest. The weaker ones tried to keep up with them, but they hadn't the strength. They sat down at the side of the path, or they fell down and had to be picked up and pulled along, because to leave them for the enemy to defile would mean to turn the column into a herd of animals—animals don't carry their wounded with them, only human beings do that, as long as they remain human beings. They left behind only those who were already dead. There was no time to bury the dead, and there was not enough strength to carry them with, what strength there was the living needed.

Suddenly, the people stopped. They heard shooting behind them, and they saw tongues of flame leaping up into the sky. It was the ghetto burning and being destroyed.

Of course, the Germans could have waited to deal with it later, the ghetto wasn't going to fly away, they ought to have flung themselves into the pursuit. But fury and the thirst for revenge overcame them, and they vented their need on those who had stayed behind. The SS platoon that had come in by truck surrounded the rebellious ghetto and set about exterminating it right there, on the spot, in the streets. The SS tried to break into the barricaded houses where shots were being fired; they tossed in grenades, and when the people came running out, they mowed them down with machine guns and Sand Street and Hospital Street ran with blood. Yet people still tried to break through the cordon with whatever weapons they could find, but not one of them succeeded. When the resistance was broken and the fighters ran out of ammunition and were all killed, and the sound of shooting was no longer drowned by the cries and screams of the wounded, the avengers burst into the houses and finished off the cripples, the sick, and the old, the dogs sniffed round the yards, and the SS picked off the children who had hidden there. It was all over in a few hours, the ghetto was liquidated, and nearly two thousand people found their graves in the ditch in the forest clearing. But they hadn't gone there themselves, they hadn't lain down in the ditch! Their corpses had been loaded onto trucks, driven into the forest, and thrown into the ditch. It had been necessary to exterminate the inhabitants of the ghetto in their own houses, the ghetto had put up resistance, it had exacted a price for its life, and it was wiped off the face of the earth. The Nazis never mentioned it, this shame and defeat of theirs, it is not even

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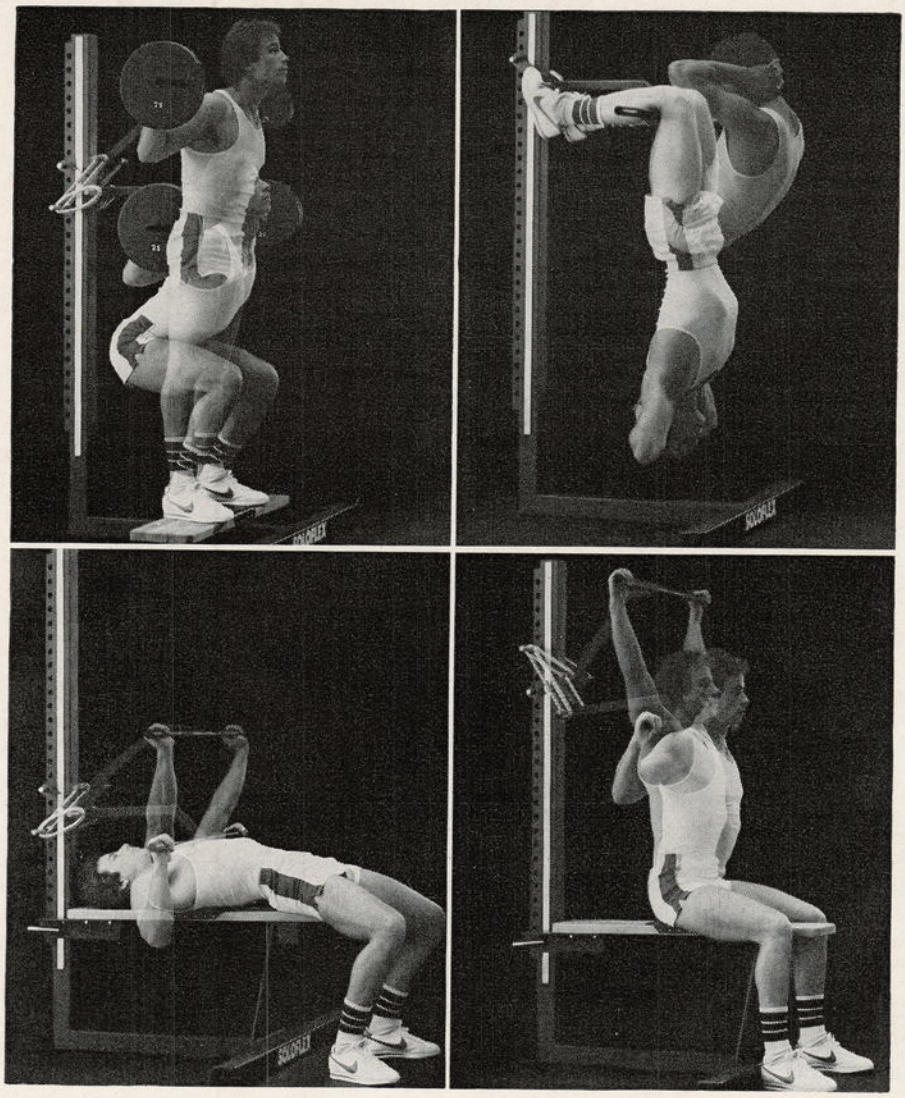

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in the list of the fifty ghettos we know about. But it did exist, it did fight, and it perished with honour.

Once they had finished with the ghetto, the Germans set off in pursuit of the fugitives, who were already getting close to the forest. The two covering forces had left their ambush and rejoined the main force, where they took up defense positions at the edge of the forest. They now had a machine gun. The soldiers soon arrived, too, as they had no need to look for the path, which was marked out for them with corpses. But when they approached the forest, they were met by machine gun, submachine gun, and rifle fire.

Meanwhile, the fugitives went deeper into the forest. They were led by two partisans, Yevsey Kuznetsov and Kolya Gorodetsky, who were supposed to take them further, to the dense forest of Bryansk, where Sidorov's partisans were waiting and where the Germans wouldn't dare to poke their noses. There were not more than four hundred of them left; the fighters stayed behind at the edge of the forest, and the others, who hadn't been able to survive the march, littered the melancholy scene with their bodies. But the forest, which they had to get through, was also big, over six miles across, and these people had already come eight and could go no further, especially as they had now left the open ground and so felt safe to a certain extent. They'd been told by Mother, "The forest, we must get to the forest," and now they'd got there, they were told they mustn't stop.

Mother said to Yevsey Kuznetsov, "The people must rest. They can't go on."

"No," Yevsey replied. "Grisha won't wait for long. And if they sit down, they won't get up."

So they carried on, but more and more people kept falling down on the forest path or stopping to lean against trees.

So then Mother said to Yevsey, "You go on with those who can, and I'll stay with those who need at least a short break. Leave Kolya to show us the way, and in half an hour I'll get them going again."

Those who still had the strength went on with Yevsey, the rest sat down in a clearing, and Mother went back for those who had fallen behind and brought them to the clearing.

Then, in the presence of Kolya Gorodetsky, Mother said to Olya, "Ask Uncle Sidorov to send you to Chernigov, to a lawyer called Tereshchenko. Tell Tereshchenko that you're Rachel Rakhlenko's granddaughter. Kolya, will you tell Sidorov?"

"We'll tell him," Kolya replied.

Mother then said to the people, "Come on, get up, we can't stay here any longer, we must go on." A few of them got up, but most of them hadn't the strength.

Then Mother said, "You hear those shots? That's your children dying to save you! You're not slaves anymore, you're free, you're going to revenge the blood of your families and friends, you're going to make these monsters pay for your suffering, you're going to destroy them, like the mad dogs they are, because that's what you have to do with mad dogs. Find the strength to go on, come! Kolya, lead them!"

And the people found the strength in themselves to get up and shuffle along further. But Mother didn't move, they shuffled past her, while she stood there and inspired strength in every one of them. It was hard to recognize the earlier Rachel Rakhlenko in this woman, though she was only forty-nine. Only the height and bearing of the original Rachel remained. Tall and straight, she stood without moving or leaving her place, but she was receding deeper into the forest for each person who went by her, her image faded, and she seemed to melt into the air and gradually disappear. And when the people looked back, she was no longer there. Nobody heard the sound of her footsteps or the crunch of twigs under her feet, she simply dissolved into the forest amid the motionless pines, she melted into the air that was saturated with the sharp scent of resin, just as it had been when, as a girl of sixteen, she had sat in the forest with her Jakob, a boy with blue eyes, from Basel, Switzerland.

> Suddenly, the people stopped. They heard shooting behind them, and they saw tongues of flame leaping up into the sky. It was the ghetto burning and being destroyed.

You think it's fantasy or mysticism? Maybe. But even so, nobody ever saw my mother again, alive or dead. She vanished, melted, dissolved into thin air in the pine forest, near the little town where she was born, where she'd lived her life, where she had loved and been loved, where, in spite of all the misfortunes, she'd been happy, where she'd brought up her children, raised her grandchildren and watched their terrible deaths, where she had endured more than any human heart can or should endure. But her heart did endure, and in the last minutes of her life she was truly able to be a mother to those wretched and unfortunate people, and to put them on the path of struggle and give them a dignified death.

Meanwhile, the battle at the edge of the forest continued. The Germans had no idea of their enemy's strength, so they took cover, fired some shots at intervals, and waited for reinforcements. After an hour, Grisha sent on ten men and had twenty fighters left, then an hour later, he sent on another twelve, and that left him with eight.

When the SS arrived, the troops rose to the attack. The SS men were tall and strong. They were drunk, had no hats, and were wearing black shirts with rolled-up sleeves, bearing the skull and crossbones. They ran at full height, and the machine gun massacred the first rank. The second rank stepped over the dead, the third rank stepped over the second and reached our boys, who went into hand-to-hand fighting with them. There were many Germans and police, and Grisha had all of eight men. They all died in the unequal battle. But the SS lost more than half their contingent and didn't go any further into the forest. Trucks came and carted off their dead and wounded, but the bodies of Grisha, his sons, Venya and Tolya, and of five other fighters remained in the clearing. Next morning, the partisans collected them and took them away to the distant forest, where they buried them to a salute of twenty rifle salvos.

About four hundred people arrived at Sidorov's. For many of them the dreadful march had been their last effort, their last hope had been fulfilled, and many were buried in the first week. Those who survived were either attached to Sidorov's partisan unit or sent to join others, and the old and the sick were hidden away on farms by people who could be trusted, and there they lived out their last days. As Mother had wanted, Olya was sent to Tereshchenko in Chernigov, and Tereshchenko took her in and became her father, she bears his name, Olga Tereshchenko. She now has two children of her own, and like her adoptive father, she is a lawyer, too. It was from Olya that I learned so much about the life and death of our family. She is the only witness left out of all of them.

The ghetto ceased to exist in September 1942, and the war ended in May 1945. Very few of those who got out of the ghetto are still alive; they either died in partisan battles or later on in the army, when the partisans merged with our regular units, and those who survived have settled all over the country, scattered throughout the land; practically nobody went home—there was no home to go to.

Still, I did manage to discover a few partisans who were able to add some details to Olya's account, which she couldn't have known about. And these tough, brave men, who had been through just about everything a man can go through, confirmed that, before their eyes, my mother really did dissolve in the forest, she had simply melted away into thin air. They swore they had seen it with their own eyes. Maybe they didn't see it happen with their own eyes, maybe this legend arose like a hallucination in the minds of people who had reached their limit. The exodus

CONTINUED ON PAGE 168

"Teenage Scandinavian farm girls basketball team" is no longer a synonym for innocence.

SCORING

FICTION BY JAIME MARDIS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAT HILL

Life after college didn't look so bright for Donelly. Sure, the first summer passed like a breeze, with Donelly coaching high-school kids how to dunk 'em and pivot and swish a skyhook from 20 feet. And then he'd landed a starting berth as power forward in the four-state semipro league, racking up such heavy stats on rebounds that an Iowa City daily wrote a half-page article about him: Clive Donelly.

Just when things seemed really up, down they went. League play—a shocker—was suspended midseason owing to a lack of attendance that most people attributed to the long Midwest drives and the high price of gas. Donelly, too, had come to the conclusion (based on a friendly scout's word) that no career existed in the backboard jungle of the NBA for a fella only six feet and a whisker tall.

Not that Clive Donelly didn't think of coaching: he'd taken his bachelor's in physical training in *order* to coach. But he knew the problem now was that in the dead of winter and halfway through the academic year, chances for finding any job better than substitute gym boss were pretty damn bad. Days after sticking the stamps on a pile of résumés, though, Donelly got lucky. He was hired—by phone.

Funny . . . he hadn't ever heard of Nashwauk Trinity *or* its basketball team. Nevertheless, when Donelly headed into Minnesota on a snowbound morning, he was feeling about as keyed up as he did before a jump ball. So what if it's only a small junior college? he thought. He'd be working the courts, and that's what's important. And the luck! Gee, he could thank his lucky star that one of the state schools he'd contacted even bothered to put Nashwauk onto him.

They'll be 18, 19, 20, at the most, Donelly contemplated with relish. Good, strapping, tall Swedish farm boys—perfect players for his kind of get-ahead, physical-game concept. Donelly cruised down Main Street in Nashwauk shortly after noon, past the Western Auto Store, Lux movie house, and on outside of town into the white, rolling hills, dotted with old-fashioned red silos and silver-roofed barns. Then he saw his turnoff: NASHWAUK TRINITY JUNIOR COLLEGE FOR MEN AND WOMEN: 2 MILES.

And women? Donelly chuckled to himself. His girl in Iowa City probably wouldn't like that too much. What the new coach didn't realize, however, as he pulled up to the modernistic quadrangle and took a basketball out of his trunk, was that varsity athletics at Nashwauk Trinity for men and women consisted solely of *women*. The men, it seemed, were all too busy studying to enter the seminary.

At the college the Dean waved aside Donelly's résumé with a paternal smile. "Young man, I can judge from what you've said and, of course, from your *basketball* that yes, indeed, you are a serious-minded athlete. Yes, I have confidence in you."

Clive smiled broadly, overwhelmed for an instant by all the flattery. Naturally, he had to hand it to himself that a ball in hand was more than worth two in the net on these interviews. "Thank you, sir. Now, where's the gym found?"

"There *are* two more questions, Mister Donelly."

"Fire away, sir. I'm here to make things work."

"Are you a Lutheran, son? Or at least Protestant?"

"Dean, I spent every Sunday of my childhood in church. But I'm warning you," he said, grinning, "my family's all Methodist."

"That's fine," replied the Dean. "I ask, you see, because most of the young men in our two-year program are preparing their lives for entry into larger denominational schools like St. John's and, putting it frankly, haven't time for sports 'midst all their studies. During our decade here at Trinity, it's primarily our

young *ladies* who participate in athletics. You know, young ladies who will marry afterward—all local daughters, you understand—and so we generally program our sporting activities so that they'll have plenty to do in their spare time . . . *If* you catch my meaning."

The Dean winked. Donelly blanked. Just couldn't be. He'd driven 175 miles with snow chains and high hopes to get whammied? Saddled with a bunch of farmers' daughters who probably thought the bucket was something you put milk in?

"So—" The Dean cleared his throat. "My second query is, Should you choose to accept our offer as head coach, will you feel comfortable working with . . . primarily . . . eighteen-year-old girls? Very *well* disciplined girls, I might add."

Clive Donelly's basketball fell from his lap and bounced lamely across the floor. But he didn't seem to take any notice. What flew through his mind like a bullet pass out of traffic was that he needed this coaching job. Bright lights and base lines, ref whistles and halftime buzzers—the hoop world of long legs and short pants were Clive's *life*. In any form.

"I, uh, already accepted," Donelly stammered, then did his best to flash a winning smile. "Just show me to the gym."

Miss Myerson was the minuscule, sexless physical-ed coach at Nashwauk, and Donelly wondered, taking indoor laps in his sweats before *his* girls showed at 4:30 P.M., whether she resented him. After they'd been introduced, about all she had to say was she hoped he didn't have "personal problems" like the last honcho had. Crazy . . . "If our young ladies have to keep changing coaches from virtually one month to the next, I hardly see how they can develop the confidence to succeed and excel in group sports," the old girl told him.

Must be ornery because she never got hitched, Donelly figured, sprinting the last one on his toes to stretch out. Well, at only $9,000 a year he could savvy why a good coach might hightail it for more green. None of his biz, anyhow.

He dropped to knock out a few fast sits but halted on seeing old lady Myerson's bony kneecaps. "Yes, ma'am?"

"Coach Donelly, your team would like to know if you wish for them to bring out any special pads for practice. Your young ladies are in the locker room right now."

"Pads?" He shrugged. "Sure, I'll go take a look."

"I'm afraid you won't!" Miss Myerson snapped.

"Oh, yeah, Guess not." Donelly bit his lip. "Just tell 'em to go ahead and get their buns out here."

Myerson didn't like that one at all. Dang it, thought Donelly, I guess I'm better off keeping my trap shut around here. Still, a gym's a gym. Or *oughta* be. A minute passed before his team appeared, no doubt after that old biddy had told 'em what a foul mouth he owned.

Clive wondered what female athletes would look like in these parts. He'd seen one girls' gym class file by, most of them so plump and clumsy you'd figure they just stepped off a dairy farm. Consequently, when a dozen blonde and supple mid-

"Miss Olafson," he instructed, "go grab yourself a couple of balls." The team captain did exactly that. His.

western coeds waltzed out on the court, Coach Clive Donelly was shocked—doubly shocked, because his jockstrap began tightening almost instantly.

Good-looking group. A good-looking *team*. All were trim, reasonably tall . . . but wearing such tight jerseys that their rosy nipples showed, and in shorts so clingy he just couldn't help noticing the velvet-smooth thighs and clearly vee-lined, honey-wet pussy of every player.

"Hiya, coach! I'm Olafson, team captain," beamed a leggy, blue-eyed nymphette. "Welcome to Nashwauk."

"You sure are cute, Coach Donelly," smiled another.

"I'm Karlstad!" called the tallest girl on the squad. "And whenever you want me, just whistle, Coach!"

Donelly simply couldn't help himself. He steered a moderately thick coaching guide to women's collegiate play in front of the growing bulge in his sweat pants and tried to appear stern. The college's loveliest-built girls seemed to be concentrated on its varsity basketball team: young, prim, virginal teenagers whose names read off like a Stockholm telephone directory. Anderson, Haakenson, Haugen, the Ninas, the Johannas, the Ingrids . . .

"What's up, Coach?" asked Olafson. "Passing drills?"

"First," said Donelly. "Let's just stand here a minute and get to know each other. Relax a little bit."

"We haven't won a game *all* season," one complained.

"Oh, yes, we did—when Fargo Lutheran defaulted!"

The banter went back and forth. Donelly nodded as though he were taking it in, vaguely glancing at the rules and roster and cursing himself silently all the time for being such a danged fool as to somehow allow himself a sexual thrill around such fine, nice young girls. Wasn't like him at all. Then he smelled an infectious perfume.

Karlstad, the tall, sultry-looking girl who most probably played center, was standing so close over him that she might have been trying to draw a charging foul.

His eyes met hers. "Can I help you?"

"Oh, Coach," she cooed. "I can tell you're as excited as we are—you don't really have to *hide* it, you know."

"I'm proud to be here," Donelly replied uneasily. "I'm sure you'll do a good job for me, Miss, uh—"

"Karlstad," she whispered breathily. "You can bet I'll do a good job for you. And remember, big boy, all you have to do is whistle." She winked at him.

"Coach!" cried Olafson. "Is Karlstad flirting?"

"Get away from him, Karlstad!" one of the other players screamed. "She's always playing teacher's pet, Coach! Don't let her con you the way she did—"

"Shut up!" said Karlstad. "It was *you*, not me."

In the confusion, Donelly forgot the root of his own problems and concentrated on breaking up the fuss.

"What's your name?" he asked the second girl.

"I'm Lindstrom," answered a shapely, angel-faced girl, whose hips and bust line had taken a more womanly curve earlier than her colleagues' had. "The last coach never let me play, and that's because Olafson and Karlstad and Haakenson were always his favorites. It's not fair."

An uproar went up from that, and now

Donelly found his voice. "Awright, cut the chatter and make a line!"

The girls obeyed quickly, filing across the court and standing with their toes on the ten-second mark. Clive stepped off a few paces and crossed his arms. When he started to speak, he thought he noticed Karlstad staring right below the girth of his sweats, but he shook it off as just a case of nerves.

"Today's my first day with you," he began. "I'm happy and proud to be here. But I want to emphasize right off that successful basketball is a team sport. There is no star system as far as I'm concerned. Your speed and your athletic ability, and to a degree your height, will determine what positions I'll put you in—"

Haakenson giggled. She was a virtual twin to the team captain, Olafson, azure eyed and fair complexioned. Donelly looked at her, and as he did, she seemed to melt . . . her satiny white legs slid out slowly front and back into a perfect split so that her thighs hugged the gym floor and her tight shorts slit up into the folds of her nubile teenage cunt. "Is *that* athletic enough, Coach Donelly?"

"On your feet!" he fired back. "Girls, when I talk, I want you to listen, and that means listen up good." Amazing. Fifteen minutes on the floor with them and the girls had already made him lose his cool, start acting emotional. For a split second Clive wondered if he could handle them. He turned his back, pacing out several more steps so he wouldn't see their bodies in full detail.

"For starters," he continued, "we've got plenty enough here for a good scrimmage later. We'll all play, and every one of you girls is gonna get some action—"

The young ladies of Nashwauk Trinity J.C. smiled back at him, and Donelly at long last felt like he was in control.

"Miss Olafson," he instructed. "Go grab yourself a couple of balls." The team captain did exactly that. His.

The Dean's Office had supplied Donelly with a small efficiency flat in campus housing. That night he dined late on pizza at the student center snack bar and, exhausted, lugged his suitcases in from the car, threw them on the bed, and fell down with a big sigh. From the outside, even from the inside, Trinity looked like a typical Midwest Protestant center of learning. The snack bar was filled with late-studying, serious-faced kids, all as quiet as dormice. The campus, at early dusk, had been pastoral and peaceful in the white snow, bells ringing the hour from the quadrangle's church spire.

But in spite of all this, Clive Donelly was so damned worried and upset that he couldn't even digest his food.

What bothered Donelly so much was his own morals. These kids were about the finest you'd find anywhere in America, he kept telling himself, and look at what happens. The team captain comes up and practically gooses him—well, sure, that's okay when it's just a bunch of the guys horsin' around . . . well, maybe they *were* all just good ole gals at heart. Jocks right down to their shoelaces. Sure, Donelly decided, all that cuttin' up and locker room humor was just a natural way for the girls to cut down their tension. Like *any* athletes.

"Coach, if you want me to play center tonight, then let me give you a blowjob right now. It won't take long."

Yet Donelly felt guilty for imagining that girls on his basketball team wanted him to get it on. Making love to the one you loved was fine . . . But being tempted by not one but a whole handful of tender little virgins fresh out of high school seemed about as low as you could get.

That Friday, a game night, Nashwauk's team just had shooting practice. He'd scrimmaged them twice to choose a starting lineup, drilling the same simple tactics into them time and again: "Fast break, center it, find your forwards, and hit the hole." It worked well. Except that when Ingrid Haakenson inbounded, she'd shout down the court: *"Center it, spread your legs, and hit the hole!"*

He let it slide, since scoring had improved. But he guessed old Myerson had heard their raunchy language by now. Whatever—if it helped the team beat St. Mary's, a Catholic rival, maybe she'd even forgive everybody.

They were taking jump shots from the line when the hag brought in the bus schedule. "We come back *tomorrow*?" he asked.

"Coach Donelly, overnight trips are part of the job."

She handed him the motel vouchers and left. Clive was less annoyed at having to walk a half a mile to get his toothbrush than he was with Karlstad: she began staring at him seductively, her moist tongue languorously touching her lips.

Olafson came over, all smiles. "We were keeping the motel a secret, Coach. Thought you might be *scared*."

All the girls were laughing. He blew his whistle and told them to start on lay-ups. "Why don't you lay *me* up," joked Anna Strandson, their best guard. "I promise I'll give you a free throw." That started it. He blew the whistle again only to see Karlstad lying down in the middle of the free-throw lane and starting to pump her trim hips like a dog in heat. "Oh, I'm *coming*!—Clive, you *know* that when you blow that whistle it always makes me come!"

Total anarchy. Karlstad dragged long-limbed, blonde Strandson down on top of her and pretended to French-kiss, moving her sleek, muscular crotch so it humped the other girl's thigh. And then Haugen, a freckle-faced tart, jumped on them. Within a minute the entire team had piled on, laughing like hyenas and wrestling themselves into a shaky human pyramid . . . Except for Lindstrom, who left the gym, Donelly had just lost respect for his whole damn team.

But what could he do? Lay a paddle on their asses? Hell, he thought, these girls would probably *enjoy* it.

Two hours later Clive Donelly sat on the dog-eared bench seat of an old school bus chugging cautiously north on an icy farm road. He gazed blankly out the window at the blue dusk. Was the basketball coach at Nashwauk some kind of scapegoat or what? he asked himself. He tried rationalizing that a road trip, even a one-nighter, had to be one helluva freebie for a bunch of young college girls. Got 'em all worked up and—*heck*, somehow that didn't jell.

A semideaf grandpop drove the bus. Donelly wished they could talk to pass the time; yet when he tried, ole gramps just said, "Yah, yah." And that was it. Over his shoulder sat the girls—at his instructions, one per seat and staggered. He didn't even care to look back at them.

Footsteps sounded, and then suddenly

Karlstad sat down beside him.

"I asked you all to stay seated so you could rest."

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about," she whispered. Karlstad's fingers brushed across his cock as she put her wet lips to his ear. "Coach, if you want me to play center tonight, then let me give you a headjob right now. It won't take long—I *love* to suck."

"Miss Karlstad—" Donelly froze. Her fingers had tightened around his excited rod, squeezing it gently. "Please, just return to your seat and I'll forget this."

"Fuck you, Clive," she hissed playfully. "I'm going down on you, whether you like it or not." Against his will, his cock was responding in full force. Her soft mane of hair slid into his lap, and Karlstad's hot tongue danced a pattern on his hands as he struggled to stop her. *He* didn't. But his team captain and a backup forward, Haakenson, were up and pulling Karlstad into the aisle as soon as her pretty face disappeared from view.

"You were gonna let *her* suck you off when I'm the damn captain?" Olafson stormed at Donelly. "You fucker!"

"Same shit," said Haakenson. "Playing *favorites*."

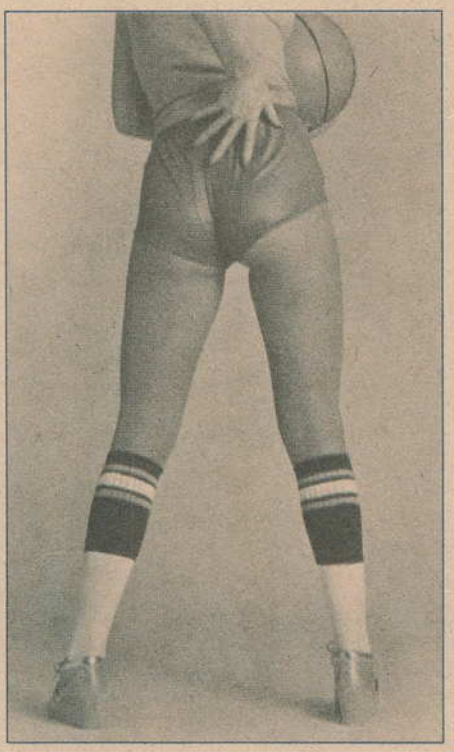
The game with the Catholics ended or, more aptly, began and ended in disaster. The girls, as if to spite him, were ejected at such a rate that by halftime only Lindstrom—who couldn't even dribble—hadn't drawn at least one personal-conduct foul. The score—forget it.

But far worse for Donelly was trying to forget what happened afterward at the motor court: Karlstad and Strandson, who had jimmied open his door, pounced on him. Which meant he awoke to the sweet, sticky taste of a slick teenage pussy around his lips. Karlstad had straddled him while the second girl grabbed him by the nuts and tongued his sleeping shaft back into hard reality. But only for a moment. Donelly, furious, had pushed them away; yet even then Karlstad just laughed, rolled back, and pulled Strandson's long hair, leaving him to watch while Karlstad spread her legs and guided the girl's mouth onto the juices of her dripping clit. He'd *almost* felt like ramming his cock in both of them.

Donelly was miserable. He pulled a sick-out most of the following week to try to get his brain unscrambled. Oddly, Myerson seemed to care less. Didn't even comment on their loss at St. Mary's. And on top of it, the Dean dropped by and *congratulated* him. "You're doing a great job, son. Our young ladies are very lucky to have you."

Friday was another game night. Another road trip. Another loss. Another motel. Donelly stayed up late in the deserted lobby, drinking coffee, wary of going back to his room. At last check Miss Haakenson had been on his bed, spread-eagled and naked, rubbing oil across her stomach and on down into her blonde, adolescent pubis.

Donelly wondered what "personal problems" the last coach had. Probably got fed up. Or fired for messing around . . . plenty of opportunity for that. On the other hand, Donelly smiled bitterly, could be the



"Why don't you lay me up?" joked Anna Strandson, the team's best guard. "I promise I'll give you a free throw."

poor bastard got fucked to death. He glanced up. "Hello, Lindstrom."

"Coach, I need to talk to you. It's important."

"Sure." Clive was curious about her. Cute girl, but so uncoordinated he didn't see how she made the team.

"I want to quit, except the Dean won't let me," she sniffled. "Every girl on varsity did something bad, but all I did was hold hands with one stupid seminarian. And now I have to spend all my free time at the gym with the basketball team and take these dumb trips, and everybody *knows* every girl on the team is a cheap slut. All of the school's whores and nymphomaniacs and sexpots have to play *basketball*. We're like prisoners. Oh, Coach . . ."

"Don't cry," he pleaded. "*I* respect you." Looking back on it, Donelly never could quite recall how he ended up on the carpet with Lindstrom—or how, at three o'clock in the morning, he managed to load his angry team on the bus.

Some magnetic passion had exploded: with Lindstrom kissing him, darting her tongue, pulling him closer, her plush breasts burning into him as her bathrobe fell off and he touched her supple nipples . . . her nails dug into his back, bringing Clive down upon her. And grabbing his hammer-hard shaft with both hands, her legs cocked high, she crammed it tight up into her lubricious, fire-hot slit. All the way to the limit. And when Lindstrom screamed out, Donelly realized she hadn't been lying. A virgin.

"Tattletale, tattletale, teacher scored a piece of tail!" Olafson sang loudly. "Me next, huh, Coach?"

Clive turned over, sweating, to see every girl on the team standing around them. But he just didn't care.

"Team Captain, get all your asses packed and into the bus—right now!" Donelly boomed, standing up with his ten-inch cock still erect and throbbing. "Or I *am gonna gangbang* every last one of you cunts. Understand?"

Somehow that put the fear in them. And in the dead of night, huddled on the Dean's front porch with his girls and half the faculty gawking in woolen pajamas, Clive was still going strong. "*Hypocrites!*" he blustered. "You put all these normal, healthy girls on the same team so they can't associate with your *good* students. Then everybody calls them whores! Ship 'em off with a deaf old coot on the weekends—no wonder they turn out wild! No wonder the last coach resigned! Well, *I* ain't your lion tamer!"

"It's all true," said the Dean. "Perfectly true."

"But we do have to protect our girls," stammered Myerson. "And . . . the *boys*, we have to protect our boys."

"Nashwauk's last coach was *forced* to resign, Coach Donelly," the Dean continued. "He was fired because the girls accused him of playing favorites. Now, son, what I'm asking you is—bearing in mind the circumstances we discussed—do you want to stay on with us or not?"

Donelly looked into Lindstrom's adoring eyes and painfully thought of leaving her. Then he noticed the sultry lips of Karlstad. And Olafson's sensual, impish grin. And Haakenson, beside him, sliding her hand deep inside her coat, moaning as she masturbated. And then Donelly short-circuited. Snapped. Or maybe clicked.

He shuffled his feet and tried to flash a winning smile. "Well, Dean, I always *have* been a team player!"

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

DO YOU HAVE TASTE?

DO YOU KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN UGLY AND BEAUTIFUL?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty-five questions that tell you whether you're a snob or a slob

PSYCHOGRAPH

America isn't just drifting to the Right politically. It's moving in that direction socially as well. Upper-class taste and behavior have reasserted themselves as traits to be emulated rather than scorned. The WASPs have come out of the closet, and preppies have spread their Top-Siders throughout the land.

The trend has been apparent for some time now. Guys who spent the Vietnam and Watergate eras in jeans and sneakers have long since traded them in for Brooks Brothers flannels. We knew how far things had progressed this past winter when Ronnie Reagan let it be known that he didn't want any man showing up at the inauguration without striped morning pants. Now *that's* conservative. (A gent who rents out formal wear said that just about every pair of tails on the East Coast had been snapped up by folks headed for inaugural shindigs. "I haven't seen people so eager to look upper crust for two or three decades," he said.)

If you've been to a wedding lately, you may also have noticed the trend. Men who would have been married in baby-blue tuxes and frilly shirts are beginning to show up at the altar in cutaways and cravats.

And how do you fit into all this? The following psychograph can give you an idea how you'll be judged now that it's high class to be high class. Answer the questions honestly and you'll see whether you have the skills to survive in a world whose favorite color is banker's gray.

1. You are sitting around loafing on a Sunday afternoon when friends drop in unexpectedly. Which of the following are you likely to have on hand to feed them?
   (a) wine and cheese
   (b) taco chips and beer

2. If you were offered a two-week vacation to any of the following locations, which one would you choose?
   (a) Acapulco
   (b) Miami Beach
   (c) Tibet

3. You're in New York for just one evening and want a top-notch meal. Which of the following restaurants would you choose?
   (a) Benihana
   (b) Lutèce
   (c) Trader Vic's

4. Do you have a second home—a place at the beach or in the mountains—where you spend a substantial amount of time each year?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

5. If you answered yes to the preceding question, answer this: Do you own this second home or lease it by the season? (If you answered *no* to the preceding question, skip this one.)
   (a) own
   (b) lease

6. Look in your closet. Do your suits look as if they're left over from *Saturday Night Fever?*
   (a) yes
   (b) no

7. Do you still go to discos?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

8. Which of these champagne types is the driest?
   (a) brut
   (b) extra dry
   (c) sec

9. You are eating at a restaurant. You are having beef; your date is having fish. Which kind of wine do you order?
   (a) a half-bottle of red for me, a half-bottle of white for her
   (b) I compromise and order a full bottle of rosé

10. At a formal French dinner, the salad is served:
    (a) before the entrée
    (b) after the entrée

11. At a formal dinner cheese should be served:
    (a) before the meal
    (b) after the meal

12. When do you normally sit down to your evening meal?
    (a) before 5:30 P.M.
    (b) 5:30 to 6:30
    (c) 6:30 to 7:30
    (d) after 7:30

13. Does your car have any of the following accessories?
    (a) a vinyl roof
    (b) a religious statue on the dashboard
    (c) oversized dice on baby shoes hanging from the rearview mirror

14. If you had a boat, which would you prefer to have?
    (a) a powerboat
    (b) a sailboat

15. You have a chance to taste one of the great Bordeaux wines (such as Chateau Lafite or Chateau Latour). You can select one bottle, and it must be from one of the following vintages. Which would you choose?
    (a) 1959
    (b) 1960
    (c) 1961

16. Do you know how to play squash?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

17. Do you own a dinner jacket?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

18. Is your raincoat
    (a) black
    (b) tan
    (c) blue
    (d) none of the above

19. Is your middle name
    (a) an old family name (such as John *Wentworth* Smith)
    (b) an ordinary name (such as John *Robert* Smith)

20. Would you buy a new car every year if you could afford to?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

21. When you're wearing a suit or a sport jacket, do the cuffs of your shirt:
    (a) show just a bit below the jacket sleeve
    (b) extend quite far (more than an inch) below the jacket sleeve
    (c) not extend below the jacket sleeve at all

22. Do you own any "designer" or "name" athletic clothes (jogging suits, tennis outfits, etc.)?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

23. Do you take both summer and winter vacations?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

24. Check your liquor cabinet. Which of the following do you have on hand?
    (a) single malt Scotch (blended Scotch won't do)
    (b) 12-year-old Irish whiskey
    (c) cognac (plain brandy doesn't count)
    (d) vintage port
    (e) Madeira

25. You're opening a bottle of champagne. To accomplish the task correctly, you should:
    (a) twist the cork out of the bottle
    (b) hold the cork still and twist the bottle away from the cork

ANSWERS AND EXPLANATIONS

Each possible answer on this questionnaire has been awarded a point value (which you'll find listed below). Add up the points of the answers you chose to get your score.

1. **a-5, b-1** Wine should be part of your life, not something reserved for special occasions. And nothing makes wine taste better than cheese. Develop a taste for them early, and you'll be rewarded with years of pleasure. Taco chips get you points only if you own the firm that makes them.

2. **a-2, b-1, c-5** Exotic locations are always chic. Acapulco used to be in, but it's flooded with tourists now and doesn't have the aura it once had—unless, of course, you're staying at your own house or at the home of deposed royalty. Miami Beach is for grandmothers.

3. **a-1, b-5, c-1** Lutèce is one of America's great restaurants. The other two places might be fine if you're trying to impress clients from Omaha, but not if you're in search of true *haute cuisine.*

4. **a-7, b-1** Doesn't *everyone* have a vacation home?

5. **a-6, b-2** Remember: a little ramshackle place that looks as if it has been in the family for years rates higher than a mansion people assume is leased by the season or has a heavy mortgage on it.

6. **a-*minus* 5, b-2** The well-dressed man never bought those John Travolta outfits in the first place. And if you've still got a closetful of them, you should be ashamed of yourself. No presidential dinners for you, fella.

7. **a-1, b-3** You have to beware of fads. Even if they're in style to begin with, they become passé mighty fast.

8. **a-5, b-0, c-0** *Brut* is the dry champagne most folks prefer nowadays. Extra dry and *sec* (which really does mean "dry" in French) are sweeter wines best served with dessert.

9. **a-6, b-1** Rosés are usually mediocre wines. Better to select two correct wines than to compromise on one inferior wine.

10. **a-0, b-5** Salad acts as a light bridge between the middle and end of a meal. It's not something to gorge yourself on before the entrée arrives. And don't let us catch you drinking wine while you eat your salad. Salad dressings are too acidic and spoil the flavor of the wine.

11. **a-0, b-5** The cheese course precedes dessert. In fact, if you have something like a great Stilton and a vintage port, you can do away with dessert entirely.

12. **a-0, b-1, c-2, d-4** You can never eat *too* late. After all, the evening meal is something to be savored.

13. **a-*minus* 2, b-*minus* 3, c-*minus* 5** Unequivocal no-nos. Subtract points for each one you chose.

14. **a-1, b-5** Sailing has always been the sport of the upper crust. Powerboats are a no-no.

15. **a-4, b-0, c-7** You've got to get your vintages straight: 1961 is one of the great years of the century, and 1959 was damned good, too, but you wouldn't normally choose it over a 1961; 1960s were light and pleasant in their day, but most have faded by now.

16. **a-5, b-1** Squash is the quintessential upper-class game. You may not learn anything else at Harvard, but you are expected to graduate with at least an acceptable squash game. Racquetball is not an acceptable substitute: too popular.

17. **a-8, b-1** Owning your own dinner jacket is a nice touch. If you have to rent one, it implies that you never get invited to anything fashionable on the spur of the moment.

18. **a-1, b-5, c-1, d-0** Natural tan raincoats are worn by men of affairs. Other colors should be left to FBI agents and fashion designers.

19. **a-4, b-1** Old family names always earn you extra points. Of course, if your old family name is Brczyowckorski, you may want to stick with "Robert."

20. **a-1, b-3** New things are always suspect among the upper crust. Better you should have an old Mercedes than a flashy new Caddy.

21. **a-4, b-1, c-1** Class is composed of lots of little things like this. You gotta be subtle.

22. **a-0, b-4** Athletic clothes should be simple and well worn. Only the socially insecure rely on labels to improve their game. Leave boldly colored and initialed clothing to the sports figures who get paid to wear them.

23. **a-5, b-2** Taking many vacations can make you seem frivolous. A week in Gstaad never hurt anybody's reputation.

24. **a-3, b-3, c-3, d-3, e-3** These products are hallmarks of the discerning drinker. You get points for each one you checked.

25. **a-1, b-7** Opening champagne correctly seems to be a lost art. Jiggling and twisting the cork disturb the wine. Your hot little hands warm up the bottle's neck and cause the wine to foam. Flying corks and frothy champagne are fine for Superbowl victories, but if you've got anything better than Cold Duck, you should drink it, not spray it all over the carpet.

SCORING

The highest possible score is 130 points; the lowest is zero.

If you scored 100–130 points:
You are definitely a gentleman of the old school. However, if the upper-crust traits measured here are not fleshed out with gentility and a mature ability to deal with people, your apparent breeding is only a veneer. If you use your social facility to lord it over others less well endowed, you are not high class; you are a snob.

65–99 points:
You may be a social climber. Anybody who knows as much about the upper-class world as you but who also exhibits such lapses may not be the genuine article. You've still got a ways to go, and you'll get there if you stop trying so hard. Of course, you may also be a rebellious blue blood who has chosen to renounce his social origins. If that's true, keep trying. You haven't fully succeeded yet.

30–64 points:
You, like most of us, are a member of the middle class. You tend to be intimidated when the social atmosphere becomes rarefied. Relax a little. Quiet confidence and self-assured politeness can cover a horde of social sins.

0–29 points:
You exude approximately as much social grace as a gorilla. You may have an active dislike of the upper classes and probably consider them effete and sissified. You are, of course, correct in realizing that no social class is inherently *better* than another. But you seem to be so virulently neanderthal that you may really be trying to cover up a sense of your own social inferiority. *Style* of any kind is acquired. It's not genetically predetermined. If you want, you can nurture upper-class tastes as easily as lower-class ones. You won't be less of a man just because some of your rough edges are smoothed out. Remember, a truly high-class guy is one who feels comfortable with people of all social stations.

"I was damned if I did and damned if I didn't."

FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

are lucky, Mr. Altman's standards on "sand castle building" will predominate. I, for one, shall be looking forward to the change.—*D. J. Rosati, Newfane, N.Y.*

Stupid is better

This letter is a serious addendum to Robert Wieder's humorous piece "Dumb Is Good" (February 1981).

Is it possible that the dumb are paranoid because they are not intelligent enough to understand intellectuals? On the other hand, is there any point in trying to understand intellectuals? Let's not confuse ignorance with stupidity and intelligence with wisdom. There is no shame in ignorance; all of us *are* ignorant; we were born that way; and to our final breath we will remain ignorant. Ignorance means simply a lack of knowledge; it is absolutely impossible to know everything about everything, after all. Intelligence means having knowledge—and even the most ignorant of ignoramuses knows quite a bit. There is no shame in being intelligent.

Ah, but stupidity and wisdom, now *that* is an entirely different matter! Intelligence is knowing what a bread knife can do; wisdom is determining what to do with it. The definition of stupidity and wisdom lies within the self. Most of us see stupidity and wisdom as doing something right or wrong, but since only the self can decide what is right and wrong, who then has the audacity to declare somebody else as stupid or wise? Not I.

My brother once told me that "one head knows better than the other." Well, okay, but which head? Mr. Wieder says, Don't waste life thinking. Similarly, why waste life fucking? In fact, why waste life at all? Here is a thought: the challenge of being alive is not to choose between either thinking or fucking but to figure out a way in which to combine them.

By the way, I am 22 and an atypical product of a typical northeastern university. If it's any consolation, I don't like most intellectuals, either. Most intellectuals are bores who are rigidly confined to one point of view, despite their desire to equivocate. The problem is that most nonintellectuals are bores, too. "I don't know" may be the three most important words in the English language (although it amazes me how many people are afraid to say them), but they wear thin after a while. It's nice to think just once a day. A little self-doubt never hurt anyone. Besides, how can one have pleasure and joy without having pain and suffering with which to compare them? Life is not one long, idiotic grin. On the other hand, "Dumb Is Good" shows how too much thinking can be dangerous. There is a balance between feeling and thinking, and the idea is to find that point and sit on it. Moving toward one direction or the other is a waste.—*A. L. Gruen, Baltimore, Md.*

THIS MONTH IN OMNI

ON SALE APRIL 23

MARVELS

FICTION

ILLUSION

FUTURESCAPE—The popular view of space colonies hovering above the earth is largely the brainchild of physicist Gerard K. O'Neill. In his hugely successful *The High Frontier* (1977), O'Neill proposed a scenario for the development of space that has since become part of the futurists' lexicon. Now O'Neill's new book, *2081*, expands his vision to encompass life on earth in the next 100 years. Starting this month, an exclusive two-part excerpt charts the forces of change that Professor O'Neill predicts will profoundly alter everyday life. Sneak a preview of what lies ahead for the human species, in the May *Omni*.

MASTER OF ILLUSION—Why does a man build a box that looks like something from the fourth dimension? "Because I'm interested in how the mind works," says Jerry Andrus. Described by Martin Gardner as "the one man most capable of fooling a professional magician," and by Dai Vernon as "the most original magician in the world," Andrus designs optical illusions that have yet to be explained and creates the magic of the future. Prepare to be amazed by our profile of the ultimate magician this month.

MECHANICAL MARVELS—"I have a Victorian belief in the mystical powers of the machine. To me, machines are still run by magic." Award-winning science-fiction illustrator Vincent DiFate produces vivid and realistic depictions of future technology in his art today. Praised for his work in *Analog*, DiFate is best known for his science-fiction book covers. His newest work, *DiFate's Catalog of Science Fiction Hardware*, is a survey of tomorrow's marvels of mechanics. Enjoy his imaginative art in the May issue of *Omni*.

ALIENS IN OUR SEAS—On this planet exists a form of intelligence in a body so completely lacking in any kind of mammalian attributes that one would instantly identify it as arising from the dreams of bad science-fiction writers. But the octopus, whose heritage began with the humble clam, shed its protective shell and ventured out into an evolutionary gauntlet that whipped it into a highly efficient shape. Read why Robert L. Forward thinks one of nature's most intelligent creatures is one that isn't even a vertebrate.

SCIENCE FICTION—A boy and an old man wake up a sleepy American town in Ray Bradbury's "Colonel Stonesteel's Genuine Home-Made Truly Egyptian Mummy." William Gibson's Johnny Mnemonic talks to a junkie dolphin to save his own life. Don't miss these arresting stories.

HEAVY SAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 158

from the ghetto had been a miracle, and when one miracle has been performed, another can occur, so the legend became rooted in people's minds as though it were reality, a fact.

But even Sidorov, who is still alive and whom I often see, even an old Communist like him, a man of sober mind and free of any superstition, when I asked him about Mother, was not definite.

"I didn't see it myself, as your mother didn't reach us, but people say that's how it happened." And he lowered his eyes. You see, as an old member of the Communist party, the commander of a partisan detachment, a man who doesn't believe in God or the Devil, he didn't like to admit that he believed in Mother's mysterious disappearance, so he gave an indefinite reply and looked away.

Before the war, there were several thousand Jews living in our town, now there are no more than two hundred. You already know what happened to those who remained under the Germans, and those who didn't either died in other battles or left with the evacuation and settled down in new places. It was mainly old people who came back, among them our barber, Bernard Semyonovich, still cheerful, gray-haired, but neat and fine looking.

For many days, the old men wandered around the yards, the wasteland, along the roads, and through the woods and fields, collecting the remains of the dead in sacks. The corpses had decomposed, but Bernard Semyonovich could identify some of them by the hair—it seems the hair doesn't fall out after death. They also identified the remains of my sister, Dina. The SS had tied her to the cross with some old electric wire, which had remained on her bones, and that's how they knew it was Dina. They buried the remains of those they could identify at the cemetery, and the others they buried in a communal grave, the one the Nazis had dug in the forest. The old men wanted to move the communal grave to the cemetery, but it was impossible, several thousands had been killed, and in fact the cemetery no longer existed as, on the commandant's orders, the headstones had been pulled away, and the whole area had been ploughed over.

The remains of all ten Stashenoks were found, lying together, the way they had hanged together. I cabled Olesya, that is, Alexandrina Afanasyevna Stashenok, and she came, Maxim, her nephew, Andrey Stashenok's son, came, and we buried the remains of their family. Petrus, Stashenok's second son, couldn't attend the mournful ceremony, as he had been killed, fighting on the northern Donets.

We didn't find the remains of my father, Yakov Ivanovsky, though the neighbours pointed out exactly where he had been buried, a wasteland not far from our street, on the way to the river. I even found the man the police had ordered to dig the grave. But there was no grave to be found, only clean sand. We dug over the whole wasteland, and found nothing but sand, clean, dry, heavy sand. My father's remains had vanished without trace. Strange, isn't it?

I made frequent visits to the town, nearly every time I had time off, and I helped as much as I could. There was quite a bit to do, you know, to restore the old cemetery, to put the communal grave in order, to collect money for a memorial, to rebuild the fences. Alexandrina Afanasyevna Stashenok would come over, too, and we went together to the district committee of the Party and to the town soviet, where, of course, they were sympathetic, but had enough problems of their own. They had to rehabilitate the town and the factories, and get the agriculture going again, as everything had been smashed and destroyed. It was important to consider the living, that's true, but we cannot forget the dead, either, they won't be resurrected, they will live on only in our memories, and we have no right to deny them that or to deprive them of it. I'd come, walk around, try and get something done, and when I got back to Moscow, I would write to Sidorov. He had retired by then, he had time, and he also did what he could to help—he had lived and worked and made war with these people.

> The SS tried to break into the barricaded houses where shots were being fired; they tossed in grenades, and when the people came running out, they mowed them down with machine guns.

Then, I must admit, I started to go less often. My sons were growing up and demanding much more of my attention, and at my age I had to have medical treatment from time to time, and my wife really needed a rest. The last time I was there was 1972, September, the thirtieth anniversary of the uprising and destruction of the ghetto.

Sidorov came with me to the cemetery. The fields all round were turning into autumn gold, we went by the path, along which they used to carry the dead from the ghetto, and along which my mother, Rachel, and my Uncle Grisha had led the living. They had rehabilitated the cemetery and fenced it off, and where the graves had been, they had planted young silver birches, which had already grown tall, standing in straight lines and rustling their leaves above the unnamed graves. Inside the fence was space for new graves, where they would bury those who would die in their own time.

It was a sad picture, the deserted cemetery, almost without headstones, without monuments, without inscriptions, without flowers. Where were the graves of my forefathers? Where lay Grandmother, Uncle Lazar, my brother Sasha, my little nephew Igor?

Sidorov and I stood for a while in silence, then we went to the communal grave, in the pinewood, near Oryol's old veranda, where he used to sell *kefir* and ice cream, where people used to relax in their hammocks, and where, once upon a time, my young father and mother had sat and tried to speak to each other in different languages, and where they were able to understand each other in only one language, the great language of love.

There were some other people at the communal grave, a few locals, some old men, some middle-aged, and some young people who had grown up here since the war. Some of them knew my mother, Rachel, my father, Yakov, my brave grandfather, Rakhlenko; some of them didn't. But their grandmothers and grandfathers, and their fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers, were lying here, too, lying in this vast ditch where, unarmed and helpless, they had been massacred by machine guns.

A large slab of black granite had been erected above the grave, and on it was engraved in Russian: "To the eternal memory of the victims of the German Fascist invaders." Below it was an inscription in Hebrew.

Next to me stood Sidorov, an ex-miner, the manager of the shoe factory, then a partisan commander, and now a pensioner. He had been born in Donbas, but he'd lived here a long time, he knew everything, understood everything through and through.

He pointed to the inscription in Russian and Hebrew and asked me, "Tell me, Boris, did they translate the Russian right?"

As a child, probably until I was eight or nine, I had gone to *kheder*, then I transferred to a Russian school and I'd long ago forgotten the Hebrew characters.

Yet, nearly sixty years later, those letters and those words came back to me from the unknown and eternal depths of my memory, I remembered them, and I read: *"Venikoisi domom loi nikoisi."*

The meaning of those words is "Everything is forgiven, but those who have spilled innocent blood shall never be forgiven."

Seeing that I was slow to reply, Sidorov gave me a look, he understood, the old fox, and again he asked, "Well, did they get it right?"

"Yes," I said, "It's right, it's exact."

Yalta—Peredelkino
1975–77

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WAXING POETIC

BY WADE HOYT

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT DOWLING

The Dow Jones Industrial Average is not the only guide to the state of the economy. Careful observers have noted that the length of women's skirts is an uncanny economic indicator. In boom times hemlines rise to giddy heights. In bust periods they fall to depressing lengths.

The surliness of headwaiters in French restaurants also slavishly follows the economy. When business is brisk, they treat you like *merde*. But when tables are empty, they will practically blow on your ear to charm you in off the street.

Likewise, the sales curve of such "postponable purchases" as new cars and new houses follows every roller coaster climb and dive of the stock exchanges. And the sale of motor oil, spark plugs, filters, and other do-it-yourself car-care products increases in inverse proportion to the health of the economy.

When times are good and the money comes easy, the average guy has his car serviced at the corner garage. Or else he just doesn't have it serviced at all; and when he can no longer stand the unreliable old bucket, he trades it in on a new model. But when times are tough, the average American will do anything to keep the old heap running even if it means actually taking care of his current car. The catch here is that he usually cannot afford to pay the local wrench-twirler $15 to $30 an hour, plus list price on parts, for this service. So he learns (or relearns) how to perform the simpler maintenance and repair jobs himself.

This is also when the car-care charlatans come out of the woodwork in order to sell the novice mechanic "miracle" gas mileage improvers, motor oil additives that purportedly cure everything but cancer, and "pirate" auto parts. People with common sense can usually avoid the first two rip-offs, but bootleg auto parts are truly insidious. Packaged to look like the car maker's high-priced original-equipment replacement parts (Chrysler's Mopar brand, Ford's Motorcraft, General Motors' AC, or Volkswagen's Autobahn), these bogus parts of unknown origin may spell the name a bit differently ("Mopor" or "Motocraft") and often bear such giveaway phrases as: "replaces part number XYZ," instead of just being labeled "part XYZ."

One way to avoid pirate parts is to be suspicious of very low prices, or to buy commonly available parts with such respected "aftermarket" brand names as Purolator (filters), Walker (mufflers), Stant (thermostats and radiator caps), or Monroe (shock absorbers).

Gas-saving gizmos should be approached with the caution usually reserved for ordering chopped meat in tropical countries. The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency tests dozens of them each year and finds most of them useless at best, harmful or hazardous at worst. One that did work for the EPA is a vacuum-operated cutout switch that turns off the air-conditioner's compressor when the engine is under load (climbing hills or accelerating). This little trick can save gas when the A/C is on but not as much as you could save yourself by turning the A/C off.

Oil additives are another car-care staple that has been met with skepticism. When the STP Corporation was run by that flamboyant promoter, Andy Granatelli, he once told me, "We have a wall lined with file cabinets full of unsolicited testimonials from happy STP users, and only a handful of complaints." There is no doubt that additive packages such as STP Oil Treatment will considerably improve the performance of a cheap motor oil—it was invented by the Germans during World War II to do just that. Many driveway mechanics, however, prefer to spend an extra 20 to 40 cents per quart for a premium-quality motor oil, such as Castrol or Cam 2, and skip the additives.

With today's low-octane gasoline causing engines to knock and ping, it's no wonder that gasoline additives are replacing oil additives on the do-it-yourself scene. Companies like PMD cover the whole field, from such conventional products as gas line antifreeze and carburetor cleaners to such wild and woolly innovations as octane improvers and roll-your-own gasohol.

The claims made for synthetic motor oils are enough to

confuse the veteran mechanic. The field is crowded with dozens of brands, which range from household names like Mobil 1 to relative newcomers like the Macmillan "Long Ranger." The best advice here is to consider the combination of claims and price. You don't want to pay five times the price of a normal motor oil for a synthetic that lasts only three times as long, unless you also need the extraordinary cold-weather performance that synthetics offer. You should also avoid brands that make ridiculous claims about 50,000-to-100,000-mile oil-change intervals and stick to brands with more believable claims, in the 15,000-to-25,000-mile range. If you choose a 25,000-mile synthetic oil, make sure you use it with a 25,000-mile oil filter. Cheap filters can clog solid or disintegrate in less than 10,000 miles. You won't save much with synthetic oil if you need to replace the filter and top up the oil reservoir several times between each oil change. Look for high-mileage filters, such as Purolator's "Dual Filter" series, which generally bear "long-life" or "double duty" claims.

A fairly recent wrinkle is batteries, mufflers, and shock absorbers that are "guaranteed for life." On the one hand, everyone knows that these parts can't last forever. The catch in the guarantee is the phrase *guaranteed for as long as you own the car.* The manufacturers realize that these parts are going into cars that are three to four years old to begin with and that relatively few owners will keep the car for another three to four years. However, if that's your plan, it can be worth the extra cost to invest in "lifetime" parts and let the manufacturer keep you in replacements. Just don't lose your original receipt, or all bets are off.

In addition to routine maintenance, keeping your car longer can involve such modest restoration projects as replacing carpets and seat covers or restoring the paint finish. There is an alphabet soup of companies (from Auto-Mat to Turtle Wax) specializing in such endeavors, and you can often find their ads in sports-car or other men's magazines.

Before you can even get your hands greasy, you will need specific, step-by-step instructions for working on your car. Most owner's manuals will tell you how often service is needed but not how to go about it. For less than the cost of one hour of a mechanic's time, a number of publishers will sell you detailed car-care books. The big names in the field are Chilton, Motor, and Reader's Digest. Most of these manuals are available in bookshops or wherever auto parts are sold. An exception is the Reader's Digest *Complete Car Care Manual,* which can be ordered by mail from RD headquarters in Pleasantville, N.Y. 10570. Drop them a card, and they will cordially send you the book along with a bill.

Once you have taught yourself such simple maintenance jobs as changing oil, antifreeze, filters, spark plugs, shock absorbers, and wiper blades, you will gain the skills and confidence needed to tackle such "professional" chores as relining the brakes or adjusting automatic transmission bands. A car that is well maintained not only runs better and longer but also has a higher resale value when you grow tired of it. And that will always be a welcome prospect because, while we will come out of the current recession sooner or later, inflation is likely to stay with us forever.

WASTE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

ellite system, each one of them 72 square miles in area. They would beam microwave radiation to earth stations. Aside from serious environmental and engineering questions, the project, it is now estimated, will cost $60 billion eventually, a very conservative figure. Aerospace companies have been exerting a strong lobbying effort to get federal-development dollars for this colossal waste of the taxpayers' money.

If the DOE goes ahead and squanders such development grants, that means the money for smaller projects will be constricted even further. Already, as the Critical Mass Energy Project and other groups note, the DOE is granting nearly 90 percent of its solar-research funds to big corporations that are moving to dominate the solar field. (Only about three percent of DOE prime contracts for research and development are going to small businesses, which just happens to be where the major innovations are being made in the field.)

The DOE's performance on overseeing the conversion of at least part of this nation's energy needs to solar power has been nothing short of abysmal. With some fanfare, a button was pushed in May 1978 to begin the water circulating through a showcase hot-water solar system for the West Wing of the White House. Solar power, we were promised, would provide 20 percent of this country's energy needs by the year 2000. But in the three years since then, almost nothing has been done—except for minuscule funding for solar-energy projects developed by nongovernmental innovators (last year the DOE sought to cut funds even for that) and several high-cost, high-technology demonstration projects that are designed more to keep aerospace companies in business than to help solve the energy crisis.

In the process, the DOE has not even used its considerable regulatory powers in this area. Under a 1975 law mandating reductions in energy consumption for the federal government's buildings, the DOE was supposed to oversee other federal agencies and pressure them to use energy-saving measures, especially solar-powered heating and hot water. Nearly six years later, however, the White House solar unit works fine, but the other federal buildings are still burning oil like there's no tomorrow. The DOE has been timid in pressuring other government agencies and is even less enthusiastic about installing solar units on any of the buildings. Last year the General Accounting Office said that the DOE has no comprehensive plan for meeting the goals of the 1975 law.

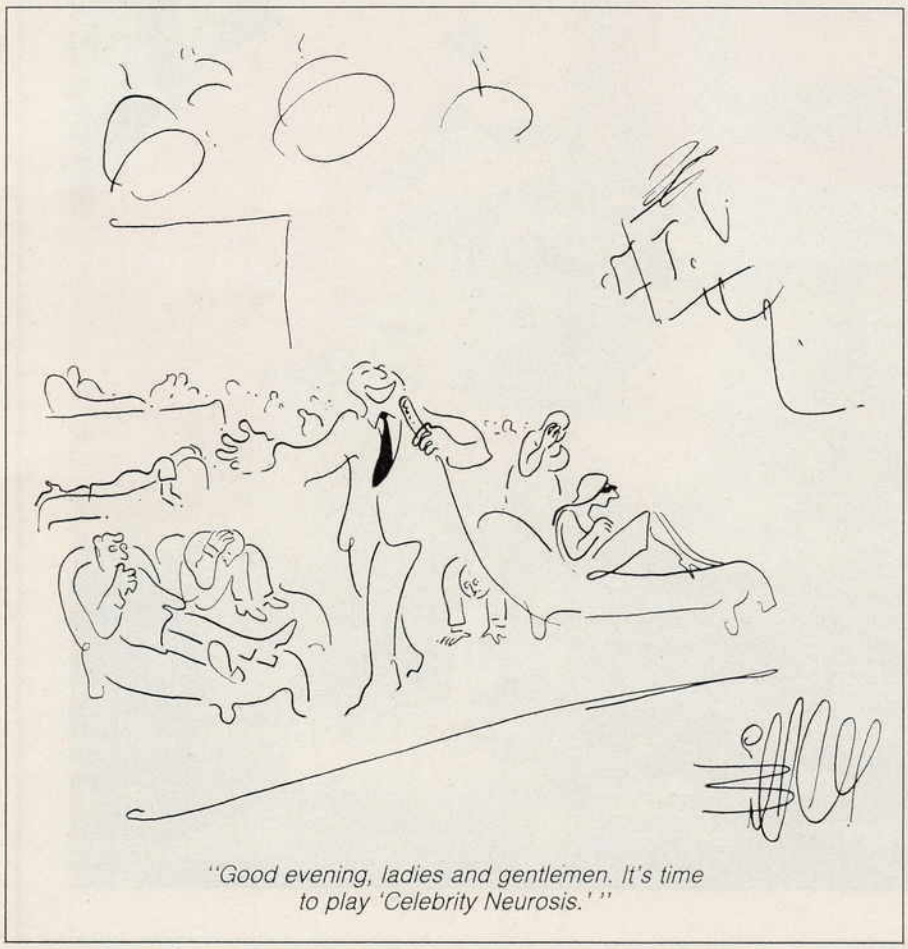
"A disgraceful lack of leadership" is the way Congressman Richard Ottinger of New York, one of Congress's leading energy experts, describes the DOE's efforts, even in so narrow an area as enforcing greater energy efficiency in federal buildings. Ottinger, an enthusiastic backer of solar power and other alternative energies, has been fighting with the DOE for several years, leading floor battles to restore or add funds that the DOE doesn't want, funds earmarked for basic energy research-and-development of other energy sources. Only several months ago, for example, Ottinger and other similar-minded members of Congress were outraged to learn of an internal DOE memorandum from the then-DOE director, Charles Duncan, which called for the department to spend $43.4 billion in the next fiscal year on energy development—$10.3 billion of which was for atomic energy, $5.1 for conservation, and $3.3 billion for solar energy.

To the DOE's critics, the figures are not surprising. As the Solar Lobby noted, Duncan—despite growing evidence of major cost breakthroughs in solar-power equipment—was actually proposing a reduction in DOE funds for solar energy and an increase in funds for nuclear energy. It was the same old nuclear obsession that has dominated the DOE since its genesis in the old Atomic Energy Commission.

It is this obsession that is the key to DOE's problem, but the Reagan administration continues it. Energy Secretary Edwards has already said that he favors speedier licensing of new nuclear-power plants and rapid construction of nuclear-waste dumping facilities. Edwards says that, among other things, he wants the federal government to have the power to override states' objections on siting of nuclear-waste dumps. (According to the Palmetto Alliance, an environmental coalition in South Carolina, when Edwards was governor there, he turned the state into the country's biggest nuclear-waste dump site.)

But even without the waste problem, the nuclear-power industry is in serious trouble. Its original justification—that atomic power would provide cheaper electricity—has been eliminated by soaring costs of new nuclear-power plants. Moreover, the demand for electricity is declining: the Tennessee Valley Authority, for example, is more than $11 billion in debt for 17 reactors, even though demand for TVA electricity has dropped five percent in the past year alone. At the same time it is questionable whether nuclear energy can fulfill another of its original justifications: freeing America from dependence on foreign oil. Only six of the planned nuclear plants would replace oil-fired generators.

Yet, despite these critical problems—not to mention safety—the DOE has continued to lavish attention and support on an industry that is clearly a failure. The DOE bears the major burden of blame for the failure of nuclear power in this country. First, it has failed to use its sweeping regulatory powers effectively in monitoring and ensuring the safety of nuclear-power plants, leading to a series of sloppy constructions and haphazard developments that have eroded public confidence in nuclear-plant safety. Second, the DOE has



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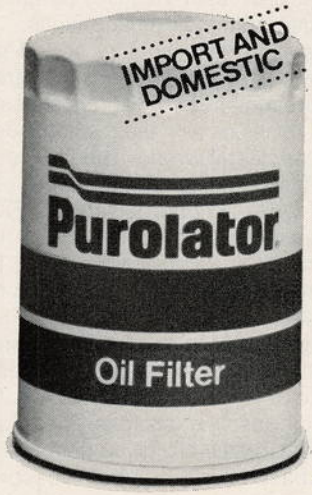

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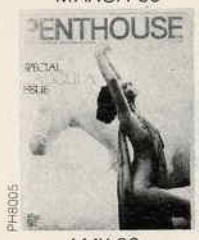
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made what technologists call the "high side error"—in other words, pushing the development of nuclear power before some basic technical problems were solved, notably disposal of atomic waste. Simply, the DOE never did have a plan for disposal of atomic wastes, the Achilles heel of nuclear-power plants, nor did it have sufficient regard for safety of the plants. The incident at Three Mile Island and mishaps at plants in California and New York have caused public confidence in nuclear power nearly to evaporate.

Up to this point, the DOE and its predecessors have spent about $20 billion in promoting nuclear power and subsidizing the nuclear-power industry. If even a small portion of that vast sum had been spent on the developing of alternative-energy sources, then this country would not be so far behind in alternate-energy development. Precious lead time has been lost.

The failure of the DOE to develop alternative energy is momentous and will eventually affect the life of every American, but the effect is subtle. Of more direct impact have been the DOE's failures in other regulatory functions. By far, the worst failure has come in regulating the supply, availability, and price of gasoline and heating oil.

No greater public cynicism exists than the sheer disbelief that greets occasional DOE pronouncements about gasoline. And no wonder: the DOE's regulation of gasoline and other petroleum products has been a tragicomedy. Take, for example, the case of the DOE's disastrous involvement in gasoline allocation.

On paper the plan was simple: the DOE would take charge of all gasoline supplies in this country and allocate them among the various states at levels proportionate to use. (California, for example, heavily dependent on the automobile, would receive more per-capita gasoline than would New York, which has more mass-transit facilities.) But just as the plan was set into motion, accompanied by a DOE pronouncement that gasoline supplies nationwide were adequate, drivers all over the country found themselves sitting in long lines outside gasoline stations. But not everywhere: in other places gas stations were practically begging people to take the gas from their glutted tanks.

The resulting public outcry set off demands by the governors and congressional representatives of various states to demand revisions in their allocations, which were clearly wrong. The DOE continued to insist that its formulas were correct, and while no one outside the DOE quite understood the arcane formulas that formed the basis for the allocations, the mystery remained: why were the allocations so screwed up?

Actually, the answer is quite simple. Those arcane formulas by the DOE really amount to a system predicated on the number of gasoline stations in various states. Thus, states are given gasoline allocations based on the number of gasoline stations within their borders. But even a ten-year-old child could spot the flaw in that system: the fact that a state has fewer gasoline stations does not necessarily mean that there are fewer drivers. It might simply be that smaller, noncompetitive stations have been closed or consolidated with larger operations. Consequently, a state like New York has serious gasoline-shortage problems, because many smaller stations have closed and been replaced by a smaller number of larger stations.

On the other hand, several states in the Sun Belt were awash in gasoline, because there had been a significant increase in the number of smaller-sized gasoline stations in their borders. The numbers, however, were not in proportion to the number of automobiles; so their allocations were too high.

Once drivers reached the gas pump, they discovered another effect of the DOE's policy: price. Gasoline prices have gone through the roof, and that fact, coupled with record profits of the oil companies, has led to widespread conviction by consumers that they were being ripped off. They were right. While it is true that much of the increase was due to increases in the price of Arab crude oil, it is also a fact that prices of oil have a great deal to do with supply and demand. No one needs a degree in economics to understand that when supplies are plentiful, there is no reason for prices suddenly to rise sharply.

Yet, this is precisely what has happened: despite sharp reductions in use of oil, especially in gasoline, which in turn led to bloated stocks of oil, prices have continued to increase, almost daily. A major reason for that stems from the DOE's failure to monitor effectively available oil supplies. Fundamentally, the DOE has no real idea of the amount of oil on hand at any given time, nor does it have any real clue as to the amounts of oil floating among the complicated world markets. And it is that failure to monitor effectively even what oil is on hand that has led to all the other DOE fumbles in the regulation of oil supplies.

Technically, the DOE now has strong powers to monitor the oil companies and ensure they are not gouging the public. But if the single instance of the DOE's moving directly against those companies is any guide, the public should not place much confidence in the DOE's protection.

That instance concerned the DOE's audit of the nation's 15 largest refineries for the period from 1973 to 1976, leading to charges by the DOE that the refineries had overcharged consumers by $10 billion on gasoline, home heating oil, and other petroleum products. So far, so good. But last year it was discovered that the DOE was quietly settling those suits, signing consent agreements for about ten cents on the dollar in some cases. The settlements were so outrageous that a coalition of consumer and energy groups has since filed suit to block them. The groups note, right-

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for Bio-Genesis™ are not supported by adequate scientific evidence. Here are the facts surrounding the agency's allegations as shown in a recent hearing.

At a medical hospital research facility in Helsinki, Finland, Dr. Ilona Schreck-Purola, an experienced medical researcher, along with a team of other medical experts, discovered and tested a formulation that would, for many people, end excessive hair loss and actually regrow hair. It's called Bio-Genesis™ and, quite simply, it works. Clinically supervised studies conducted by the Finnish medical experts demonstrated that the Bio-Genesis™ formulation is effective in treating persons who suffer with excessive hair loss and balding. In one study, in eleven out of thirteen volunteers, there was positive evidence of new hair growth from the use of the Bio-Genesis™ formula. That's an 80% success rate!

But, according to the U.S governmental agency, these studies are unacceptable and invalid because the scientific conditions under which the Finnish studies were conducted were deemed not to be "well controlled." Also, there were no control groups not treated with the Bio-Genesis™ formula used to verify if, indeed, it was Bio-Genesis™ that was causing this hair growth. The agency contends that without such control groups, there was no objective basis for comparison.

However, the Finnish medical researchers believed that a "control" group was unnecessary for, after all, there was no *other* treatment which was known to be effective for male pattern baldness. Therefore, any positive benefits derived from the use of Bio-Genesis™ would be significant.

In the Finnish study, scalp biopsy samples were taken from the patients' heads before, during and after the study. In the pre-treatment stages, hair follicles were found to be atrophied and incapable of producing terminal hairs. Biopsies taken after the treatment revealed that the hair follicles had become functional again. The Finnish doctors accept this proof as the best evidence possible. But still, the agency of the U.S. Government, although accepting that the product is safe for use as directed, has rejected Dr. Schreck-Purola's findings of product benefits. Two medical witnesses called by the agency point out that there is no record of the Finnish medical studies ever being published in a major medical journal which indicates, according to the two experts, that the studies have not gained "general recognition" or "common acceptance" by the American medical community.

Out of the recent hearings before the governmental agency, to decide if Bio-Genesis™ was, indeed, effective, some interesting facts arose. The two government 'experts' who testified against the product in fact HAD NOT EVEN OPENED ONE BOTTLE OF BIO-GENESIS™! Nor had they performed any actual tests of any kind on the product. The Government's expert testimony was theoretical in nature and based upon the fact that a review of the medical literature failed to reveal support for the claimed benefits of the product and the contrary views of enlightened medical opinion, concluded therefore in their opinion, that the product had not been proven to be effective.

I believe that the study done in Finland represents enough of a scientific advance for you to decide for yourself. The true testing ground for a product whose safety is accepted but whose effectiveness is questioned is often determined by you, the public. Bio-Genesis™, which is sold on a full money-back guarantee has been purchased by over 50,000 people in the U.S. alone. And of those, less than ONE PERCENT have asked for their money back. And more than 60% of the people who buy Bio-Genesis™

are reorders! I feel strongly that Bio-Genesis™ can do what I say it can. But, if that isn't enough, you can buy Bio-Genesis™ on an unprecedented 90 day money-back guarantee! If Bio-Genesis™ doesn't reduce your excessive hair loss and help you with your thinning hair problem, then, with proof of purchase & return of bottle, I PROMISE YOUR MONEY BACK! An agency of the U.S. Government feels that you have nothing to gain by using Bio-Genesis™. I disagree. I'm making this money-back offer to you because I feel (and know) that Bio-Genesis™ works! I ask that you only try Bio-Genesis™ once... after all, the only thing you have to lose is your hair!

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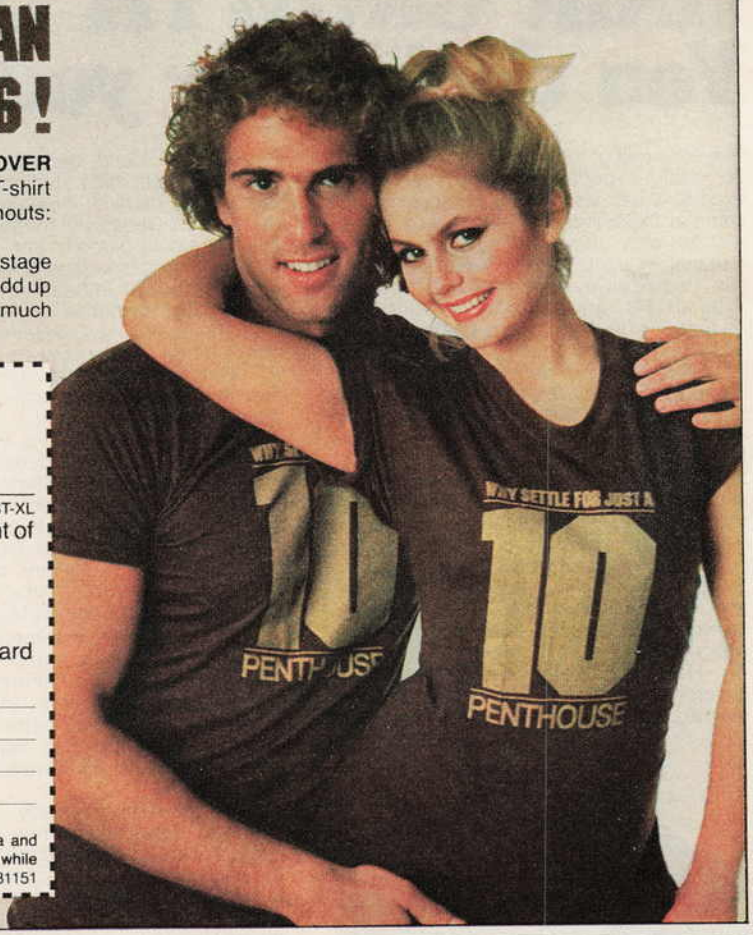

ly, that if the oil conglomerates in fact ripped off consumers, then the money should be returned to the consumers, not settled for pennies.

If that were not unsettling enough to public confidence, consider what the DOE has done with another major program designed to ensure availability of oil supplies. That program is called the Strategic Petroleum Reserve, a plan to cushion the impact of another sudden oil cutoff, such as the oil embargo in 1973 and the Iranian crisis. The plan: 500 million barrels of oil would be stored, mostly in underground stockpiles, by 1982. But by last year, when 300 million barrels should have been stored, congressional investigators were appalled to discover that the DOE had stored only 91.1 million barrels. Worse, as the investigators later charged, the DOE program was badly mismanaged, had no direction, and seemed unable to perform such a simple task as storing oil. (In one especially horrendous example, the investigators discovered that the DOE was storing oil in underground caverns in Louisiana but had neglected to install pumps. DOE officials appeared to have no explanation how they proposed to get out all that oil once it had been put there.)

Still, the DOE bureaucracy has been busy flexing its regulatory muscles, although the results seem hardly worth the effort. Last year, in a classic instance of bureaucratic stupidity, the DOE promulgated regulations on the heating and cooling of public buildings. Initially, the DOE regulators wanted a maximum building temperature of 80 degrees Fahrenheit during the warm months (reduced to 76 degrees after howls of protest) and 65 in the winter months.

Again, the problem was that the regulations were set forth by people who apparently had no knowledge of the building industry. For one thing, it is next to impossible to set a national standard for buildings in this country, considering the wide variances in climate and custom. Second, and even more important, temperature regulation in large office buildings is a complicated matter. For example, workers at the Prudential Tower building in Boston found that they needed 12 men and two weeks of work simply to readjust all the building's thermostats.

And there are still more problems. Nobody at the DOE apparently considered the effect of such rules on theaters, movie houses, and restaurants, the latter being especially sensitive to temperature controls. Nor, for that matter, did anybody consider what thousands of office workers would do when they felt uncomfortable in 76-degree summer weather (especially offices with windows facing the sun) or what they would do when 65 degrees seemed too cold for working during the winter. Right: they bought fans and small heaters, thereby wiping out the two-percent savings in total U.S. energy consumption that the DOE claimed would result from its regulations.

And how does the DOE propose to endorse those regulations, which include the threat of a $10,000 fine for noncompliance? It doesn't, which means that the regulations are about as useless as DOE regulations setting the maximum allowable prices to be charged for gasoline. Since the DOE has a grand total of 400 inspectors to oversee such regulations (and remember that there are more than 225,000 gasoline stations alone), it is difficult to understand what the department hoped to accomplish.

Perhaps it just wants to create the illusion that it is really doing something about the energy crisis. There can be, for example, no other explanation for the DOE's attempt to establish what it calls energy-efficient standards for small appliances. Covering 110 pages in the Federal Register (exceeded only by the 400 pages of hopeless bureaucratese covering gasoline allocations), the new standards are supposed to save $1 billion a year in energy costs.

Very interesting, except that a closer look at those regulations raises some questions. For one thing, home appliances use only about five percent of the total U.S. energy consumption; even assuming the DOE's $1 billion figure is cor-

rect, that would still amount to only about a one-percent saving on the total energy bill. Further, since under the regulations appliance manufacturers will not be permitted to ship their goods without DOE certificates and periodic inspections, obviously that means higher costs for the manufacturers. And who will bear the brunt of those costs? Of course: the consumers. Even the DOE's own estimates say that consumers will pay another $400 million a year because of new regulations, but that is widely regarded within the appliance industry as much too low. In fact, they argue, for a minuscule energy savings, at best the consumers will wind up paying billions.

The DOE has overlooked the fact that the only meaningful reductions in energy usage in this country have come about voluntarily. People are driving less and demanding more fuel-efficient cars, not because the government tells them to, but because they can't afford the alternative. Industry has reduced energy consumption, not because the government told them so, but because it's good business. Just to cite one example, the Dow Chemical Company, in an aggressive fuel-conservation program that began in 1967, has cut the amount of fuel needed to make one pound of product by more than 40 percent. There are similar examples throughout American industry, but while that has been going on, the DOE has been pushing such things as a mandatory coal-conversion plan for industry, which seems to have no thinking at all behind it. Since the DOE has not bothered to fund adequately scientific efforts to clean up coal emissions or new technology to burn coal more efficiently and safer, the conversion plan is virtually useless. Besides, apparently nobody in the DOE has considered the fact that such a conversion plan requires vast transportation facilities to move all that coal, facilities that do not exist at the moment.

To its credit, the Reagan administration has said that such failures illustrate the need for at least severely cutting back the size of the DOE. Originally, Reagan talked about totally disbanding the agency, but he has now backtracked, claiming that many of the department's functions could be handled either by private industry or by other government agencies. One example is the DOE's ill-considered synthetic-fuels program, which has already cost the taxpayers nearly $20 billion; Reagan now says that he wants to continue the program through its initial stages but will let private business pick up the rest of the costs.

Reagan's cost-cutters have also set their sights on such DOE boondoggles as the Solar Energy Research Institute, which has spent the past three years and $50 million of tax money "defining a mission." A number of other such centers are in business mainly to sell paper to the government, useless reports that have little to do with solving the energy crisis.

Still, such cuts are only drops in the bucket, compared with the billions the DOE is wasting. Reagan's first instinct was correct—eliminate the department entirely and end the few (and unworkable) regulations the DOE has promulgated. Thus far, Reagan seems more concerned with production, insisting that spurring domestic drilling will uncover an oil bonanza lying around in the ground someplace in this country. To that end, he has accelerated the leasing of public lands for oil and gas drilling and moved up the schedule for decontrol of domestic oil prices.

Again, however, this is an illusion. Even with full decontrol of oil prices, Exxon Corporation warned in a recent report, crude-oil production in this country will decline by about 25 percent by the end of the decade. Only a combination of conservation (the only successful energy program on record, and that had nothing directly to do with the government) and accelerated development of alternative-energy technologies will ultimately solve the problem. And since the DOE has bungled in handling both those critical needs, there is no reason for its continued existence.

(This is the first of a series of articles on the federal government's regulatory agencies.)

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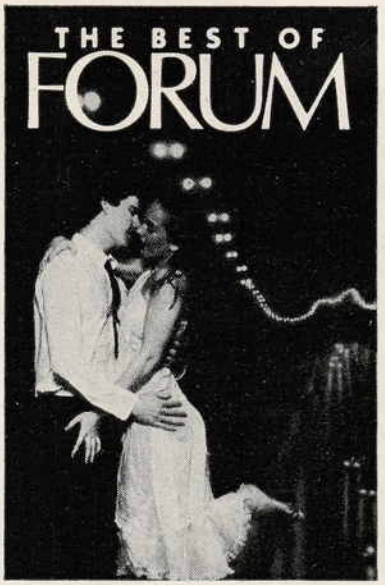

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OUR FATHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

embraced Jim Jones.

"You will be proud of me" were Layton's last words to Father.

The rain poured down ferociously. Ryan climbed into the cab of the truck, along with the NBC cameraman, intent on more mood shots. Spinning its wheels in the mud, the truck slid helplessly into a ditch and had to be extracted by a bulldozer. Finally they were under way. At the brow of the hill overlooking Jonestown, the cameraman demanded that the truck stop again for more mood pictures. One of the Parks family, Dale Parks, was near hysteria at the delay. He kept whispering to the outsiders that Larry Layton was not a genuine defector, that he was there to cause trouble, that he probably had a gun. The truck should hurry, for the Temple guards were sure to be after them. The NBC producer, the ex-paratrooper Bob Flick, made his way toward the back of the truck where Layton hung on in silence. Flick was a head taller than the insignificant Layton. If Layton tried something, Flick was ready to throw him off the truck.

The eight-mile trip through rain and mud took nearly an hour and a half. As the truck arrived at the airstrip, the rain ceased and the sun emerged. But the planes had not yet arrived. His bespattered shirt open to his solar plexus, a bedraggled Ryan sat down in the tin shack on the side of the dirt runway, waiting for the television crew to set up its cameras so that he could convey via film the details of his brush with death. Richard Dwyer rushed off to the local constabulary to report the attack on Ryan. When he got to the police hut in Port Kaituma, he found the constable drunk and the police radio out of order. In the sky the planes appeared, first the small Cessna, then the 19-seat Otter.

With the planes on the ground, Ryan began his interview.

"Where do we go now?" Harris asked toward the end.

"A report will be filed," Ryan said. "I've asked that the man be arrested as soon as possible, because the reputation of the People's Temple as a place of law and order is at stake."

Harris thanked him for his time.

"Can I just add there are a lot of good people who are there on a positive and supportive and idealistic basis, trying to do something that is different and important to them."

On this generous note, Ryan turned to the details of boarding the flight. Richard Dwyer arrived back at the airstrip now with the policeman, bearing a shotgun. Dale Parks frantically kept insisting that Layton was a plant, that he should be searched. The matter was debated. Minutes passed. With his shin-length poncho still on, Layton slipped into the small plane, stowing a revolver under the seat. The planes were parked 30 feet apart. A Ryan aide stood between the two planes, deciding who should board which plane. Finally, it was decided that everyone would be searched. Layton was called out of the Cessna and directed to board the Otter. He objected fiercely. Congressman Ryan had promised him he could go out on the *first* plane. Ryan conciliated. What difference did it make? Layton was searched and then allowed to reboard the Cessna. Soon he was joined by Dale Parks and his ten-year-old sister, Tracy Parks, and by Vernon Gosney and Monica Bagby, the original defectors. The pilot started the motor.

At the door of the Otter, the other refugees were searched and boarded. The newsmen waited their turn. Three hundred yards down the airstrip, the Temple dump truck reemerged from the Port Kaituma road, followed by a tractor pulling a flatbed trailer. Nearly abreast of the Cessna the dump truck stopped. Three men emerged, striding toward Ryan. The tractor-trailer crossed the runway and halted between the two planes.

Inside the Cessna, Larry Layton was screaming. "Hurry up and take off! There's going to be trouble!" The Cessna began to taxi. The three Temple Angels shoved a few local bystanders to the side. One snatched the shotgun from the po-

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liceman and pushed him back as well. *A fist fight is about to break out*, one of the reporters thought.

Men rose from the flatbed trailer and began firing rifles. Ryan was hit first; his body dropped, wrapping around the tire of the plane. Dwyer was hit in the rump. The fusillade was intense. Inside the Otter a bullet tore off the top of a fugitive's skull. Inside the Cessna Larry Layton shot Monica Bagby in the back and Vernon Gosney in the chest. Dale Parks rose to restrain the Angel. Layton shoved the weapon into his chest and pulled the trigger. The gun misfired, but Parks fell back in his seat. Layton turned again to Bagby and Gosney, shooting them both a second time. Parks recovered and wrestled Layton to the floor. In the course of their struggle, Parks shouted, "Larry, you fool, *I'm here to help!*" With that Layton went limp. Outside, people were running to the bush for their lives. Bodies were strewn around the plane, some dead, some feigning death. There was a brief cease-fire. Several who lay still, waiting for their coup de grace, heard footsteps as the Angels trod among their victims. Three more shotgun rounds thudded point-blank into the chief enemies, making sure. The last blast slammed into the face of Leo Ryan.

As the trucks left Jonestown, missionaries moiled about their camp aimlessly. There was no more hysteria. The tension of the place ebbed away as the combustion noises of the trucks on the road faded. Marcelline Jones was soon on the loudspeaker, soothingly urging everyone to return to their cottages and apartments. Everything was fine. Later they would discuss the events of the day. Time passed languorously as the clouds vanished and the sun shone once again. With the community basically still intact, Charles Garry felt satisfied.

Almost halfheartedly, he advised Jones to report the knife attack on Ryan to Port Kaituma by radio and have the police come to arrest the assailant. The man's name was Don Sly, Jones told Garry. His wife was a leader in the Concerned Relatives group. Like Larry Layton, Sly had this special need to prove himself to the leader. When the truck disappeared from sight, Garry turned to Jones. Up until the Ryan attack, Garry had felt that his side had won the public-relations battle. So a few rotten apples had left. So what? But the knife attack was different.

"This [knife attack] was the act of an *agent provocateur*, Jim," Garry declared, still frightened by the vacant look in Jones's eyes. "No one but an *agent provocateur* would do that."

"No, the people are just angry," Jones replied. Garry looked around him. He had seen no one angry. Anger, like love, had ceased to be a possibility in Jonestown. Only counterfeit emotions remained. And with counterfeit emotion no spontaneous action is possible. The script had been written in advance by Jones. There was some room for changes and deletions, depending upon the creativity of the actors, but the basic plot would stand. Jones had planned the knife attack, and now he could say their situation was hopeless.

On the loudspeaker the call to gather in the pavilion resounded. All around residents poured from their cottages. Their mood was festive. It was Saturday, a holiday, a day for television and games. Father sat on a bench, in despair. Next to him sat his chronicler, Harriet Tropp. Lane tried to be upbeat. "This can be the best day in the history of Jonestown," he said cheerily. "The positive aspects of Jonestown have been seen and filmed. The congressman told me that he'll write an objective report and that there will be no hearings."

"You're crazy! You're crazy!" Tropp shrieked at him.

"All is lost," Jones moaned.

In time he assumed his pedestal, adjusting the scepter microphone. For the last time, this Prince of Omega, the Caesar Godhead, left his secular station and invested himself in the Office.

"I've tried to give you a good life," the master began. "In spite of all that I've tried, a handful of our people, with their lies, have made our life impossible. There's no way to detach ourselves from what's happened today. It was said by the greatest of prophets from time immemorial: No man takes my life from me. I lay down my life. . . . If we can't live in peace, then let's die in peace."

As they applauded, he warmed to the theme of betrayal. The synthesizer music began. The soft tones of a spiritual singer washed over them. He repeated the words of an idolater: if this experiment had worked for but one day, it had been worthwhile. It was time to touch them all. All his languages, all his tricks, all his voices, must go on display. This was his sermon in the swamp. He was calling in all his debts, and the tape of history was rolling.

"What's going to happen here in a matter of minutes is that one of those people on the plane is going to shoot the pilot—I know that. I didn't plan it," he lied, "but I know it's going to happen. They're gonna shoot that pilot, and down comes that plane into the jungle. And we had better not have any of our children left when it's over. Because they'll parachute in here on us." Parachute in as if they were the avenging angels of a wrathful Sky God. The suggestion brought the first scream of hysteria.

"So my opinion is that you be kind to children and be kind to seniors and take the potion like they used to take it in ancient Greece and step over quietly, because we are not committing suicide. It's a revolutionary act. We can't go back, and they won't leave us alone. They're now going back to tell more lies, which means

more congressmen. And there's no way, no way, we can survive."

His opinion, his decree, thus announced, he called for discussion. Was there dissent? Never, never dispute the Father in a white night; it was a law burned into their minds. If there was dissent, it would be planned. His foil searched for her courage. As she did, he talked on, building his case. If the children were left, they would be butchered. If they went on a hunger strike, they'd be striking against their Guyanese friends. It was too late for them to get their enemies—that would have to be left to the Angels. Finally, the foil asked about Russia. The debate raged, Jones's deception on the Soviet covenant made clear, but it was too late to go to Russia, and he grew bored with the subject.

"I look at all the babies, and I think they deserve to live," the foil, Christine Miller, said.

"I agree, but much more they deserve peace."

"We all came here for peace," she said.

"Have they had it?" he retorted, besting her. They, not her.

"No."

"I tried to give it to you. I've laid my life down practically. I practically died every day to give you peace." His self-piety, his sacrifice, again. Could they rise, or descend, to his level? "And you still don't have peace. You look better than I've seen you in a long while, but still it's not the kind of peace that I wanted to give you. A person's a fool to continue to say that you're winning when you're losing."

To light candles, to curse the darkness: before, this was how they posed their dilemma. Now the twain were joined. Before, he had scoffed at the Epistles of Paul: "Servants, obey all things in your masters, according to the flesh, not with eye service as menpleasers, but in singleness of heart, fearing God. . . . Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal, knowing that ye also have a master in heaven." Now, in his vainglory, he evoked Paul.

"Paul said there is a man born out of this season. I've been born out of this season just like all you are, and the best testimony we can make is to leave this goddamn world."

The servants cheered, the raptures of slaves. The master ordered the potion. The crystals from 500-gram plastic bottles sprinkled into the purple solution of flavored drink. The syringes were scattered on the wooden picnic tables by the fistfuls, needles attached to some, making them weapons. Dr. Larry Schacht, their Albert Schweitzer transmogrified, marshaled his nursing corps. Ruletta Paul, 24 years of age, wife of Robert Paul, leader of the fugitive band that had slipped into the jungle that morning, stepped forward with her child in her arms. Her atonement for her special guilt was to serve as first example. The child opened its mouth. The doctor squirted the liquid far back toward the uvula. "Children," Paul had told the Colossians, "obey your parents in all things, for this is well pleasing unto the Lord."

"Oh, God, we're dying. It's starting to hurt," someone cried.

"Great God, who said that?" Jones asked in irritation and then relented. "Come on up and speak, honey." He harked back to their enemies. They were responsible for this. "We win. We win when we go down. Tim Stoen don't have nobody else to hate. He'll destroy himself."

So that was their victory. They must all die so that Timothy Stoen would be deprived of an object for his hatred. For this inane absurdity, it took the Prophet's clairvoyance. Christine Miller was going too far. The foil was becoming sincere. She punctured his ridiculousness, and the centurions began to heckle her. "You're afraid to die." "You're no fucking good, goddammit." "You're only standing here because of him." She absorbed the abuse as she watched the babies and small children being carried out into the field. Jones made a show of protesting her dissent as he directed the communion.

"Hold it. Everybody hold it. Not much longer. Lay down your burdens. I'm going to lay my burden down by the riverside. . . . When they start parachuting out

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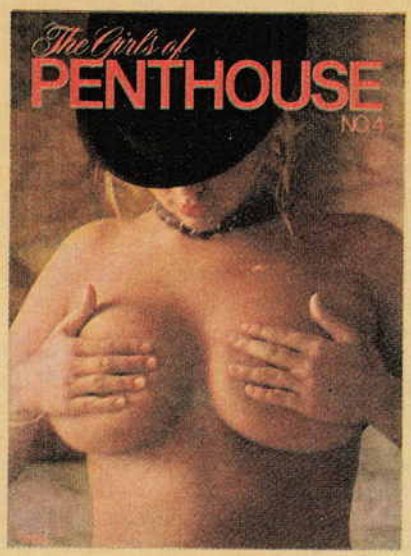

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of the air, they will shoot some of the innocent babies. Can you let them take your babies?"

The congregation responded as it had been taught. Did no one pinch himself? Did someone not, at least, exchange a quizzical glance with his neighbor? Christine Miller reached for her last argument, her final challenge.

"You mean you want to see John die?" she asked, referring to John Victor Stoen.

"What?" he said, startled, buying a second to think.

"You mean you want to see John, the little one, die?"

"John—John? Do you think I'd put John's life above others? He's no different to me than any of these children here. He's just one of my children. I don't put one above another. I can't separate myself from your actions or his actions. If you'd done something wrong, I'd stand for you. If they wanted to come and get you, they'd have to take me."

Christine receded into the mass. He complimented her. She was honest, and she had stayed with him, not running away with the betrayers. Her life was precious to him, as precious as John Victor Stoen's. Now he could get on with it. Now he saw that this was the will of the sovereign being. The Sky God was reinstalled. Had they noticed that only white people had betrayed them? Even he was deceived at the end. As the children came for their potion, he blessed them. Peace. Peace. Peace. Peace. Peace. The peace of God which passeth all understanding.

"I've tried so very, very hard from the time we were here," he groaned. "Together it's just easy. It's easy. Yes, my love."

"At one time I felt just like Christine," a woman said, "but after today I don't feel anything, because the people that left here were white, and I know that it really hurt my heart."

"It broke your heart, didn't it?" he said, selectively sentimental.

His adopted son came to him, whispering the news from the airstrip. He announced it frantically: "It's all over, all over. What a legacy! What a legacy!" Ryan was dead. Many of the traitors were dead. His "red brigade" had shown them justice. The enemies had provoked this. They were responsible, not he. His voice rose with urgency. The process was too slow. Children's screams filled the arena.

"No, no, please, no," a boy's scream pierced the pandemonium.

He issued orders. "Please get some medication. There's no convulsions with it. . . ."

There *were* convulsions. There was vomiting. The potion took four minutes to work. He wanted it to work faster. The Guyanese soldiers were coming. Quicker. Keep moving. Faster. It was an administrative problem. A nurse tried to help. "The people that are standing there in the aisles will have to move," her flat usher's voice announced. "Everybody get behind the table and back this way, okay? There's nothing to worry about. Everybody keep calm and try to keep your children calm. They're not crying from pain. It's just a little bitter tasting. We have lots of little children here, and we will serve them."

But the agony of it persisted, the organ strains and the Valium in the mix doing little to dampen the pain. These things take time. It would take three hours to finish the job. By "serving" the little children first, Jones's managerial talent surfaced again: having murdered their children, how could the parents have a strong will to live? He fortified their guilt for this crime against nature with a metaphysical argument: they could not separate themselves now from the crimes of their archangels.

"You can't separate yourself from your brother and sister. No way I'm going to do it. I refuse. I don't know who killed the congressman, but as far as I'm concerned, *I* killed him. You understand what I'm saying. *I* killed him." They understood: they had killed him, too. Later he wailed, "They can take me and do anything they want, whatever they want to do with me. But I want to see you go. I don't want to see you go through this hell anymore. No more, no more, no more. . . ."

The reverberation of his voice was lost in the screams of children. Pandemonium was hell's capital, and no amount of his brilliant, loathsome oratory or his organ player's dirge or his monster-doctor's Valium could keep the place from consorting with chaos. On the perimeter the centurions trained their rifles and crossbows. Some waded into the herd to help inject the obstreperous. At his children's antics Father grew angry.

"Stop these hysterics," he scolded. "This is not the way for Socialistic Communists to die." He was right about that, at least. "We must die with some dignity. We had no choice. Now we have some choice." He meant the choice of the group, not the choice of the individual, but the two were dangerously moving into opposition. "You think they are going to allow this to be done, allow us to get by with this?" This crime against humanity he seemed to mean. "You must be insane." The growing weakness of his noble arguments occurred to him. His accent shifted to their crime, their responsibility, his naked power.

"Mother, mother, mother, please, mother, please, mother, please, please, please, please. Don't do this. Don't do this. Lay down your life with your child, but don't do this." Be mannerly in your slaughter.

"We are doing this for *you?*" a woman shouted at him. Was it a final, bleating rebuke?

He ignored it. "Free at last. Peace. Keep your emotions down. Keep your emotions down, children. It will not hurt if you will be quiet." As if hurting, like the slightly bitter taste of the potion, was the point.

As youthful screams melded with mu-

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sic, he tried history.

"It's never been done before, you say? It's been done by every tribe in history, every tribe facing annihilation. All the Indians of the Amazon are doing it right now. They refuse to bring any babies into the world. They kill every child. They don't want to live in this kind of world. . . . The Eskimos? They take death in their stride." His final identification was with the aborigines of the world.

But they would not be dignified, not his notion of it, anyway.

"Quit telling them they are dying!" he demanded, as if lying to the children were more dignified. "If you adults would stop some of this nonsense! ADULTS! ADULTS! ADULTS! I call on you to stop this nonsense. I call on you to quit exciting your children when all they are doing is going to quiet rest. I call on you to stop this now, if you have an respect at all. Are we black, proud, and Socialists?"

"YES!" came the diminished response.

". . . or what are we? Now stop this nonsense now.

"All over, and it's good." This cadence suggested the Bible again. And God saw everything he had made, and behold, it was very good. "No sorrow that it's all over," he sighed. "Hurry. Hurry, my children. Hurry. Let's not fall into the hands of our enemy. Hurry, my children. Hurry."

The children were gone. The old and the infirm were next. From somewhere came still more to try to please him with flatteries. For once, he needed no further gratification. "Where's the vat, the vat, the vat? Where's the vat? The vat with the green potion." He brushed them aside, matter-of-factly, mistaking the color of the stuff. "Bring it here so the adults can begin. If you fail to follow my advice, you will be sorry. *You will be sorry.*"

In the radio room his mistress, Maria Katsaris, directed the final details. Three aides, all white, were called and given their mission to carry the letters and the cash to Feodor Timofeyev, their contact at the Russian Embassy in Georgetown. Later, all security bearing arms, some 25 people, were summoned. There was to be no mayhem among the guards at the end. Meanwhile, Katsaris messaged to Georgetown in code what was happening. Angels were to be dispatched to Georgetown hotels to murder the remaining enemies there, particularly Timothy Stoen. Then they were to kill themselves. How was it to be done? the question returned. They had no firearms in Georgetown, no potion. Slowly, in Morse code, the letters came back. K-N-I-F-E.

Then Katsaris gave her last order to the radio operator. "Now tell Georgetown that we're having a power failure," she ordered. This transmitted, she held out her hand. The operator yanked a critical part from the transmitter and handed it to her. She walked off to her private ceremony in the West House, dying in Jim Jones's bed.

Meanwhile, at Lamaha Gardens, in Georgetown, unaware still of what was happening, Sharon Amos assumed her post in the radio room. As the news crackled in from Jonestown, she contacted San Francisco, instructing the Geary Street apostles to move high up on the band for an emergency dispatch. Frantically, San Francisco searched for a connection without success. But in due course the telephone rang.

From a great distance, Amos spoke the code urgently. "*Do what you can to even the score.*" The code had been in force for a long time. It meant that the last stand had come and that the avenging angels were to go forth against the iniquitors. But they were not dispatched. In Georgetown Jones's son Stephen and several others did go to the hotel where Timothy Stoen waited for news, but the young Jones's only thrust was verbal. "Why did *you* cause all these deaths?" he said lamely. No knife was drawn, not there, not in San Francisco—not yet, anyway.

Hysterically, at the Temple House, Sharon Amos screamed the news to the 75 or so communards, urging that their ritual-of-the-knife begin. It had been decreed from Jonestown. Her mates looked at her dully. She was not Jim Jones. This was not Jonestown. They never liked her much anyway. Outside, the cars of another reality puttered by. In disgust, she climbed the stairs to the second-floor bathroom, summoning first her son, aged 10; her daughter, aged 11; then her hefty daughter Lianne, aged 21; and, finally, Charles Beikman, the 43-year-old idiot ex-Marine. Lianne brought the butcher knife. First, Amos slit her young daughter's throat, then her son's. Then she had Beikman hold her 21-year-old daughter, and that was the end of Lianne. Finally, she started on herself, and the loutish Beikman finished the job.

When the troops approached Jonestown more than a day later, spread out in battle formation, inching into the camp in full combat attire, expecting the mad surge of fanatics, they found only a few signs of resistance. The overwhelming preponderance of the evidence pointed to acquiescence, to complicity.

And they found Pastor Jones. His body lay, face up, on the steps of his manifold pedestal, his red dime-store shirt falling open on either side, exposing his soft belly, his head upon a pillow, his eyes locked open skyward. The bullet had entered behind the left ear and departed from the right temple. Its path was consistent with suicide by a left-handed person, but Jim Jones was right-handed. A 38-caliber pistol was found 30 yards from his body. In his stomach was a lethal dose of the barbiturate pentobarbital, which had not had time to circulate through his system. So at his last moment he had needed a fistful of pills to steel himself to meet his Maker.

His hand lay limp on the fold of his belly, his middle finger bent to the center of his palm in a gesture of teaching, his passion waned away at last. Nirvana.

"Slowly, Emma, let him land."

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

ery drop down her throat, and when I finished she pulled me down to kiss her, and I tasted my own come as she tongued my mouth, and I could feel her climax as she trembled.

I sat down, and Gwen sipped her coffee a while before she spoke. With a grin, she swallowed a few times and wiped from her blouse the come juice that had trickled out of her eager lips. "I'm sorry," she said. "I usually do swallow every drop, but boy, did you molly quickly, and I've never seen a load like that . . . How many weeks' supply was that?" I laughed and told her at least three weeks. Then I realized that the English use the term molly *instead of "come," and it's been my favorite term for that activity since that day.*

We made a deal, and before I left that day Gwen sucked another two loads of molly out of my contented cock. The only thing that puzzled me was that she asked me to be content with her mouthjobs because she was drawing the line on sex. For that sort of oral treatment, I could not say no, especially since she had already invited me around the next day for more "coffee and cream."

Thus started my regular visits. I could not wait to finish my morning workouts and go to Gwen's and let her work my molly out. She usually mollied me two or three times—throatjobs or semimassage jobs, or sometimes I'd pump my juices all over her nipples, breasts, and neck. Her favorite turn-on was to lie on a table and let me toss my come right onto her pussy! On one or two occasions I would attempt to molly on her lips, then trace my squirting load down her body and finally let my final bursts milk all over her quivering pussy. She loved it when I did that and called it "frosting on the cake."

Despite all this, I never screwed her, nor did she give me the go-ahead.

One day she asked me to call the following Saturday night, not during the day, as we'd been doing. She explained that her husband left for work at 8:00 P.M. I took her up on her offer and in fact saw her husband leave the house. Instead of meeting me at the door, Gwen said I should let myself in and I would find something special . . . a Saturday night surprise! I was hoping that the surprise would be a full screwing session. By the time I reached the door, I was just about ready to molly whatever her surprise was. I entered the bedroom, and she was stretched out in lacy black underwear, black nightgown, black panties, black half-bra, and even black stockings! I just stopped dead. She looked ravishing, but the big turn-on was the strong smell of sex! She had clearly been having some fun with her husband, as I could smell a strong male odor as well as the familiar perfume of Gwendolyn's molly.

Next she pulled me down on the bed.

MODESTY ABLAZE

The lingerie featured on pages 68–77 can be ordered through Evelyn Rainbird Ltd. as follows:

Page 68: (left) The leopard elastic garter belt for pretty predators, trimmed in jet-black, No. D316. Comes in S-M and is $12.

Page 69: (left) The lady leopard slinks in a sheer crepe sarong-style teddy with wraparound waist, No. G2300. Comes in S-M-L and is $19. (right) Her companion falls foxily out of this black Lycra Spandex teddy with a hand-painted floral design. Can double as a bathing suit. No. B30P comes in P-S-M-L and is $25.

Page 70: She'll ripen into a gorgeous Georgia peach, no matter *what* her state, in this peachy satin tricot and feather-lace teddy with snap crotch, No. G1320. Comes in S-M-L and is $25.

Page 71: (top left) Sexily suitable for Scarlet herself is this powder-blue moiré Merry Widow, trimmed in ivory lace with adjustable straps and garters, No. D613. Comes in sizes 32–38 and is $52; matching bikini, No. D481, comes in S-M and is $11. (top right) For an awe-inspiring all-nighter, a sunset-rose nylon-lace soft bra, No. G4007, comes in sizes 32-36 and is $14; matching tricot-lined G-string, No. G8017, comes in one size and is $7. (bottom) For a blazing blackout, a sheerly elegant all-lace teddy, No. P3150, comes in P-S-M-L and is $22.50.

Page 72: (left) Lavender corselette trimmed in matching lace, No. D666, comes in sizes 32–38 and is $45; matching bikini, No. D420, comes in S-M-L and is $10. (center) The black lace beauty, with pink ribbon beading, No. D607, comes in sizes 32–38 and is $45; matching bikini, No. D421, comes in S-M-L and is $9. To the right, another lavender lovely with matching satin beading, No. D615, comes in sizes 32–38 and is $50; matching lace bikini, No. D431, comes in S-M-L and is $10. (The top left photo catches this tempting trio from a riveting rear-view vantage point!)

Page 73: (top right) The tousled temptress puts the three-piece suit to shame, in a shiny black nylon tricot and lace baby-doll nightie whose three demure buttons provide an easy opening, No. P2104. Comes in S-M-L and is $15. (bottom right) This sheer black Grecian gown is built to order for a noisy night at home, with authentic rope tie and a matching bikini, No. G926. Comes in one size and is $40.

Page 74: (top left) Fringe benefits are rarely this sensational! The leopard nylon teddy with matching bikini, No. D1107. Comes in one size and is $24. (top right) The all-lace "Gartini" has a built-in bikini and open-tie crotch, No. G511. Comes in S-M-L and is $19. (bottom) Our Grecian-gowned dream girl gives a royal welcome to her guest, sheathed in a sheer ivory nylon-and-lace princess gown, No. P4198I. Comes in P-S-M-L and is $29. Gown also comes in black, No. P4198B. **Page 75** encores the sizzling black swimsuit/teddy premiering on the first page!

Page 76: (bottom left) A huggable beige nylon teddy is ably abetted by a snap crotch, No. B1980. Comes in S-M-L and is $21. (top right) The ivory satin Bustier also boasts black lace cups, No. G100. Comes in sizes 32-36 and is $30; matching nylon satin bikini, No. G8010, comes in S-M-L and is $14. (top left and **page 77**) This scarlet satin corselette makes the deepest blush seem pale. Adorned with black lace cups and tie front, eased with adjustable straps and garters, No. D6032B, comes in sizes 32-38 and is $45; matching bikini, No. D427R, comes in S-M-L and is $10.

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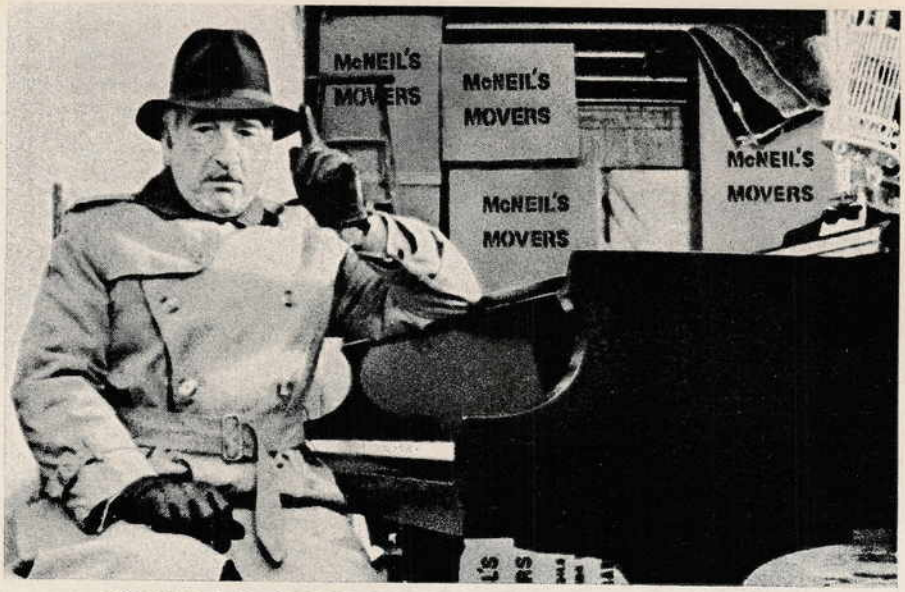
My clothes were in a pile, and Gwen took off her bra, making me lap again at the molly wetness of her set. The next thing to go was her flimsy panties. She wrapped them round my cock and gave me a few hectic sucks through the nylon. "Now, my oral lover," she said, "you are going to get my real surprise. You are going to eat my cunt, which is overflowing with goodies." With that, she swung her body over mine and lowered her cunt lips over my own lips. "It's been fucked for you, just like my mouth and breasts have been fucked. This is your reward for letting me enjoy all the weeks of molly out of your circumcised prick." I could not resist; her cunt was dripping molly into my mouth, so I started to lick and suck, and Gwen ground her cunt tighter and tighter onto my face, giving off climaxes every time I slid my tongue inside the walls of her cunt. Her own come juices started to flow stronger and stronger, and I drank them all!

Gwen kept her word. She sucked and drank on my poor cock until I just could not get it up again.

I was really glad to secure a contract that kept me in Italy several more years. In fact, for over five years I stayed in Italy, feeding on Gwendolyn's love of circumcised cock at least an average of four or five times a week. I'm sorry to be away from Gwendolyn as I write this, and perhaps nobody will ever believe we could be orally involved for all that time and yet never screw. Gwen summed it up in her last letter: "At least, despite any suspicions of our friendship, I can look my husband or anybody else right in the eye and honestly say we had never been lovers." She may be correct, but somehow, someday, I'm going back, and I'm sure we'll screw our brains out to catch up on all that lost but lovely time!—J.B.

This story reminds me of an incident that once took place while I was living in New York and took a ride in a yellow cab. The taxi driver recognized me from my Happy Hooker fame and immediately started talking about his sex life. I finally asked him, "Well, what is your favorite position for sex?" He smiled and said with a big grin, "To tell you the truth, I love sixty-nine. You know why? Well, dear Xaviera, you cannot knock them up with spit."

You might just as well have been fucking Gwendolyn up her ass, since she would then still have remained faithful to her pussy. What is fidelity, anyway? Is it just that one orgasm, or is it fucking someone? Does just kissing someone else constitute infidelity? I am curious what our *Penthouse* readers consider fidelity to be and just how far they feel you can go before you are cheating on your loved one. To me, a fantasy about someone else while you are with your lover is also infidelity. So where do you all think the line is drawn? It seems to me that as long as you keep your emotional feelings limited, the feeding of the body cannot do too much harm.



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By Victor Borge

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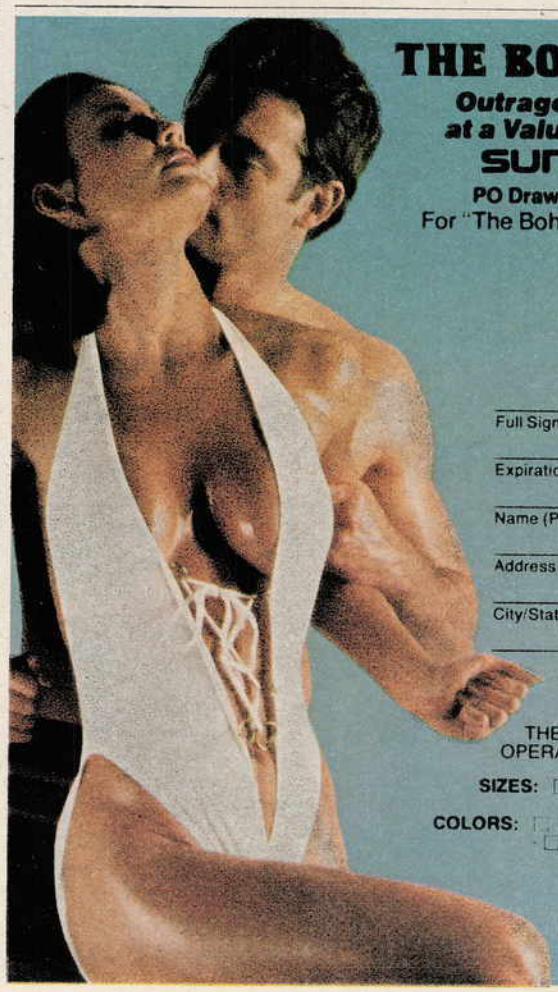

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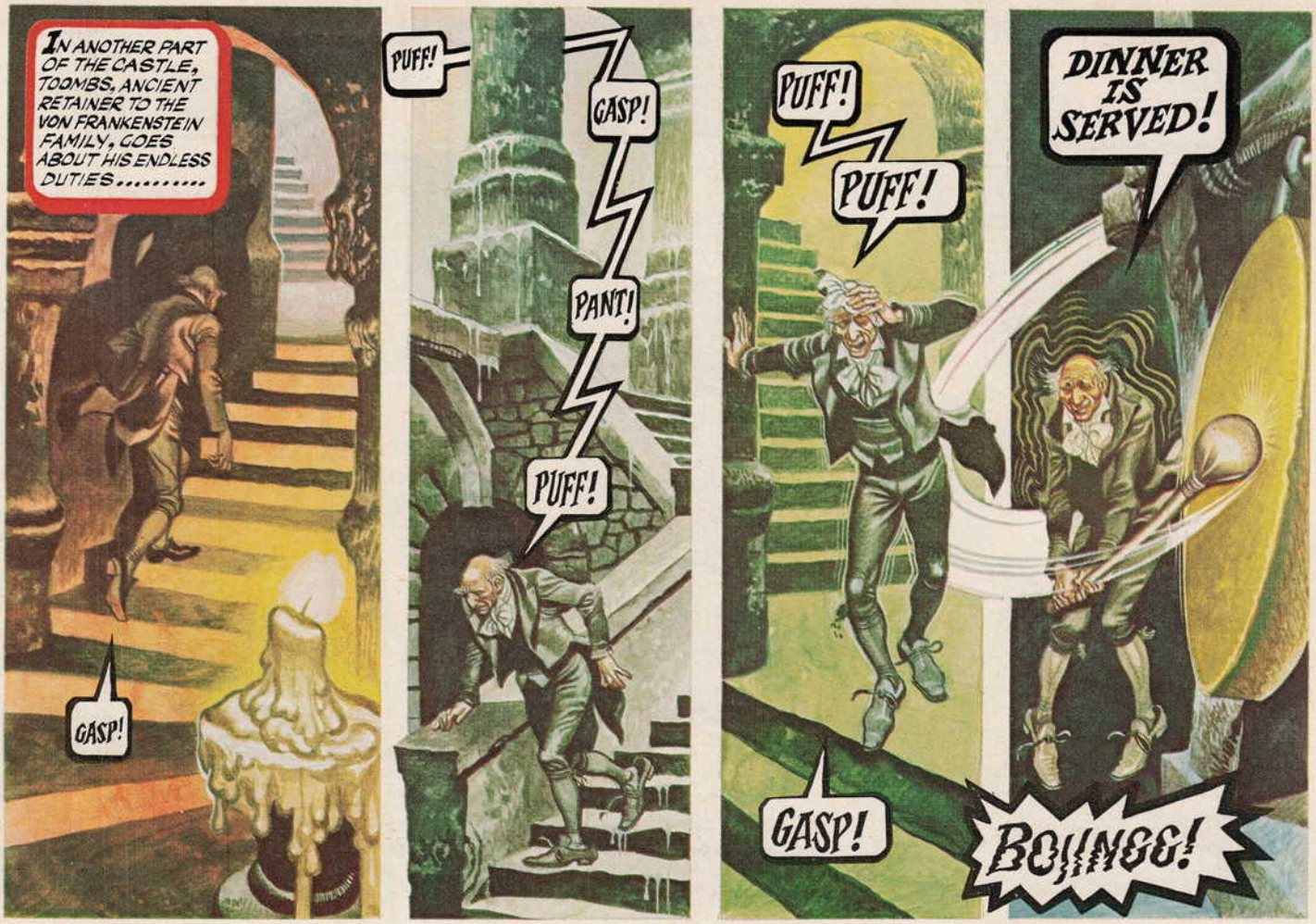
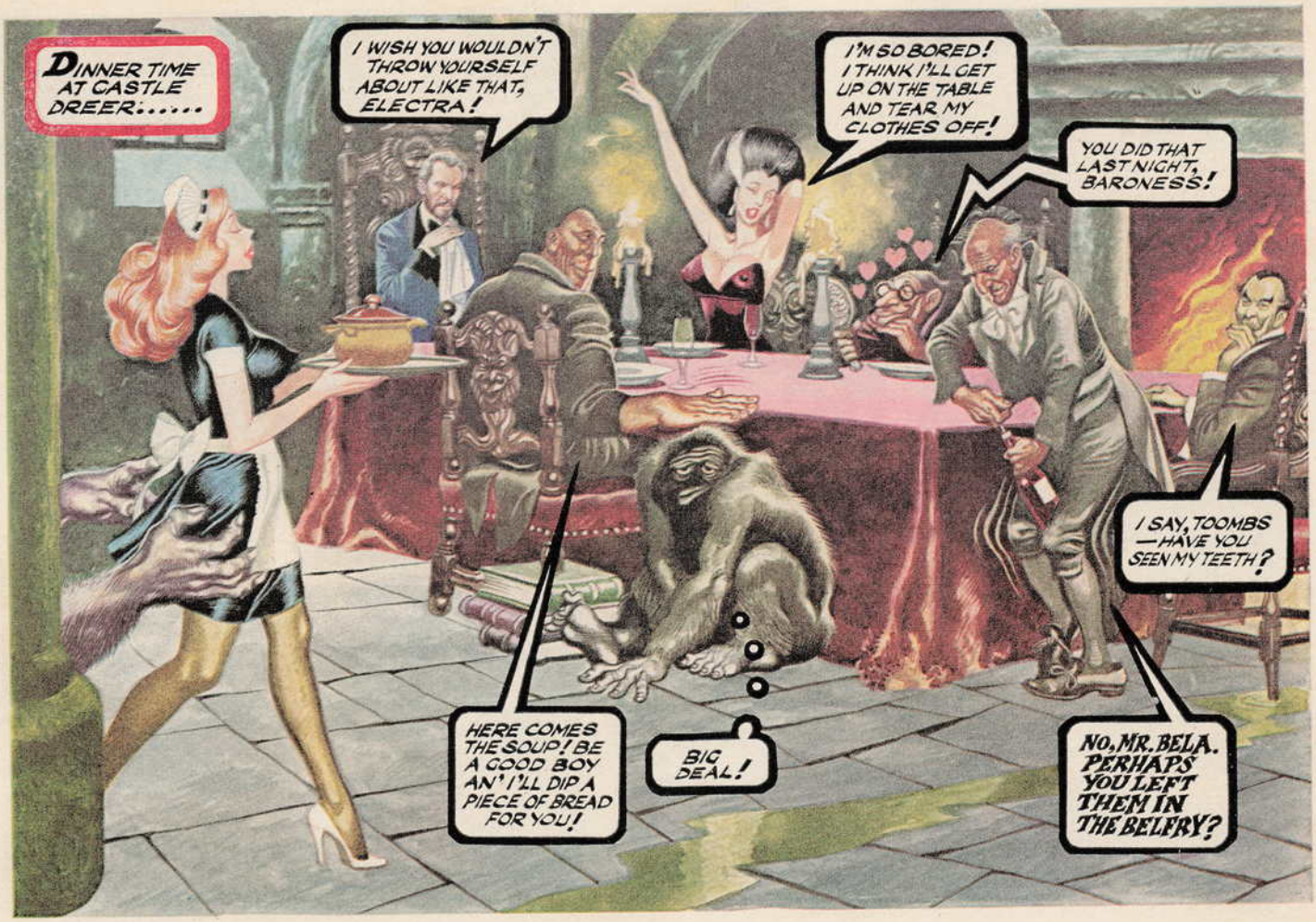
I FELT HIM MOVE!
WILL YOU STOP PLAYING WITH YOURSELF AND GIVE A HAND WITH THE BELLOWS!

A PERFECT SPECIMEN! NOW WE'RE BEGINNING TO GET SOMEWHERE! I'M PROUD OF YOU BOTH!
?
MAGNIFICENT!
THANK YOU, BARON!
?
?
?
OH, NO!
ER... BARON... I THINK WE....
I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT? WE CARRIED OUT YOUR INSTRUCTIONS TO THE LETTER!
...LEFT SOME BONES OUT!


IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CASTLE, TOOMBS, ANCIENT RETAINER TO THE VON FRANKENSTEIN FAMILY, GOES ABOUT HIS ENDLESS DUTIES.....
GASP!
PUFF!
GASP!
PANT!
PUFF!
PUFF!
PUFF!
DINNER IS SERVED!
GASP!
BOINGG!

THE SOUND OF THE DINNER GONG REVERBERATES ALONG THE MILES OF STONE CORRIDORS TO THE APARTMENTS OF ELECTRA, NEGLECTED WIFE OF VINCENT.
DINNER! GOOD! TONIGHT I'VE GOT QUITE AN APPETITE!
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!
ARE YOU GOING TO HANG THERE ALL NIGHT, UNCLE BELA? THAT WAS THE DINNER GONG!
HAS THAT GHASTLY SUN GONE DOWN AT LAST?
PERHAPS A LIGHT SNACK BEFORE I BEGIN MY NOCTURNAL PERAMBULATIONS IN SEARCH OF REAL SUSTENANCE!
THE OLD PHONY WOULD FAINT IF HIS ROAST BEEF WAS RARE!


DINNER TIME AT CASTLE DREER.....
I WISH YOU WOULDN'T THROW YOURSELF ABOUT LIKE THAT, ELECTRA!
I'M SO BORED! I THINK I'LL GET UP ON THE TABLE AND TEAR MY CLOTHES OFF!
YOU DID THAT LAST NIGHT, BARONESS!
I SAY, TOOMBS — HAVE YOU SEEN MY TEETH?
HERE COMES THE SOUP! BE A GOOD BOY AN' I'LL DIP A PIECE OF BREAD FOR YOU!
BIG DEAL!
NO, MR. BELA. PERHAPS YOU LEFT THEM IN THE BELFRY?

EEK!

DON'T THOSE DISGUSTING CREATIONS OF YOURS KNOW HOW DIFFICULT IT IS TO GET DOMESTIC HELP? GET IT OFF HER!

BACK!
BACK I SAY!
THE SOUP IS COLD!
CHATEAU SUPERMARKET, I'M AFRAID, BARON!
MY WORK IS IGNORED! I'M SURROUNDED BY INCOMPETENCE GREED AND BIG BOOBS!!
INCOMPETENCE! GREED!
WE'VE GOT NO MONEY! YOUR EXPERIMENTS NEVER WORK AND YOU'RE LOUSY IN BED! SO WHAT'S INCOMPETENCE? WHY DON'T YOU GET A JOB YOU CAN HANDLE...?
....LIKE A VIBRATOR REPAIRMAN!
LISTEN TO THIS, EVERYONE! THREE MEN WITH A SINGLE OBSESSION — THE SEARCH FOR THE PERFECT WOMAN!
MULTI-BILLIONAIRE, HOWARD HUGE, THE GREAT FILM ENTREPRENEUR, AWESOME WELLES AND THE WORLD'S GREATEST PAINTER, PAVLO PIGSASSO...
DID I HEAR YOU SAY THE PERFECT WOMAN?
YES, AND THEY'RE PREPARED TO SPEND MILLIONS TO FIND HER.
MILLIONS! DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS MEANS...?
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SEX STARS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

and teenage sex have joined hands in a common cause. It's getting more titillating, more revealing every day—and definitely younger."

Masters should know. Last year he masterminded a sensational campaign to launch Tina Payne, a sultry blonde actress from Texas whose cheesecake photo ran in the trades above the caption: "Would you believe I'm only ten?"

He justifies the move with shameless abandon. "After 'Charlie's Angels,' it was considered ultrachic and desirable to jiggle some young girl's tits across the screen and see how much you could get away with. But younger kids now control the media. I'm talking about the eleven-, twelve-, and thirteen-year-olds who put their hands in each other's jeans in dark movie theaters. They want to identify with what they see. You know, life imitates art. That's the reason for Tina Payne. We're just trying to cash in on the trend before it becomes passé."

The courts wanted their cut of the action, too. A week after the ads appeared, the California Division of Labor Standards Enforcement charged Tina's parents with unlawfully soliciting "indecent photographs of a minor" and imposed a fine of $1,100, which has since been dropped.

"That was a setup," Dorothy Payne, Tina's mother, contends. "Pure jealousy. It was started by a group of stage mothers who were frightened by my daughter. She's very competitive, and I've run into the same thing in everything Tina's tried to do. They merely wanted to eliminate the competition so their kids would have a better chance at grabbing the parts she was up for."

Masters dutifully agrees. "Stage mothers have been out to get Tina ever since the campaign started. They're a vicious breed. I've had Tina at auditions where they've brought their child's curling iron, arriving twenty minutes early to get that final touch on the kid's hair. Well, they fight over the electrical plugs in the ladies' room. And if a mother gets there first and has to walk out for a minute to take care of business, someone else will unplug the iron so the curler is cold when she has to put it on the kid's hair. Between that and the amphetamines I've seen them force down their kids' throats to keep them awake—it stinks. They tried to ruin us, but it won't work. Tina's too well respected in the industry for that to happen."

One wouldn't be so hasty, however, judging from Sheila Manning's observations. One of Hollywood's top child-casting agents, Manning places the blame for Tina's problems on those behind the media hype.

"My God in heaven, that was one of the most ludicrous campaigns I've ever seen," she says, seething with indignation. "A ten-year-old girl! Why they paraded her in front of every horny producer with only God-knows-what in mind. No, no, no, no, no! It's just not fair to that kid.

"If Tina Payne had bigger boobs, I'm sure that campaign wouldn't have been as subtle as it was. Other than a bit part in *Beulah Land* (which NBC broadcast last fall), I don't think she's getting much work. In fact, Tina Payne is something of an industry joke. I submitted her picture to a few producers for a laugh, and they reacted the same way. No one would dream of using her after that. It's too bad, because she might have had a chance on sheer talent alone."

If her talent should suddenly evaporate, Tina may make it anyway on another unlikely Hollywood formula: beauty—and brains. She is a solid *A* student and, at 12, has been reelected president of her class at Hollywood Professional School.

However, Dr. Doris Milman, who teaches child development at Downstate Medical Center in New York, remains unconvinced. "Even so," she retaliates, "that child is narcissistic as can be, and she is never going to be anything else but hopelessly vain. People are paying this youngster to capitalize on very insubstantial aspects of herself. Paying her and praising her. She is certainly *not* an evolved person.

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A FACE IN THE CROWD

That very enviable moniker could prove insurmountable for newcomer Matt Dillon. It was the 16-year-old Dillon who copped Kristy McNichol's cherry in *Little Darlings* and whose profile is emblazoned monthly, without fail, across the cover of every kiddie stroke book on the newsstands. Hunk, dreamboat, heartthrob, the Dynamite Kid—he's been called the lot of them. But the one name that seems to have followed his career is "That Face."

"That's my favorite," he grins sheepishly and then laughs in the customary style of that, well—That Face. That face, in fact, resembles a virile Ricky Nelson who learned early on that the travelin' man had a girl waiting in every port. Unpretentious and demure, yet just cocky enough to put it all together, Dillon evokes a certain locker-room *esprit* that you'd expect from say, Bucky Dent, but not from That Face.

"There's nothing wrong with being 'that face,' " Dillon says defensively, accepting the label. "I like the macho image it projects, the way it opens doors. Everywhere I go girls come running up and try to meet me. They tell me I photograph well. But most of all, I like it because I can act. I really *know* I can act. Without that this whole thing would go up in a puff of smoke. It's that simple."

Vic Ramos, a journeyman who has cast actors in more than a hundred films, made a similar evaluation of Dillon's acting potential. Coming across That Face in a random high-school talent hunt, he awarded Matt the lead in two features he was casting—and celebrated by signing him to a personal-management contract. It was Ramos's initial foray into artist management, an ominous gray area that usually presages sleepless nights, ulcers, and notorious ego struggles. "I didn't want to be another hand-holder, a surrogate father like so many of the other kids have." Friends told him that he was out of his mind, but he went ahead with it anyway. Two years later that reckless decision appears to have been an act of genius.

"Well, I had nothing to gain and everything to lose," he says, looking over a proof sheet of Dillon's most recent close-ups for *Tiger Beat*. "Kids are, more often than not, a bitch to work with, because, usually, they have *nothing* to work with. But I saw That Face and told him that I'd help build his career if he worked very hard."

Dillon confesses that often it's been a bitch from his end as well. "All of the work that comes at me, the publicity and tests and all, is very demanding. Besides the acting lessons and school and time with my family, I work very had at keeping it all in its proper perspective. You know, an actor learns very quickly that you live glamorously one way—in limousines and being under the lights—and then you have to go home and face the reality of it all. The reality," he says starkly, "is not That Face."

Ramos understands Dillon's travail. "It wasn't my original intention to package him as a teenage sex symbol. Some things just seem to take a natural course. The strong appeal is one of the initial things that everyone picks up on but is hesitant to mold.

"But the teen magazines went berserk when they viewed some of our early publicity shots, and by then it was too late to hold them back. That sex appeal of his really sells copies. They all wanted pictures of Matt without his shirt on. At first, I said, *'No!'*—just that emphatically," Ramos says, grinning like the cat that swallowed the canary. "A lot of good that did. Now it's all I can do to keep his pants on."

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BLUE MOVIE

"I've been watching Matt Dillon and what they're building him into, and . . . I don't know. That teen magazine shit is getting pretty weird, if you ask me."

Chris Atkins, the star of *The Blue Lagoon*, is juggling an unmanageable cheeseburger while checking out a blonde across the room who looks old enough to be his mother. "Great tits," he says nonchalantly and moves a couple of French fries with practiced etiquette.

"It's scary seeing how they manipulate you into becoming a sex object. A lot of people dream about it happening to them and starring in a movie. It's another thing for it to happen accidentally and head your way like a speeding bullet. I'm not sure that I can handle it on those terms. I was going to go to college and become a sports-medical doctor. But how many sports-medical doctors can handle being sex objects?"

Atkins, a genuine teenage Adonis from Rye, N.Y., was "on the ropes" before becoming what press agents like to call an overnight success story. "From ninth grade until my senior year, I was in and out of hospitals with assorted injuries," he recalls all too clearly. "I was in a deep depression, a real mess. I couldn't do anything. I had no social life, and what little relationship I had with the outside world was really bad. I was getting *D*'s and *F*'s in most of my classes in school. Then—*whoosh!* My whole life exploded.

"My parents put some real pressure on me to get a job. Now, I can't add or subtract—so I can't make change in a story." So fate took over. Atkins met a photographer, who coaxed him into the Ford modeling agency a few days after his sixteenth birthday. The next thing he knew, Columbia Pictures called him with an offer to test for *The Blue Lagoon*.

"This is how freaky it can get," he says, winking shamelessly at the blonde. "I graduated from high school that Friday. The following Monday, Rosalie Josephs from Columbia called and said they were more than interested in my test. Wednesday, she sent me to Randal Kleiser (the director), who did another test. On Thursday, I did a Gloria Vanderbilt jeans commercial. On Friday Columbia called and told me I had the part. They flew me to California on Saturday morning so I could do the final test on Sunday. Monday and Tuesday they ran me around L.A., getting documents and passports, and Wednesday night I was in Fiji, filming reaction shots. Thursday night I collapsed. When they found me, I was staring into my tent, saying over and over: 'My God! What's happened to me? What happens next?'" He finishes the story while scribbling an autograph for the blonde in exchange for her phone number.

Atkins sensed immediately that he was on the edge of something exciting when his costar finally arrived on the set. "Actually, it was Randal Kleiser who got me all stirred up. He kept hopping around, saying: (breathlessly) 'Aren't you all excited? You get to fuck Brooke Shields!' It suddenly dawned on me that this was no ordinary family-film assignment."

Now there's an understatement if ever one was made to order. Treading a fine line between child pornography and sun-ripened Disney fodder, Columbia promoted *The Blue Lagoon* as a parable of two teenagers who "discover themselves and the splendor of natural love."

"Try explaining that to Brooke," Atkins says, somewhat ruefully. "She couldn't handle the sex angle at all. It was common knowledge on the set that she was standoffish about it, and I really felt for her. She's well . . . let's just say she is still growing."

Accordingly, there were times when Shields had to play a scene partially undressed and was visibly unnerved by the experience. Certain crew members, sensing her discomfort, spent a great deal of time calming her down—"and cooling me off," Atkins says, laughing egotistically. "The fuck scenes we did were all an illusion. They had little pieces of fake skin taped all over my balls, and I had to be in the shower for hours each day with the makeup girl—which wasn't too bad. But the best part, for me, was the nude scenes I had to do with Brooke's double—the

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ones where I'm rubbing my hand in her crotch in the hammock. Simply fantastic. They made me realize how much I really wanted to be an actor. I'm definitely adopting it as a full-time profession."

JUST YOU AND ME, KID

Sometimes that process works absurdly in reverse. "I know people who have adopted children when they get too old or lazy to work," Sheila Manning admits with gentle dismay. The nature of the business is such that she's seen it all before; however, there are still some acts of chutzpah that never fail to amaze her.

"One family that ultimately became clients of mine had children of their own who were dark-skinned, ethnic-looking, and, as such, were basically excluded from working in the commercial world. So they adopted this absolutely gorgeous WASP child. He was spectacular—so spectacular, in fact, that I almost proposed to him. It all fit together for him, and he worked from the day he was two until he was fourteen. Then he was forced to stop because of school."

Meanwhile, both parents had quit their jobs and settled back as his managers. "Well, after he stopped working, out of the goodness of the parents' hearts they adopted *another* four-year-old child with blond hair and blue eyes. He's making a fortune, too—close to $250,000 a year or more. If that falls through," Sheila Manning says, "the parents are wiped out."

THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY

"A candy-ass like that'd last about two seconds in my neighborhood." Robin Johnson slams an intimidating fist on Robert Stigwood's ebony desk and leans back in a gesture of mock defiance. She looks as though she recently escaped from a Bruce Springsteen lyric, a Crazy Janey who has become conspicuously bittersweet, comically guttural, self-consciously tilted off axis. "Those fuckin' Hollywood creeps! I'm tellin' you, Kristy McNichol, Brooke Shields, and the rest of those flat-chested cutie pies wouldn't know how to cross the street in Times Square if there wasn't a fuckin' light on every corner."

In Brooklyn, Johnson is already beyond legend. When she cruises into the Windsor Pub, a sleazy Bensonhurst hangout that caters to her gang of class-cutters, it is as if "Joltin' Joe himself came in to take a leak." The local toughs huddle around her, shaking copies of the *New York Post* in her face—the editions with her picture wedged between stories of souped-up gore and gossip—and slapping her "in the puss" for good luck.

"They think I'm Jesus fuckin' Christ since *Times Square*," she cackles, shaking an unruly mop of streaky hair from side to side. "Isn't that a scream? *Me!* The original street punk. It flips me out."

In hindsight Johnson was a likely choice to play the role of Nikki in Stigwood's witless dud about the punk scene. As he explains: "She's a tough bitch with problems and an attitude—just like me. I mean, she hates fuckin' disco, the whole scene with Spandex pants and four thousand gold chains around their necks. And her parents are fucked between the ears."

She claims her home situation is similar, although not as desperate as Nikki's. Her parents are divorced, but unlike Nikki, who was forced to live in abandoned buildings, Robin "camps out" at her grandmother's to avoid getting into the middle of family hassles. "My mother's always hittin' on me for something or other I've forgotten to do. When I got the role, she was really happy, because it was getting me off the fuckin' streets. My Old Man—he lives in the 'Y'—he was just the opposite. He couldn't care less about Hollywood and being a star and shit like that. But no matter how they come off, there's a lot of love in my family. Sometimes I just gotta pry it outta them."

It was her neighborhood, however, that provided Johnson with ample research to capture Nikki's attitude. "Park Slope is a tough place for any kid to grow up. You really get your street smarts there, cuttin' classes and doing a lot of dope and shit," she says knowingly. "If you're into books, the kids I hang out with'll beat the shit out of you, so it's everyone for themself. You

just gotta keep your eyes open."

Ironically, the part came her way one afternoon when she was walking around in a fog. School had just let out (Robin had coincidentally attended that day), "and some creep walked up and stuffed a fuckin' card in my hand. He told me to call him if I was interested in becoming a star or some shit." She rolls her eyes and laughs. "Rii-iight! I wasn't born fuckin' yesterday or anything, but . . . well, I took a chance, and it was for real. Boy, was it for real! I just never thought it was gonna be so much fuckin' work.

"This movie star business ain't glamorous or shit. I hadda be lowered into the Hudson River up to my fuckin' neck at two-thirty in the morning during one take. Another time I hadda wear a goddam harness like a horse, because I was playing guitar on top of a marquee in Times Square. I'll tell you, this business is crazy all right, but I got news for you, buster—so am I. I'm no delicate chick or anything. I've got balls. I learned that in this business you work your butt off, and people want to take everything out of you, and then some. But I'm gonna get the last laugh on these candy-asses. I'm gonna be around when they're having fourteen babies for some duded-up fool. Then you'll see who's got the real talent for survival."

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN

It was only after a group of mothers rushed the door that the guards panicked. No one had bothered to brief Security on the subject of stage parents, and for a moment it seemed as though all hell was about to break loose.

"Out of my way, you son of a bitch!" a dumpy woman shouted, pushing a nine-year-old under the arms of two men whose job it was to keep them out for another half-hour. "That girl is a star, and I'll sue the first one of you that lays a hand on her." The whole scene was so ludicrous that the guards just broke down and laughed.

Oblivious of the siege, a herd of 3,000 children waited their turn outside New York's Plaza Hotel in a line that stretched halfway around the block. Many of them had been there since dawn, primping and posing in ways that might have won them a shot at the title role in Columbia Pictures' *Annie*. Judging from their Max Factor complexions, a passerby might have mistaken the scene as an audition for "Charlie's Angels," but never mind the contradiction. This was an opportunity not to be missed, and these kids looked as if they'd do just about anything within their power to land a part.

"Will my daughter, Carol, get the standard ten-minute interview?" the woman from Toronto demanded of a bewildered guard. "I mean, really, we drove straight through the night to get here. And I'm not about to let her be herded in a chorus line like one of those amateurs out there on the street."

Little Carol, who had slipped through the barricade and was screeching a Mermanesque version of the redoubtable "Tomorrow" to an empty reception area, later admitted that she felt foolish wearing a grotesque red wig and Pinky Lee vest over her pajamas. "And I'm real disappointed in the people running the audition, because I shouldn't have to wait in line with all the rest of the kids. I'm a pro. My mom," she said, indicating the dumpy woman from Toronto, "promised I wouldn't have to do that, because I'm more talented than they are." Another "nine-year-old" contestant, with a size 34 bust and wearing silver pumps, nodded eagerly in conspiratorial agreement.

"Isn't this pathetic?" John Huston, the director, asked, displaying some of the characteristic insight that has guided him through 36 previous films. "Who would have expected such a large number of emotionally disturbed children showing up in the same place at the same time? If that doesn't beat all!"

Huston would have marveled at the coincidence that took place just two weeks later at another fashionable hotel across town. This audition commemorated an upcoming Broadway production of Nabokov's *Lolita* and drew a cross section of local nymphets who were dressed to kill.

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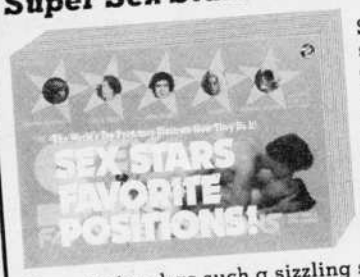

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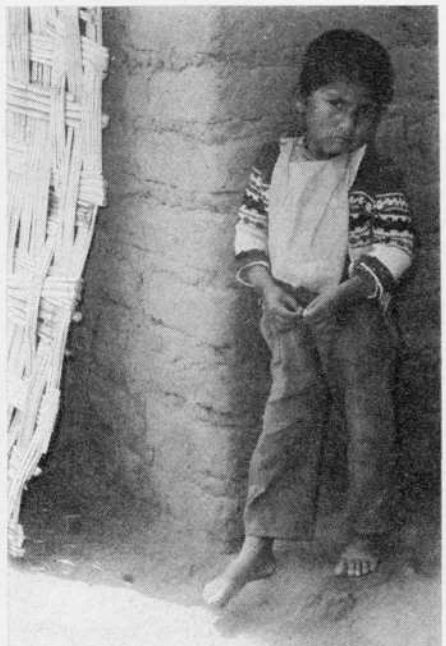

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through the chore on a moral tightrope, half-amused, half-crazed by all that mouth-watering jailbait tugging on the reins of grown-up lust. Sue Lyon's ghost was clearly laid to rest, if not obliterated, by the comely harem; so, too, was the specter of young innocence, by their provocative posturing and immodesty.

"Does your mother know that you're out looking like this?" a nervous prop man asked one girl whose peekaboo tutu barely covered her bony ankles. Behind them a stunning young vixen insisted, "I've *got* breasts!" and proceeded to exhibit them despite impassioned protests. All of which contributed to this comedy of errors and magnified any doubts we once had about society's crumbling provincialism.

When the pixie dust had cleared, the part was awarded to Blanche Baker, a 24-year-old pro whose mom, Carroll, peddled the same kind of sexual software in the late fifties. Blanche's selection came as something of a mild surprise, considering the producer's supposedly ironclad stipulation that Lolita be an amateur between the ages of 9 and 14.

"Well, they did everything they could to adhere to that but just couldn't come up with a 14-year-old who knew how to do it right," Baker sniffs with a winner's contentment. "I guess the basic difficulty in finding a teenage actress to play Lolita had to do with their paltry knowledge of sexuality. Lolita's sexuality is basically unconscious; the majority of kids who showed up for the audition interpreted that to mean some kind of underage whore. That's why they went with experience."

Baker's professional past is studded with an amalgam of "experienced" roles, which, she admits, is tied indirectly to her mother's reputation as somewhat of a second-rate, if not faded, sex goddess. Just prior to rehearsals for the play, she finished filming *The Day the Bubble Burst*, in which she plays a 15-year-old heiress-nymphet whose parents marry her off to get a tidy inheritance out of the bank.

"They originally tried to find a 'Brooke Shields type' for the part," Baker confesses. "I know that sounds revolting, but everyone in Hollywood is trying to cash in on her . . . well, mystique. I got the part, because I know how to project sexuality in ways these young kids know nothing about—like curling up on a chair and squirming around. If a mature, well-built 14-year-old tried doing that it *might* be provocative, but usually someone that young cannot consciously accomplish that. I can. I know exactly how to turn on an audience with a subtle twist of my body, and, luckily, I have a talent for appearing twelve or fourteen."

That proliferating specimen of sexuality known as the "Brooke Shields type" is a phenomenon that particularly offends Blanche Baker. "Let's face it. Those pouty little faces are basically a fraud," she says with contempt. "They only know how to beguile an audience with their face—and, honey, that only works on film. The stage is different; you have to be a *real* actress. You have to understand movement and must be able to project. Those pretty young things in the movies have no idea how to do that. The stage can't deliver a series of flattering angles on a pretty face to cover up a lack of talent."

When push came to shove, however, Baker had to do very little in the way of acting to edge out the rest of the would-be Lolitas. She merely showed up at the audition and let nature take its course.

"Oh, it was a farce," she says with a trace of amusement. "I felt particularly sorry for Don Sutherland [who plays Humbert Humbert in Edward Albee's adaptation]. It was difficult for him to get into the part with the 14-year-olds who auditioned.

"Don is very tall, and most of them only came up to his crotch. Their little mouths were . . . well, let's just say that a lot of people associated with the production found it extremely offensive. I found it rather tasteless myself," she says, exhibiting a streak of unconscious humor that never surfaced in her mother's screen persona. "That's not what the play is about; yet once these young things made the connection, that's the way they played it. None of us there knew what to say."

All I can think of is: Roman Polanski, eat your heart out.

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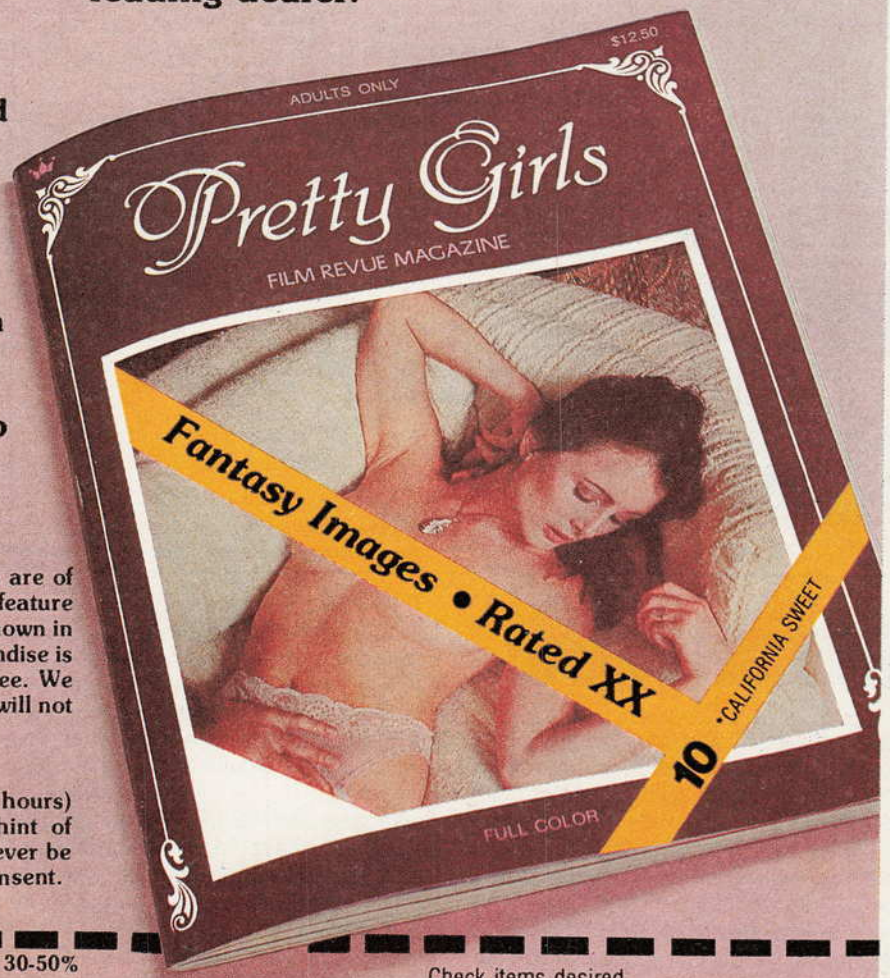

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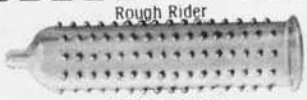

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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136

have a child of her own by any other means. I'll have to get all the proper clearances, informed consent, and so on. I've already worked out a technique whereby I've been able to recover fertilized eggs, embryos, just before they implant in the uterus. I've done this in the human already, which is a major part of the battle.

Penthouse: I note that you were one of the principal speakers at the world conference on embryo transfer held in Germany in late 1980. I understand you reported the development of one procedure that will make the implant method of achieving test-tube babies obsolete or at least partly so.

Shettles: Well, what it does is make the test tube obsolete, at least for the purposes of these implant procedures. Why risk putting the eggs in test tubes at all if you don't have to? Women whose tubes have been ligated or otherwise blocked, even largely absent, can still, in some instances, conceive. We surgically remove the eggs, bypass the blockage, and place them directly into the uterus, where conception can occur in the normal fashion. No need for test-tube manipulation.

Penthouse: But will this work as well as Edwards and Steptoe's techniques?

Shettles: Better, I believe. And it's safer. Out of only seven attempts, we've already had two successes, two normal, full-term babies. Earlier, we had an additional success by placing the egg into the tube—below the point where it was blocked. This is much more difficult because the tube is very small.

Penthouse: Drs. Patrick Steptoe and Robert Edwards have taken credit for being the first to produce a "test-tube baby," not through the transplant but through the test-tube implant procedure. You've been widely quoted in the medical media as doubting their claims. Do you think they perpetrated a hoax?

Shettles: No, I haven't said that. But like some others, I don't accept their claims, because they've never documented them. Louise Brown was born more than two years ago, and for two years all we've had from Steptoe and Edwards is a letter to the editor of *Lancet*. Now, finally, Steptoe has published a fuller report in the September 1980 issue of the *British Journal of Obstetrics and Gynaecology*. I have to agree with Dr. [Richard] Blandau [a well-known Seattle embryologist], who says that as far as we know, the baby could have been conceived by normal means. The few pictures of blastocysts [embryos] they've shown appear to show abnormal development. It looks like they're disintegrating. When Blandau pointed this out, Steptoe said he was being "rude."

There are all kinds of things, apart from the lack of documentation, that make me doubt. Steptoe has said that he has documentation to prove that Mrs. Brown had no tubes and couldn't become pregnant in any way other than through this procedure. He's apparently ignorant of the fact, demonstrated time and again, that women *do* become pregnant without tubes. Occasionally they even become pregnant without *uteruses*. A case like that was just reported. Mother Nature wants babies so bad she'll sometimes break all the rules to get them. A little stump of a tube is sometimes all you need. Lord, I would have taken pictures every step of the way.

I might have been willing, even without full documentation, to accept their claims if it hadn't been for their behavior back in 1976. At that time they were claiming they had achieved the first pregnancy in a human through use of this procedure. They were categorical about this despite the fact that other researchers had claimed pregnancies ahead of them. The pregnancy in question, reported on in 1976, was a tubal pregnancy that had to be terminated. They claimed unequivocally that their intervention had caused this pregnancy despite the fact that this woman's medical reports showed that before she'd ever been treated by Steptoe and Edwards, she'd had another of these tubal pregnancies. Her tubes were still in place when she was treated by Steptoe and Edwards. Given all this and other details of the case,

it seems far more logical to conclude that she got pregnant in the normal way. I'm not saying they lied; they just chose to put the best possible light on things, from their point of view.

Penthouse: What about the claims of Dr. Douglas Bevis, of Leeds University in England, that in 1974 he delivered three test-tube babies?

Shettles: I find that much easier to swallow. Bevis has impeccable credentials. And, as far as I'm concerned, he gave far better reasons for not documenting his claim than Steptoe and Edwards did. Bevis said that he was concerned about the babies and their parents, that they'd have the spotlight turned on them and their lives turned into sideshows. You heard all the stories about the tabloids buying the Louise Brown story.

Well, Bevis had plenty of opportunity to profit, too. Magazines, newspapers, radio, and TV were all clamoring for him, offering him big sums to write or say whatever he would about the cases. He turned down all the offers, all the money. He was so turned off by the circuslike atmosphere that followed his announcement, in fact, that he clammed up and hasn't talked about the cases since. He was anything but a publicity seeker; he felt these procedures could help mankind. He was shocked when people, including some scientists who were jealous of his accomplishments, demanded to know the identities of his patients. Steptoe and Edwards were among his loudest critics—for not documenting, the same thing they're guilty of now. Naming your patients does not amount to documentation.

Penthouse: I notice that Dr. Melvin Taymor at Harvard Medical School recently said that if people had been aware of the work you had done all through the 1950s and 1960s, Louise Brown wouldn't have been considered such a big deal when she was born in 1978. Others have said you would probably have been the first to do this—in 1973—if the test-tube embryo of Doris Del Zio hadn't been confiscated by your boss at Columbia Presbyterian, Raymond Vande Wiele. Why did Vande Wiele do this?

Shettles: When he called me on the carpet and I saw the embryo there on his desk, the sterile conditions destroyed by him, he accused me of playing God. He said I might make a monster and ordered me out of the hospital. It was quite a scene. He even had the lock changed on my lab and a guard posted outside the door so I couldn't slip back in to play Frankenstein. He said what I had done was against the law, which was completely false. It wasn't even against Health, Education, and Welfare guidelines. The real problem, in my view, had to do with his resentment of the publicity I was getting. Nearly every time there was a favorable item about me in the press, a memo would go out of his office critical of me. He was the head of the department. I guess he felt upstaged.

Penthouse: Then the Del Zios brought suit

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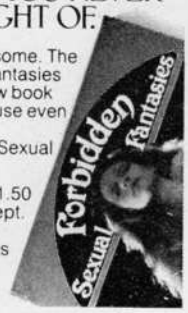

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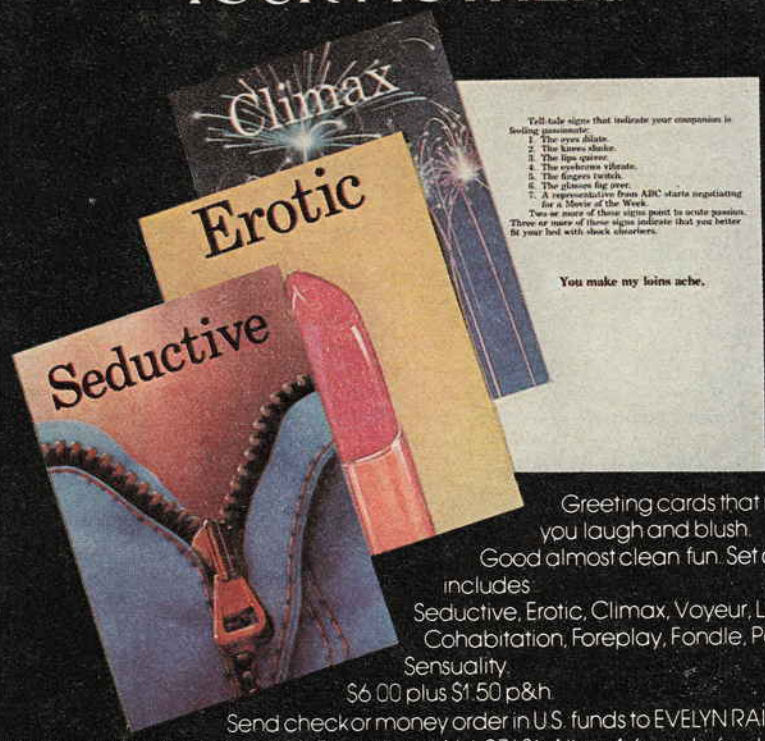

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against Columbia, accusing Vande Wiele of wrongfully destroying their embryo. Did you feel vindicated when the Del Zios won?

Shettles: It was an incredible trial. The defense tried everything to discredit me, to make it look like I had acted in an irresponsible fashion and that Vande Wiele was justified in doing what he did. They even tried to show that I'd used the same picture of a human egg to illustrate papers describing two different laboratory fertilization procedures, but Michael Dennis, the Del Zios' attorney, proved to the jury's satisfaction that that wasn't so. And they trotted out "experts" who would say that I was remiss, for example, in the way I obtained the sperm that was used to fertilize the egg. The criticism was that I hadn't instructed the sperm donor to wash his penis with Phisohex prior to producing the sample. Garbage like that.

Penthouse: But it must have been satisfying to you that the jurors, as *Saturday Review* put it, were "convinced that the test-tube attempt was neither preposterous nor immoral."

Shettles: Oh, yes. Because there are so many thousands of couples who can benefit from these procedures. And it goes beyond just the infertile. The more accessible we can make these early stages of development, the sooner we'll be able to understand some of the things that go wrong and correct them. Remember, there are still nearly a quarter of a million defective babies born in the U.S. each year.

Penthouse: You've done a lot of research on sperm, as well as eggs. It was your research on sperm, wasn't it, that led to your theories on sex selection?

Shettles: Yes. I discovered some years back that male-producing sperm, the type we call androsperm, are smaller and quicker than the female-producing gynosperm, which are larger and slower but have more staying power. I set up physiological racetracks, long tubes filled with cervical secretions, and I'd unleash the sperm into these and through a special microscope watch for the winners at the other end. There are dyes and other techniques by which you can visually differentiate between the two types.

Over a period of time I discovered that the androsperm do better in an alkaline environment, while the tougher but slower gynosperm endure longer in a more acidic environment—that is, they can stand the acid stress longer. Well, it happens that the environment within the vagina is most alkaline at or near the time of ovulation but is more acidic a couple days prior to ovulation. These and a number of other observations led me to suggest that if you want a boy, you should time intercourse at or as close to ovulation as possible, using a simple baking-soda douche just prior to intercourse to help things along.

When trying for the boy, you have to abstain from intercourse during the early part of the cycle, right up to ovulation, to help ensure that there won't be any gynosperm lurking around up there, surviving from a previous intercourse, at the time ovulation occurs. If the first intercourse in the cycle occurs near the time of ovulation, the chances are excellent that one of the swifter androsperm will get to the egg first. Another reason for abstinence early in the cycle is that we've found that the higher the sperm count is, the better the chances of getting a boy are.

For the girl, you time intercourse a couple of days in advance of ovulation, which is determined with temperature charting and so on, and use the sort of vinegar douche I've described in some of my papers and books. It's more fun to have a girl, because no abstinence is required or recommended. You want to deplete the sperm count. Well, you do have to abstain briefly: you have sex right up until a couple of days before ovulation, then stop until a day or so after ovulation.

Penthouse: Why do you recommend different sexual positions?

Shettles: When trying for the girl, we recommend the missionary position, with the woman flat on her back. This encourages shallow penetration by the male at time of orgasm. That way the sperm have to travel further through the acidic environment, which favors the gynosperm. And when

trying for the girl, the woman should avoid orgasm altogether, because female orgasm increases alkalinity.

Penthouse: That instruction, Normal Mailer said, "opens an expectation of some waves of future ladies conceived in great calm!" What about sexual position when trying for male offspring?

Shettles: I recommend deep penetration of the vagina from the rear. This helps ensure that the sperm get deposited right near the opening of the cervix, where the secretions are most alkaline. It also helps here if the female has orgasm first, to further enhance alkalinity. Multiple female orgasm is even better.

Penthouse: All of this sounds wild, but you say you get around an 80 percent success rate?

Shettles: Around 85 per cent, consistently, when the method is followed conscientiously.

Penthouse: Some have scoffed at the whole theory, haven't they?

Shettles: Mainly those who've never tried it. Every year I hear from more doctors who are using it at their patients' insistence, and then they become converts.

Penthouse: Have other researchers confirmed parts or all of the theory?

Shettles: There's more and more confirmation all the time. Doctors who use artificial insemination, whereby they try to time intercourse as close as possible to ovulation, have noted for a long time the higher incidence of male offspring that result. And though there's been some controversy on this subject, various researchers have said that Orthodox Jews, because they avoid intercourse during the so-called unclean period and abstain until around the time of ovulation, also have greater numbers of boys. Dr. Jacob Levy published his findings on this in Israel in 1973 and cited my theories as a likely explanation.

Researchers at the Max Planck Institute in Germany and elsewhere have confirmed my discovery that the female-producing sperm are heavier and significantly slower than the male-producers. Researchers at Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago have taken advantage of these differences to find ways of separating the two types of sperm. They're getting very promising results. Dr. Franciszek Benendo, a Polish endocrinologist, has used my techniques with the same results I get. So has Dr. B. Seguy of Nice. They've all published their results. I've also learned about a genetic counseling clinic that is unofficially recommending the procedures.

Penthouse: You've found that there are a lot of things we're exposed to in everyday life that may tip the balance in favor of one sex or the other. Could you mention a few of those?

Shettles: Yes. Well, you know, it doesn't matter where you go in the world: if you talk to anesthesiologists, you'll always hear stories about how they have too many daughters and not enough sons. That's been noted over and over; the same thing is true for deep-sea divers, test pilots, men in stressful situations. Stress of all types seems to be the common denominator here—noxious gases, high altitudes, whatever. These things seem to cut the more fragile androsperm out of the herd first and leave the tougher gynosperm behind for the fertilizing task.

It's also been found that exposure to certain drugs, LSD, for example, can have some impact, again favoring female offspring. Women who are schizophrenic, according to one report, also give birth to more girls. Men who work in very hot environments and wear tight-fitting jockey shorts and the like for long periods of time tend to father more girls. John Rock noted a long time ago at Harvard that tight-fitting shorts can raise the temperature in the testes of many men sufficiently that sperm die off, counts go down, and some men become temporarily infertile. Well, the first to go, of course, are the more vulnerable androsperm.

Heat, by the way, has been proposed as a new means of male contraception. Some work has been going on in this area in Missouri and elsewhere. Dr. Rock used to treat some of his infertile male patients by putting their rocks *on the rocks* for half an hour at a time, literally putting their tes-

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tes on ice to get the sperm counts back up. He'd do this over a period of days, and it worked. Reverse the process and use tight-fitting clothes and hot baths, and you might get the contraceptive effect. But you'd better know what you're doing, or there goes the ball game.

Penthouse: Didn't you find that even coffee consumption can have an effect on sex ratios?

Shettles: We found so many odd things. Caffeine has a marked effect on sperm. A number of researchers have confirmed this. It really speeds them up. If a man has sperm that are not too active to begin with, some coffee will enhance his fertility. We recommend a couple of strong cups 15 minutes or half an hour before trying for the boy. It's not vital, but it can't hurt. We've also found that some women are so high-strung, or have metabolisms producing very acidic systems, that their secretions kill off the sperm of both types, and especially the androsperm. You give those women a few drops of potassium iodide, and the situation improves considerably.

Penthouse: Is the day coming when there will be a pink pill you take if you want a daughter and a blue pill for a son?

Shettles: It's possible. I do believe we'll perfect techniques for completely segregating the two types of sperm. Maybe someday there will be a filtering device women will wear like a diaphragm, one for each type of sperm. I've done a lot of work with filtering and have been able to get concentrations having up to 97 percent male-producing sperm. This isn't easy, however; nor can it be applied to every specimen. Things look promising, though. I've also done a little work with ultrasound. At the right frequency you might be able to snap the heads right off the sperm of the type you don't want and leave the others intact.

Penthouse: Actually, there is one nearly fail-safe method of sex-selection in existence right now, though it has been used only in Communist China. Coincidentally, the discovery that made it possible for the Chinese to do this was one of your own, even though you had never intended for it to be used in this way. Am I correct?

Shettles: Yes. I found that cells of embryonic origin could be retrieved from the cervical canal during the earliest stages of pregnancy. When exposed to a certain dye, the Y chromosome, which reveals that the embryo is male, fluoresces under the microscope. So if you find this in any of the cells, you know you've got a boy; otherwise its a girl. When I announced this in *Nature*, a lot of people scoffed. Some tried to duplicate my findings and reported they couldn't. Then the Chinese published on their great success with the technique, reporting that they were able to get 94 percent accuracy with it, and everybody took another look—and now there are several in this country who have confirmed me.

I thought the method would be useful for handling sex-linked genetic defects. If a woman is known to be at risk in this area and the test reveals she's going to have a baby of the vulnerable sex, then obviously you recommend abortion. But the Chinese have been using it for what they call "family planning." If the baby isn't of the sex they want, they have an abortion—and since it's done at the earliest possible time, the risk is minimal. But I really prefer that people use my other techniques rather than resort to abortion.

Penthouse: You always seem to be considerably ahead of your time. Your report on success with the initial stages of human cloning, reported on in the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology*, is a prime example. It really took people, including your scientific colleagues, by surprise. Many wondered how you could do this with so little apparent effort. Could you explain?

Shettles: Lord, it wasn't exactly a "little effort." I started practicing 40 years ago, back when I was getting my Ph.D. Way back then I started doing some of these microsurgical procedures, working with one-celled creatures and the like, exchanging cellular parts. I made all my own micro-instruments. I still make most of them. Still, it wasn't nearly as difficult as I thought it might be.

Penthouse: Were you out to clone a hu-

man when you began doing this?

Shettles: No, I just wanted to show it wasn't impossible to do this with humans. I took some human eggs, microsurgically removed their nuclei, and replaced them with the nuclei of human spermatogonia cells.

Penthouse: Correct me if I'm wrong: those are precursors of sperm cells and contain a full set of chromosomes, as opposed to the half-set a mature sperm cell has?

Shettles: That's right. A spermatogonia cell is like most other body cells in that regard. The full set of 46 chromosomes needed to create a new individual is already in each cell. That's why any resulting offspring would be identical, genetically, with the donor of the spermatogonia cell.

Penthouse: And once you had injected these spermatogonial nuclei into the vacant eggs, you got them to grow as if they had been fertilized in the normal fashion?

Shettles: That's right. Over a three-year period, out of many attempts, I got three to grow and divide at normal rates in a laboratory chamber. By the end of the third day, in each case, they advanced to the stage where they could have been placed in utero.

Penthouse: In the womb of a surrogate mother. But you didn't go that far?

Shettles: The criticism would have been too great.

Penthouse: It's astonishing you got as far as you did. Only a short time ago "experts" were telling Congress that human cloning, even mammalian cloning of any kind, was nearly impossible. And yet you did this by working basically in your spare time, with far from optimal equipment.

Shettles: Well, you have to remember that not one of those "experts" has ever made an attempt to do this. I'll bet you a catfish they've never even seen a human egg, much less worked with one. I would have made a lot more progress if I'd been working at this full-time and had the proper setup.

Penthouse: It was Alan Guttmacher who called you a "genius with your fingers." Do you think there are others who could duplicate your feat?

Shettles: They'd have to *believe* they could do it first. That's a pretty big hurdle for some people to get over. Small minds plow small furrows. But there are other people, no doubt about it. Audrey Muggleton-Harris at Worcester Polytechnic Institute and Karl Illmensee at the University of Geneva, I understand, are both working on cloning mice—and are making progress. Illmensee, in fact, has already cloned a mouse, using embryo cell nuclei. Next, I'm sure, he'll try adult cells.

Penthouse: In the book *In His Image: The Cloning of a Man*, it was reported that a millionaire, code-named Max, was successfully cloned by a researcher, code-named Darwin. There has been speculation that you are Darwin. Is there any truth to that rumor?

Shettles: No, I was not Darwin, although I had some idea several years ago, well before the book was published, that an attempt to clone a wealthy individual was contemplated. I was approached and told that a good deal of money was available for this, but I did not become involved. The job, given the secrecy that was demanded, required someone who could slip around unnoticed for a prolonged period of time. I wasn't the right candidate.

Penthouse: You've recently done some intriguing work with human egg cells, suggesting a possible means of achieving parthenogenesis, or "virgin birth." Could you explain that?

Shettles: It's all very preliminary, but what I did was show that it's possible to denude the primary human egg, the oocyte, of its granulosa and cumulus cells and then remove its zona pellucida, its outer coat. The egg remains intact with its ooplasmic membrane.

Penthouse: And you perform this microsurgery on the egg outside the body?

Shettles: Yes. The procedure is done under a dissecting microscope, with the eggs bathed in follicular fluid. When you move two of these denuded eggs within close proximity of each other, they join together. We observed many pairs form in this fashion, and we saw one set undergo what appeared to be normal cleavage.

Penthouse: You mean normal division, as if it were an egg that had been fertilized in a normal fashion?

Shettles: Yes.

Penthouse: What would be created, then, would be an embryo that had but a single parent—the mother.

Shettles: That's right, but until we do more work, we don't know to what point cleavage would continue or whether development would be normal. There is a chance it would, however, because the primary oocyte, like the primary sperm cells we talked about contain all the chromosomes necessary to direct full development.

Penthouse: Would you like to be free of all your "everyday" duties to work full-time on your research?

Shettles: I've been making some plans along that line. That's what I hope to do very soon. I want to set up a clinic and research center where I can get on with these things. I believe I can do the embryo transplant in fairly short order.

Penthouse: Would you consider cloning a human?

Shettles: I might, but I'd want to do some animal work first. There are a lot of people interested in cloning prize animals, racehorses, dogs, cattle. This is expected to become a big business in the relatively near future. I'll work on that, among other things.

Penthouse: Do you have people bothering you right now to be cloned?

Shettles: Oh, yes, quite a number of them; about a dozen, I'd say, are sincere and have the wherewithal to follow through. I tell them to be patient. The problems with cloning a human being are not so much technical as they are political.

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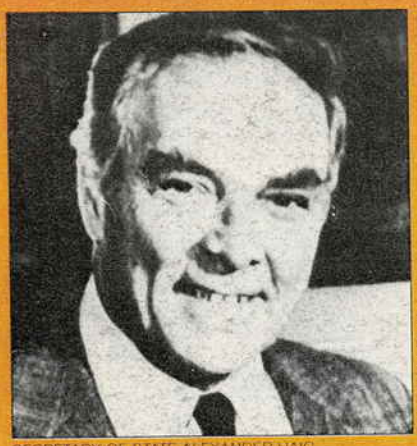

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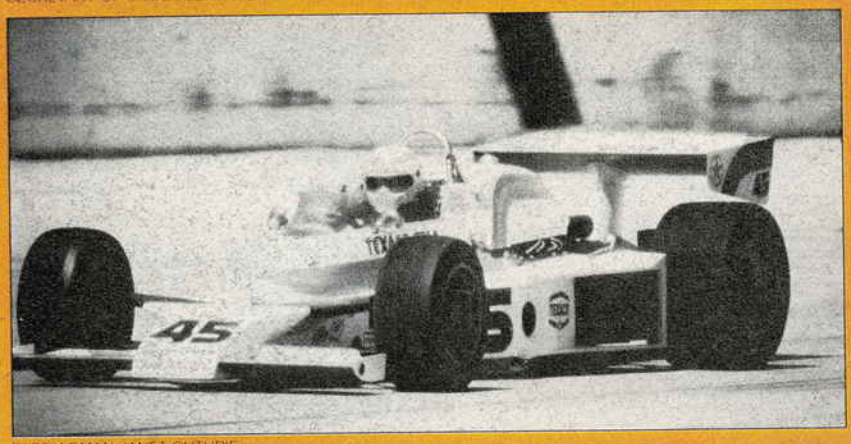

FAST WOMAN JANET GUTHRIE

Bill Stahl

Reagan's Cabinet—In the first in a series of articles about the men who will be running the country in the new administration, Washington reporter Jeff Stein profiles Secretary of State Alexander Haig and National Security Adviser Richard Allen. These two men, whose views will dominate our foreign policy, are both hard-line conservatives who favor tough talk instead of diplomacy in dealing with the Soviet Union. But even more disquieting are their tainted reputations. Haig's role in the overthrow of the elected Allende government in Chile, the secret bombing of Cambodia, and the Watergate cover-up was buried by the Republican majority in the Senate eager to confirm him as secretary of state. And Allen, who enters office with a public reputation as an influence peddler and backstairs operator, did not even have to be confirmed by the Senate before taking office. You won't want to miss these important articles—exclusively in *Penthouse*.

The Intimate Sex Lives of Famous People—Was James Dean a porno star? Where did Bobby Kennedy consummate his affair with Marilyn Monroe? Did Elvis tell his grandmother the truth about the 1,000 girls he slept with? Was J. Edgar Hoover a homosexual? Who were Hitler's other loves besides Eva Braun? With whom did JFK lose his virginity? All this and more in a first-look article from a destined-to-be best-seller, *The Intimate Sex Lives of Famous People*.

Fast Women—In 1978 the words that traditionally mark the start of the Indy 500—"Gentlemen, start your engines"—were changed to include Janet Guthrie, the first woman ever to race in that event. Though probably the most well-known, Guthrie is not the *only* speedy lady eager to roar out of powder-puff racing to join the big boys in the fast lanes. William Neely talks with ten women who not only have made tracks into the world of motor sports but also are proving they have what it takes to be leaders of the pack.

The Lotus Express—Having won the world championship for Bizarre and Creative Screwing six years in a row, Don Coyote and May Liberty are once again called upon to perform strange feats of derring-do to raise much-needed money. The only catch is that their new performance has to take place in the air—a virtual flying fuck. Gino Sky takes us into training in his new story as we watch May and Don get ready for the Big Orgasm in the Sky. OH

COGNAC

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 155

ish market designation of Very Superior Old Pale), four and a half years; and Napoleon or Extra, six and a half years. Many producers, incidentally, do not use Napoleon or Extra as designations but label their most prestigious blends with their own brand name, and most of these will be aged far longer than the minimum. As 32-year-old François Heriard-Debreuil says, "Much of what I buy today may not be bottled until my grandchildren's time."

Most of the traditions of the Cognac region are bound up with the production of its esteemed brandy. The old-style cognac farm, for example, was always hidden behind high walls, with only one broad entry gate, so that passing tax collectors could not tell when the still was being used. The orange-tiled roofs of the countryside are always pointed out with pride when they're covered with black fungus—that's a sign of cognac evaporating from the *chais* (or aging cellar) beneath.

If you talk to a farmer or distillery worker, you will invariably hear how cognac helps one live to a ripe old age. While there's no medical evidence attesting to that fact, a man and woman on the shadowy side of 60 were spotted strolling through Cognac's town market with motorcycle helmets still on their heads.

What you can expect right now among those brands most widely available is that Hennessy, Courvoisier, and Otard show a woodier, more robust taste, while Rémy Martin, Hine, and Polignac are more in the midrange. Martell and Bisquit may strike you as tending toward sweetness, with Delamain, Camus, Denis-Mounie, and Monnet more delicate yet. Be especially attentive to changes in Hennessy from one type to another. The V.S.O.P. and new Paradis top-of-the-line offerings both are a little lighter than G.C. cognacs of the firm's general style.

For a diehard taster's tasting, you might want to blend your samplings with half-distilled water to cut the alcohol. But be sure to taste them neat as well so you can experience both flavor and bouquet before deciding on your favorites.

Brandy warmers seem to be a popular for-the-person-who-has-almost-everything gift. If you received one, use it. But remember, the heat of the hand around the glass of cognac is enough to help release the bouquet. While brandy snifters are the perfect glass for cognac, you can use any goblet that has a round bowl.

If you finally decide you don't like a spirit as strong as cognac, start mixing. Cognac and soda is a classic aperitif. Ginger ale is a frequent mixer in the Far East. Some people like cognac with orange juice or in sours. Textbook purists who overemphasize the cognac aura might wrinkle their noses, but the people of Cognac would only say, "Ah-h-h, we knew you'd like it once you learned how to drink it." OH

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